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CHAMBERS'S
PAPERS FOR THE PEOPLE.

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CONTENTS.

PAGE

SECRET SOCIETIES OF THE MIDDLE AGES.....	3
RAJAH BROOKE AND BORNEO.....	37
THE LAST OF THE RUTHVENS.....	69
THE EDUCATION MOVEMENT.....	101
✓ ANTARCTIC EXPLORATIONS.....	133
THE QUEEN OF SPADES—ANTONIO MELIDORI.....	165
JEWISH LIFE IN CENTRAL EUROPE.....	197
✓ WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.....	229

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CHAMBERS'S PAPERS FOR THE PEOPLE.

SECRET SOCIETIES OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

HAVING in a previous Paper traced the origin and course of certain societies of a secret nature, which, whether for good or for evil, have exercised no inconsiderable influence upon the political history of Europe during the last three-quarters of a century, it may not be uninteresting to contrast with them some similar associations of a much earlier date, from which several of the former claim to be descended. Ancient history presents us with but one instance of a secret society established for the furtherance of any political principle—that of the Pythagoreans; a name assumed in times comparatively recent by the expelled ultras of the Carbonari of Naples. The mysteries of the pagan worship, and the impostures of its priesthood, might prepare us to expect a fertile field for the inquirer into the nature and origin of secret societies, and yet such an expectation would be wholly fallacious. The mysteries of Eleusis were, in reality, only some peculiar religious ceremonies, presided over by the magistrates, with no ceremonial initiation, no oath of secrecy, no symbols but those common to the religion. Those of Orpheus, of Isis, and of Mithra, introduced into Greece from Egypt and the East, and from thence imported to the south of Italy, were merely the machinery devised and employed by cunning and profligate impostors to turn to their own selfish purposes the weaknesses and vices of those whom they deluded, and to persuade men and women, equally immersed in sensuality and superstition, that by the performance of certain secret rites the deities might be propitiated and the punishment of sin averted. The nocturnal assemblies for the celebration of these mysteries became scenes of lewdness and depravity; hence they were discountenanced by the government, and sometimes temporarily sup-

pressed. The severe strictures of the early Christian writers apply to these mysteries, and not to those of Eleusis.

Pythagoras was a philosopher of Samos, and lived in the sixth century before the Christian era; the details of his life and principles were not written until long afterwards, and consequently are involved in much obscurity. He conceived the idea of an intellectual magistracy, afterwards reproduced in the works of St. Simon, as the readiest means of elevating the people in the scale of intelligence and morality, and united an austere code of morals with his zeal for the diffusion of knowledge. His native isle was under the domination of Polycrates, and he therefore turned his thoughts to the Dorian colonies in the south of Italy, which were then in a flourishing condition, and the inhabitants of which were zealous in the pursuit of learning. The constitutions of the Dorian states of Greece were aristocratic, but democracy prevailed in the colonies through the commercial genius of their inhabitants. Pythagoras wished to introduce the aristocratic element, but at the same time to make it an aristocracy of intellect, and not of birth alone. To effect his purpose he gradually won over the people, both nobles and commonalty, by his learning and eloquence, and by the air of mystery which he purposely threw around his doctrines in order to inspire the latter with veneration, and the former with curiosity and zeal. Complete success attended his project; he obtained sufficient influence in the city of Croton to remodel the constitution, which became nearly Spartan, while its administration was intrusted to a senate of three hundred nobles, initiated by the sage of Samos into all the arcana of wisdom and science as then known. Religion, temperance, and obedience were inculcated, and Pythagorean missionaries went about preaching the new system of politics and morals, and proclaiming that the perfection of government was to rule by wisdom alone. But like many other innovators, Pythagoras was in advance of the age in which he lived; and thirty years after his arrival at Croton, the popular discontent rose at being refused a large share of the booty obtained in the war with Sybaris. Cylon, a rejected candidate for admission into the society, fanned the flame of discontent, and instigated the people to a general massacre of the Pythagoreans. Democracy was re-established, and Pythagoras, forced to seek safety in flight, died far away from the place which had once received him as its lawgiver. His disciples sank at once into a mere sect of mystic philosophers, and made no further attempt to attain political power.

Antiquity presents us with no other secret society than this: the Gnostics were, to a certain extent, a secret order, as they did not disseminate their doctrines openly; but their history is extremely scanty, and devoid of interest to the general reader. They were charged by the fathers of the church with gross immorality; but such charges should be cautiously entertained, considering the circumstances in which the accused were placed. It should be remembered that the early Christians, when persecution compelled them to celebrate their worship and hold their simple love-feasts in vaults and by night, were likewise charged with practising in these secret assemblies the impurities which were committed at the shrine of Isis and other pagan deities. Charges of a like nature were made in later times against the Assassins and the Templars, and probably with as little foundation. Persons banded together for some purpose little known, meeting in

secret, generally by night, and often in vaults or in the secluded recesses of ancient forests, lie peculiarly open to such charges. Secrecy invariably generates a suspicion of something which will not bear the light of day; and as secret societies have invariably some political object in view, the opportunity is rarely missed by their enemies to propagate the most odious and unfounded calumnies, which they cannot openly confute without betraying their real views and proceedings.

In comparing the secret societies of the middle ages with those of recent times, the difference in the political and social systems of the two periods must always be kept in view. The secret societies of modern times have mostly had for their object the achievement of political power for and by the mass of the people; in the middle ages the people, as an important element in the state, had no existence. The middle classes only began to acquire influence as that of the nobility declined, and the labouring classes were but a degree removed from the condition of slaves. Feudalism gave its peculiar colouring to the secret societies of the middle ages, and the initiated belonged to the order of aristocracy. Thus the political innovators of that epoch were not traders and artisans struggling with the titled and privileged classes for participation in the political rights enjoyed by the latter, but feudal barons and mail-clad knights endeavouring to wrench from the monarch the power which he had hitherto held uncontrolled, and to divide it among themselves.

The first of the secret societies which come within the scope of this Paper is that of the Assassins, which had its origin in Persia, and dates from the ninth century. The religion of Mohammed had then become much perverted, and its professors split up into antagonistic sects. In Persia it had become infiltrated with mysticism and intricate metaphysics, and one Abdallah conceived the idea of overturning the rule of the caliphs by secretly introducing among the faithful the pantheistic principles upon which the Hindoo mythology is based, and of which the sun-worship of the ancient Persians was probably also a corruption, and thus undermining the current belief. Not too much to shock Moslem prejudices, he resolved to communicate his doctrines gradually, and fixed on the mystic number *seven* as that of the degrees through which his disciples should pass to the final revelation. Abdallah died in Syria, but his views were extended and their propagation continued by Carmath, whom some historians regard as the founder of the order. He maintained that the right to earthly dominion belonged solely to an imaginary being, an ideal of a perfect prince, whom he called the Spotless Imaum; and that, consequently, all the reigning princes were usurpers, and were to be precipitated from their thrones by the warriors of the perfect prince. He also taught his disciples to understand the precepts and observances enjoined in the Koran in a figurative sense: prayer signified obedience to the ideal imaum; almsgiving was augmenting the funds of the society; fasting was keeping the political secrets of the imaum and the order. His disciples wore white garments, as a mark of hostility to the reigning caliph, whose standard and uniform were black. For an entire century war was waged, with varying success, between the followers of Carmath and the troops of the caliphs, and the city of Mecca was taken by the former after the fall of 30 000 Moslems in its defence.

At length, the Carmathites were vanquished by the armies of the Greek Empire, and their name, though not their principles, was extinguished.

During this contest a secret association was formed at Cairo, presided over by the caliph Obeid-Allah, and having for its object the dissemination of the doctrines of the Carmathites. This society comprised both sexes, and was called the Society of Wisdom; it held its assemblies twice a week, when all the members appeared in white garments. The chief missionary read a lecture, previously approved of by the caliph, at the conclusion of which his auditors reverently touched with their foreheads the caliph's sign-manual. The caliph Hakem liberally endowed this society, erected a stately edifice for its meetings, furnished it with books and mathematical instruments, and appointed professors of law, mathematics, logic, and medicine, whose castans are said to have exactly resembled the robes worn at the English universities. Here the disciple was conducted through the seven degrees of illumination established by Abdallah. In the first, the aspirant was perplexed with captious questions, and led into a maze of skepticism and doubt, where he was left for some time, that he might be brought to repose implicit confidence in the wisdom and learning of his teachers. The absurdities of the Koran, when understood in a literal sense, and its repugnance to reason, were pointed out, and obscure hints were given that these concealed a doctrine pure and beautiful, as the shell encloses the nut. The candidate was not permitted to proceed beyond the first degree until he had taken an oath of obedience and fidelity, when the acknowledgment of the imaums as the sources of all knowledge was inculcated. The third degree revealed the number of the imaums—the mystic seven. The fourth taught that God had sent seven lawgivers to man, the mission of each being to improve the system of his predecessor, and adapt it to the altered state of society; and that each of these had seven helpers, who appeared in the intervals between the lawgivers. The seven lawgivers were Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Jesus, Mohammed, and Ismael: the seven principal helpers were Seth, Shem, Ishmael, Aaron, Simon, Ali, and Mohammed, the son of Ismael. The fifth degree taught that each of the helpers had twelve apostles to assist, a number likewise supported by mystical analogy. When the pupil had advanced thus far, he was taught that nothing in the Koran was positive which was not supported by philosophy; and after a long course of instruction in the systems of Plato and Aristotle, which formed the sixth degree, he was admitted into the seventh, when Allah and Eblis, Paradise and Jehanum, angels and demons, were made to disappear, "like the baseless fabric of a vision," and the disciple was instructed in the doctrines of pantheism.

The chief missionary resided at Cairo, to direct the operations of the society; but the subordinate propagandists were so active that disciples multiplied rapidly, and in 1058, the emir Bessassiri, one of the initiated, seized upon Bagdad, coined money there in the name of the caliph of Egypt, and kept possession of the city for more than a year. He was driven out by the Turks; the society of Cairo declined with the power of the Fatimite caliphs, and in 1123, the vizier Afdhal seized the pretext afforded by a popular tumult to suppress it.

The order of the Assassins had, however, sprung up in the mean time as an offshoot of the Ismaelites; and in 1090, its founder, Hassan Sabah, obtained

possession by artifice of the hill-fort of Alamoot, afterwards the chief seat of its power. He improved its defences and withstood two sieges; and his lieutenant, Hussein Raini, seized the fortress of Moominabad. The vizier Nizam-al-Moolk fell beneath the daggers of his emissaries, and Malek Shah speedily followed his minister: these were the first victims of the Assassins. During the civil war of the succession which followed, the order found opportunities to extend its power, and to seize fortresses after fortress. In vain did imaums and moulahs fulminate their anathemas against the order, and condemn its members to eternal perdition; in vain did they call upon the cadis to free the land from this impious sect by the sword of justice. The Assassins, strong in their secret organization and their relentless energy of purpose, increased in numbers and power, and the dagger avenged those who fell beneath the sword of justice. Risvan, Prince of Aleppo, did not hesitate to declare himself their protector, and one of their agents always resided with him. He gave them the custody of his castle of Sarmin; and in return one of the emissaries of the order murdered his enemy, the Prince of Emessa.

The Assassins continued to seize fort after fort, and it soon became evident that they aimed at the domination of all Asia. In 1108, they murdered a wealthy merchant named Abuard Issa at Aleppo, because he was an active opponent of their order; and five years later, they slew the Prince of Mosul in the mosque at Damascus. In the same year, however, they received a check: Risvan died, and his successor became their merciless enemy. More than 300 of them, of both sexes and all ages, were cruelly massacred, and 200 were thrown into prison. Abu-al-Fettah, the nephew of Hassan Sabah, was tortured to death, his body cut in pieces and then burned, and his head sent throughout Syria. The still numerous Assassins retaliated fearfully; the governor of Khorassan was murdered by them in the audience-chamber of the Caliph of Bagdad, and the governor of Aleppo and two of his sons fell beneath their daggers shortly afterwards. Against such enemies armies and executions were no security, and the dread of assassination sank deep into the hearts of all the princes of the East. Accordingly, when in 1120 they demanded possession of the castle of Sherif, the Prince of Aleppo feared to refuse; and they would have gained it but for the citizens, who rose tumultuously, and by additional works united the castle to the town. The man who instigated them to this course paid for his advice with his life. Even the great Nouredin was obliged to have recourse to the same artifice, to prevent the castle of Beitleha from becoming one of their strongholds. In Persia, the son and successor of Nizam-al-Moolk, and Chakar Beg, the great-uncle of the sultan, fell beneath their daggers; and the Sultan Sanjar himself, the most potent sovereign of the East, concluded a treaty with them—just as Alamoot and their chief strongholds were on the point of falling into his hands—on finding, when he awoke one morning, a dagger stuck in the ground near his bed, and attached to it a note containing these significant words: "Were we not well affected towards the sultan, the dagger had been stuck into his breast, not into the ground."

The organization of the society, as modified by Hassan Sabah, differed materially from that of the secret association of the Ismaelites of Cairo. The class of the Fedavee, or Devoted, was instituted by him; and to this,

which was subordinate to the missionaries, was allotted the task of murdering any one denounced to them by their chief, even if their own lives should be the immediate penalty. The ordinary dress of the Fedavee was white, with red caps, girdles, and boots; but in the pursuit of their murderous designs they assumed every disguise; even that of the Christian pilgrim or monk. The Fedavee do not appear to have participated in the mystic pantheism of the higher order of the initiated, but to have yielded implicit obedience to the positive precepts of the Koran, a system of faith which Hassan probably thought best calculated to render them faithful and devoted instruments. The origin of the name Assassins is involved in uncertainty. Some writers derive it from that of the founder; but M. Sacy considers it as derived from *hashish*, a species of hemp, from which the Fedavee prepared an intoxicating beverage; this word giving *hashisheen*, corrupted by the Crusaders into Assassins. Among the Eastern nations they were called Eastern Ismaelites, Batiniyeh or Secret, and Moolahid or Impious—the last being the name under which they are described by the old traveller Marco Polo.

Hassan was succeeded by Keäh Buzoog Oomeid, who built the strong fortress of Maimondees, and defeated the troops of Sultan Sanjar, who had again declared himself the enemy of the order. The sultan revenged this defeat by seizing and putting to death a great number of the Assassins. The dagger, as usual, avenged the victims of the sword. Mahmood, the successor of Sanjar, was likewise defeated by them, and compelled to sue for peace; but the envoy of the Assassins, and all his suite, were massacred at the Persian court. Mahmood disowned this atrocity, but he refused to deliver up the perpetrators; upon which the Assassins marched upon Casveen, overthrew the sultan's forces, and carried off a great number of sheep, oxen, and horses. Mahmood captured Alamoot soon afterwards; but it was speedily recovered by the Assassins, who again ravaged and plundered the district of Casveen, and put to flight a large body of the Persian army by the mere terror of their name. While the Persian members of the order were thus engaged, those of Syria were also extending and consolidating their influence and authority. The Prince of Damascus gave them the castle of Banais; and during the twelve following years, the Assassins acquired successively all the fortresses in the neighbourhood, removing the seat of their dominion in Syria at the end of that period to Masyat. Like the Jesuits of a later period, the Assassins constantly laboured to insinuate themselves into the confidence of those princes with whom they were on terms of amity, and an Ismaelite agent was always resident at their court. Abu-al-Wefa, the agent of the order at the court of Damascus, so won the favour of the prince and his vizier, that he was appointed to the high office of supreme judge; and he resolved to make his position and influence subservient to the interests of his order. Conceiving that a position on the sea-coast would be advantageous to the society, he fixed his eyes upon Tyre, and concluded a secret treaty with Baldwin II., King of Jerusalem, engaging to betray Damascus to the Crusaders if Baldwin would place Tyre in the hands of the Assassins. The Crusaders were to assemble secretly, and appear before Damascus on a Friday—the Moslem Sabbath—when the prince and his officers would all be at prayers in the mosque. The Damascene prince discovered the

plot, put to death his vizier and his Ismaelite judge, and massacred all the Assassins in the city, to the number of 6000. The Crusaders, headed by the kings of Jerusalem and Antioch, and the counts of Tripolis and Edessa, were completely routed; and the Assassins were fain to surrender the castle of Banias to them, that, under the protection of the Christians, they might escape the fate of their brethren of Damascus. This reverse occurred at the same time that Alamoot was taken by the Persians; and thus the power of the Assassins seemed to be on the verge of extinction. But, Antæus-like, it rose again, and Alamoot was recovered in a few months, and Banias three years afterwards. The daggers of the Fedavee became more active as the existence of the order was more deeply menaced; and the annals of the chieftainship of Keïh Buzoog Oomeid furnish a long list of illustrious and princely victims.

Keïh Buzoog Oomeid died after enacting the part of representative of the perfect and invisible imaum for fourteen years, and was succeeded by his son Mohammed, who had scarcely assumed the chieftainship of the order when Rasheed, the new caliph of Bagdad, assembled an army, and marched against Alamoot, burning to avenge the murder of his father. He reached Ispahan; but there his march was terminated, and his purpose frustrated, by his death. He was murdered in his tent by four Assassins, who had entered his service for the purpose; and when the news of his death reached Alamoot, the triumph of the dagger over the sword was proclaimed for seven days and nights by the sound of kettle-drums and trumpets from the ramparts of the fortress. Under Mohammed the order obtained the castles of Cadmos and Kahaf by purchase, and that of Massyat they took by storm, and made the chief seat of their dominion in Syria. Mohammed appears to have been deficient in the qualities necessary to secure the respect and ready obedience of his followers, and they consequently held him in little esteem, attaching themselves to his son Hassan, who possessed greater energy of character, as well as a deeper acquaintance with the sciences and Oriental theology. Cherishing the religious opinions upon which the society was based, and impelled also by motives of ambition, Hassan secretly disseminated the notion that he was the perfect imaum spoken of by Carmath; and the missionaries of the order adopted it with enthusiasm. Mohammed found himself under the necessity of suppressing a heresy so dangerous to his authority, and 250 of his son's adherents were put to death by his orders. "Hassan," said he, "is my son, and I am not the imaum, but only one of his missionaries. Whoever maintains the contrary is an infidel." Hassan was obliged to disavow his disciples; but as he continued to drink wine, and violated several more of the positive precepts of the Koran, they were more convinced than ever of his being the perfect imaum, at whose coming the observance of those precepts was to cease. During the life of his father he was obliged to veil his opinions and ulterior objects; but on succeeding to the chieftainship by the death of Mohammed in 1163, he assembled all the Assassins of the province on the esplanade of the fortress of Alamoot in the month of Ramadan—the Lent of the Mohammedans—and solemnly proclaimed the abolition of the law, the manifestation of the perfect imaum in himself, and the observance of the day as a festival. The Assassins received their emancipation from the ceremonial law of Mohammed with joy and enthu-

ism, and the day of its abolition was devoted to mirth and festivity. The success which attended the execution of Hassan's bold design rendered him vain and inconsiderate, and his assumption of the dignity of perfect imam made him many enemies. He had ruled only four years when he was slain by his brother-in-law Namver; but his death was amply avenged by his son and successor, Mohammed II., by whose orders not only Namver himself, but all his family, were ruthlessly put to death.

When the celebrated Saladin was besieging Aleppo, Kameshtegin, the unworthy favourite of Malek, the youthful successor of Nouredin, sent an envoy to the Assassins of Massyat, to represent to the Syrian sheik of the order the danger to which the continued successes of Saladin would expose the society. Saladin had put an end to the Fatimite dynasty in Egypt, and destroyed the influence of the Ismaelites in that country; and if he succeeded in reducing Syria to his sway, he would probably turn his arms against the Assassins, and exterminate them. These representations, backed by gold, induced the sheik of Massyat to send three Assassins to the camp of Saladin; but their murderous purpose was frustrated, and they were seized and executed. The vizier and two emirs laid a plot for the destruction of Kameshtegin; but he discovered it, and having obtained Malek's signature to a blank paper, he wrote on it a request that the sheik of Massyat would remove the vizier and emirs from his path. Deceived by the signature, the sheik sent several Assassins to execute the request contained in the letter, two of whom attacked the vizier near his own house; but were both slain. Three others fell upon the emir Majaheed; but he broke from them, and escaped uninjured. One of them was crucified, and the others received the bastinado. Malek bitterly and indignantly reproached the sheik of Massyat with these acts, and the latter sent back the letter written by Kameshtegin; but the historians of the event have not related the final result. Saladin was again assailed by the Assassins in his camp before the fortress of Ezag. One of them wounded him in the face, but was slain by the valiant sultan, and three others were cut to pieces by his guards. In 1176, having no other affair upon his hands, Saladin thought of revenging these attempts upon his life; and entering the mountains of Syria, he ravaged the territory of the Assassins, and laid siege to Massyat. Before the invincible Saladin, even the Assassins would probably have been compelled to succumb; but his uncle, the emir of Hama, prevailed upon him to grant them peace, on condition of no further attempt being made upon his life. The Assassins accepted the terms, and honourably adhered to them; and thus ended the connection of their history with that of the celebrated Saladin.

During the rule of Mohammed II., which lasted thirty-five years, all the practices of Islamism were neglected, the mosques closed, and the seasons of solemn prayer and fasting disregarded. But on his death, and the accession of his son Jellaladdin, all this was again changed: the mosques were repaired and reopened, the call to prayer once more resounded from the lofty minarets, solemn assemblies for religious worship and instruction were again held every Friday, and preachers and readers were invited to Alamoot, and liberally entertained. Jellaladdin sent envoys to the rulers of Persia, Kharasm, and Bagdad to assure them of his orthodoxy; and in the presence of the chief men of Casven he committed to the flames the works of

Hassan Sabah, and the secret rules and ordinances of the society, and cursed the memory of their authors. The Eastern sovereigns gave him the title of Emir, which had never been conceded to his predecessors; and the imams and moulahs sounded the praises of the restorer of pure Islamism. He gave a further proof of his orthodoxy by directing his mother, his wife, and a long train of their female attendants, to perform the pilgrimage to Mecca; and on this occasion the Caliph of Bagdad allowed the banner of the pilgrims of Alamoot to take precedence of that of the powerful Shah of Kharasm, whose cavalcade reached Bagdad on its way to Mecca at the same time. Jellaladdin formed a league with the governor of Azubeijaro against their common enemy the governor of Irak, and joining their forces, they overthrew and slew him, and appointed his successor by their influence. He seems to have aimed at entering the ranks of the acknowledged and legitimate princes of the East, rather than at being the head of a secret fraternity, for his reign was unstained with blood, and his marriage with the daughter of the Prince of Ghilan doubtless formed part of his schemes to increase his political influence.

He died, after a reign of twelve years, from the effects of poison administered by his relations, and was succeeded by his son Aladdin, the same who figures in the marvellous story of the Wonderful Lamp, but who was a weak and inefficient ruler. He ordered the execution of all who had participated in the murder of his father, but he totally neglected the affairs of the society. The governor of Nishaboor made several destructive incursions into the Ismaelite territories in Kuhistan, and the demands of the Assassins for compensation being disregarded, three of the Devoted attacked the governor near Kunja, and murdered him. They then entered the house of the vizier of the Shah of Kharasm, but not finding him, they wounded one of his servants in a scuffle, and then sallying into the streets, proclaimed aloud that they were Assassins, and thus devoted themselves to the vengeance of an infuriated mob, by whom they were all slain. An Ismaelite envoy was also sent to the shah, to obtain satisfaction for the ravages committed in Kuhistan, and to demand the cession of the fortress of Damaghan. The vizier promised the shah's concession of these demands on condition of the payment of 30,000 pieces of gold by the Assassins; and the terms being arranged, the envoy remained the guest of the vizier for some time. One day, after a sumptuous banquet, the envoy revealed to the vizier the startling fact that five of his attendants were Assassins! He was dismayed by the discovery; but on the circumstance reaching the ears of the shah, the latter ordered the five Assassins to be burned alive. The vizier complied with the order, though with reluctance, and the five Assassins were committed to the flames. Shortly afterwards a message was sent from Alamoot, threatening the vizier with death if he did not undertake to redeem his life from the daggers of the Fedavee by the annual payment of 50,000 pieces of gold, an extortionate demand, but one with which he was fain to comply.

The weak Aladdin had, in the mean time, given himself up to drunken excesses, and his caprice and tyranny had alienated from him all his friends. At length he fell by the hands of an unprincipled favourite named Hassan, who shot him with an arrow while he lay in a hut near a sheepcot, the favourite scene of his excesses, in a state of intoxication.

Rukneddin, his son, who had been compelled to leave Alamoot, where his father's tyranny threatened his life, is said to have instigated Hassan to the deed, and the execution of the murderer and all his family did not save him from the suspicions of his friends and the reproaches of his mother.

The power of the Assassins was now upon the wane. Prompted by ambassadors from the Caliph of Bagdad and by the chief judge of Casveen, the Mongol khan sent an army against them in the year 1255. It was commanded by Hulaku, the khan's brother, who, on entering Khorassan, sent to Rukneddin demanding his submission. The latter professed a wish for peace; but while the negotiations were going on, a division of the Mongol army advanced upon Alamoot, and made an attack, but were beaten off. Hulaku insisted that Rukneddin should demolish his defences, and come into his camp, leaving the defence of his territory to the Mongol officer who was the bearer of his commands. Rukneddin destroyed a portion of the defences of Alamoot, and sent his brother and the governors of Kuhistan and Kirdkoh into the Mongol camp, but hesitated to intrust his own person to Hulaku, and withdrew with his family to Maimondees. The Mongol army now occupied all the Ismaelite territory, and Maimondees was closely invested. The Assassins fought bravely; but Rukneddin had inherited his father's timidity and want of energy. He sent his other brother, his son, his vizier, and the principal chiefs of the order, into the Mongol camp, with rich presents for Hulaku; but the vizier, the astronomer Nasireddin, instead of endeavouring to procure the best terms he could for the order, assured the Mongol prince that the aspect of the heavens announced the extinction of the power of the Assassins, and that their downfall was near. Hulaku would listen to no other terms than complete submission, and Rukneddin was obliged to surrender Maimondees, and throw himself upon the mercy of the conqueror. His wealth was divided among the Mongol troops, and Nasireddin became the vizier of the khan. Mongol officers were despatched to the governors of all the strongholds of the Assassins in Persia and Syria, with orders from Rukneddin for their surrender or demolition. The number of their castles at this time exceeded a hundred; but the Syrian governors, and those of three in Persia, refused compliance: of the latter, Lamseer submitted on the appearance of Hulaku before its walls, the garrison of Alamoot made an honourable capitulation, and Kirdkoh endured a siege of three years before it was surrendered. The library of Alamoot was placed by Hulaku at the disposal of the historian Ata-Melek, who, after selecting the Korans, and some orthodox theological treatises, committed the remainder to the flames, with all the philosophical instruments. All the archives of the society were thus destroyed; and the only source of information concerning the doctrines, regulations, and history of the order which Melek's *auto-da-fé* left future historians, was his own narrative of his biblical researches in the library of Alamoot. Rukneddin was assassinated by Mongol soldiers soon afterwards, and an indiscriminate massacre of the Assassins followed, in which 12,000 of them perished. All Persia fell under the sway of the Mongol khan, and the power of the Assassins was annihilated in that country. Against those of Syria the Mongols failed; but fourteen years later all their castles in that province were captured by Beibars, the Mameluke sultan of Egypt, and their power utterly extinguished.

The doctrines of the Ismaelites survived their political influence, for they were found to be held by nearly all the inhabitants of Kuhlstan seventy years after the death of Rukneddin. Their conversion was then undertaken by order of Abu Zeid; and in the course of a few years the mosques were again frequented, and the Ismaelite heresy was held only by a few dervises. But even at the present day the order is not extinct, as a religious sect, believing in the uncreated light as the origin of all things, and regarding Rasheeddin as the last representative upon earth of the perfect imaum, still lingers in the eastern confines of Syria.

It is a matter of dispute among historians whether the Templars, the next order which demands our attention, were really a secret society, and also what were the peculiar doctrines which they held in secret. Von Hammer not only traces in them a resemblance to the Assassins, but likewise asserts that two of the knights who formed the nucleus of the order were secretly affiliated of the Assassins, and in alliance with them. Wilkie discredits this assertion, but regards them as a secret order, and considers that the mystic doctrines of Gnosticism were introduced among them by their chaplains. Other writers attach no value to the testimony in support of the charge of being a secret order; while others again confidently maintain that they were. It is certain that the order originated within thirty years after the capture of Alamoot by Hassan Sabah, though this may be only a coincidence, and that many of them subsequently held doctrines in which were inherent the pantheistic tendencies of those of the Assassins.

The order of the Templars was founded in 1119, by Hugh de Payens and eight other knights, then in Syria, who, determining to form an association which should unite the monastic with the military character, took, in the presence of the patriarch of Jerusalem, the three ordinary vows of chastity, poverty, and obedience; to which they added a fourth—to defend the Temple and Sepulchre of Jerusalem, and all pilgrims journeying thither, against the Moslems. Baldwin II., King of Jerusalem, approved of their design, and became their patron; and in the following year the Count of Anjou remitted them thirty pounds of silver in furtherance of their objects, engaging to continue the grant annually; and several other princes and nobles followed his example. For nine years the Templars lived in poverty, devoting all their funds to benevolent purposes, and wearing the cast-off garments bestowed upon them by the charity of their patrons. Their seal bore the device of two knights riding upon one horse—an emblem of poverty and humility; and their valour, their moderation, and the simplicity of their lives, were the theme of general admiration. In 1128, Hugh de Payens, the first master of the order, appeared before the Council of Troyes, to state the principles of the brethren, and obtain the approbation of the clergy. Some additions to their rules, taken from those of the Benedictines, were made by this council, the approval of which was confirmed by Pope Honorius. They were commanded to wear a white mantle, to which Pope Eugenius III. afterwards added a red cross on the breast, and to carry the red cross on their black and white banner.

No knight was admitted into the order who refused to amend his life, and to terminate all his feuds and enmities. Hugh de Amboise was an early instance of this. He was desirous of becoming a Templar; but

having grievously oppressed the people of Marmontier, and disregarded the judicial sentence passed upon him, he was refused admission into the order until he had made complete reparation to those whom he had injured. The Count of Champagne joined them, and Godfrey de St. Omer gave all his property to the society, an example which was followed by several nobles and knights in France and Flanders. In 1130, the Emperor Lothaire presented them with a large part of his patrimony of Supplinburg; and the powerful and wealthy Count Raymond Berenger took the vows of the order, and dwelt constantly in the temple-house at Barcelona. Three years later, Alphonso, King of Arragon and Navarre, being old and childless, nominated the Templars and Hospitallers as his joint-heirs; but on his death, in 1134, the Spanish nobles disregarded this disposition of the kingdom, and chose a sovereign from Alphonso's family. The orders were not then sufficiently powerful to enforce the observance of the deceased monarch's will.

Hugh de Payens returned to the East in 1129, accompanied by 300 knights of the noblest families of Europe, who had become members of the order; and the black and white banner of the Templars was first unfurled in that unfortunate expedition to Damascus which has been already mentioned. This was also the first occasion on which the Christians acted in alliance with the Assassins; and Von Hammer accuses Hugh de Payens of having been the chief instigator of the treacherous attempt to seize Damascus, which, it has been seen, was the result of a compact entered into between Baldwin II. and the Assassins of Syria. Though there may have been no actual connection between the Templars and the Assassins, a considerable similarity may be traced between the two orders in their dress, their organization, their secret doctrines, and their ulterior designs. As the two societies rose almost side by side, and in the same country, and as that of the Assassins was established first, Von Hammer infers from their resemblance that the Templars were an offshoot of the Ismaelites; but the resemblance may be easily admitted and accounted for apart from this very doubtful derivation. Admitting that the ultimate object of both orders was the same—namely, the acquisition of independent power—the erection of a state within a state—it was natural that the Templars should adopt an organization much resembling that of the Assassins. There is indeed between the two orders little more than the difference between Christianity and Islamism. The two religious systems gave their peculiar colouring to the orders which sprang from them. The members of both wore white garments; the Fedavee wearing a red girdle, the Templar a red cross. The resemblance in the internal organization of the two societies is even more striking. If we omit the Fedavee—a class added to the elder order by Hassan Sabah—the Dais and the Refeek, (the primary and secondary classes of the Ismaelites,) and the Lasik or Aspirants, may be regarded as the originals of the knights, the chaplains, and the serving-brethren; while the sheik and the Dais-al-Kebir or Governors, accord with the master and priors. As to the secret doctrines of the two orders, those of the Assassins have already been spoken of; and the warmest defenders of the Templars have admitted that many of them held opinions savouring of deism and pantheism, while we know that they manifested on many occasions the most ineffable contempt for the doctrines and observances of the church.

To record the military exploits of the Templars would be to relate the history of the Crusades; for in every action between the Christian and Moslem forces their banner was foremost in the charge, and their war-cry was the loudest where the danger was most imminent. We are therefore constrained to notice only those events in the history of the Crusades which have an especial reference to the order. The pursuit of their secret views and aims often drew upon them the suspicions of the Crusaders, and they are accused of having necessitated, by their treachery, the raising of the siege of Damascus. At the siege of Ascalon in 1153, which also miscarried through their opposition to the other forces engaged in it, they actually held the breach against the Christians, in order to monopolize the spoil to themselves; but Bernard de Tremelai, the master, and forty of his knights, paid the penalty of their temerity, being cut to pieces by the Saracens in the streets of the town. An event occurred two years later which can only be accounted for by that intimate connection with the Ismaelites insisted upon by Von Hammer, but seemingly negatived by the assassination by the Templars of the Ismaelite envoy a few years afterwards. The Caliph of Egypt, whom the Ismaelites regarded with considerable respect, was murdered by his vizier Abbas; and the latter, flying with his harem, and his own and a great part of the royal treasures, across the desert from the vengeance of the people, was fallen upon by the Templars, who routed his escort, slew him, and captured his son and the treasures. Not content with the latter, they sold the vizier's son to the friends of the murdered caliph for 60,000 pieces of gold, though he had expressed a desire to become a Christian, and tortures and death awaited him in Egypt. During the mastership of Philip of Naploos, a native of Syria, the Templars again manifested their predilection for the Ismaelite Caliph of Egypt, or their love of truth and justice, by loudly protesting against the expedition into Egypt undertaken by Almeric, King of Jerusalem, in violation of a solemn treaty, and by resolutely refusing to take part in it. In 1167, also, when Almeric intrusted to them the defence of a strong position on the Jordan, they capitulated to the Moslems, though the king was hastening to their relief. For this act of treachery (for we cannot believe it cowardice) Almeric had twelve of the knights hanged. The murder of the Ismaelite envoy, which frustrated the hopes entertained by the Christians of converting the Assassins to the doctrines of the gospel, happened soon afterwards, in the mastership of Ado de St. Amando, and increased the suspicion with which the Templars were beginning to be regarded.

The order, however, was rapidly increasing its wealth and power. In 1147, at a general chapter convoked at Paris, and at which Louis VII. and Pope Eugenius III. were present, the latter conferred on the order the important privilege of having mass performed once a year in places under the papal interdict. During the contest for the papacy between Alexander III. and Victor III. in 1161, the Templars espoused the cause of the former, who in the following year, having triumphed over his rival, issued the bull *Omne Datum Optimum*—the Magna Charta of the order—the publication of which constitutes an era in its history. It would require no great stretch of the imagination to fancy this document dictated at Jerusalem by the master; for by it the Templars were released from all spiritual obedience except to the pope: they were allowed to have

chaplains of their own selection, and private cemeteries attached to their preceptories; and they were released from the payment of tithes, and empowered, with the consent of the bishop, to receive them. Let us pause at this point in the history of the order, to examine its internal organization, and enumerate its possessions.

Contrary to the tenets of the Hospitallers, it was a rule of the Templars that no one should be admitted into the order who was not already a knight, and consequently, when this was not the case, the candidate was obliged to receive the honour of knighthood from a secular knight previous to his admission. Their original rules required a novitiate; but this was soon dispensed with, probably because the Templars themselves held views of their mission different to those taken by Pope Honorius and the Council of Troyes. The admission of the candidate took place in a chapel of the order, and was strictly secret, not even his relatives being allowed to be present. He was first introduced to the assembled chapter, and if no objection was made to his admission, he was taken into a private chamber, where two or three of the oldest knights questioned him concerning his worldly position and circumstances. If his answers were satisfactory, he was taken before the chapter again, and made to promise to obey the master and the priors; to observe the dictates of chastity, and all the customs of the order; to devote all his energies to the conquest of Palestine; never to quit the order; and never, by counsel or act, to wrong any Christian. He was then arrayed in the white tunic and mantle, and after a prayer had been repeated by the chaplain, and a psalm chanted by the brethren, the master delivered a discourse upon the duties of those who entered the order. He was forbidden to kiss any woman, even his mother or sister; to receive without the permission of his superiors any service from a woman; to be a sponsor, or to hold a child at the baptismal font; and to use any scurrilous language. The knights were clothed, armed, and equipped out of the funds of the order, (as they could hold property only collectively, and not individually,) and each was allowed three horses. When a knight became incapacitated by age or wounds from active service, he took up his abode in one of the houses of the order in Europe, where he lived in ease, and was treated with respect. The formula for the admission of the chaplains was similar to that of the Benedictines; and as with the knights, their reception was secret. Only those above the rank of deacon were eligible; but if a priest of inferior grade was selected for a chaplain, the bishop of the diocese was bound to confer upon him the necessary rank. They were bound to obey the master and priors; and partly from the reluctance of the priesthood to place themselves under the rule of laymen, as they esteemed the Templars, and partly from the indifference of the knights to spiritual matters, the order never had its full complement of chaplains. The serving-brethren, from which class were taken the esquires—of which each knight was allowed one—were not introduced until some time after the Council of Troyes; and their introduction was probably an after-thought of the Templars, having for its object the extension of their influence. The office of master was elective, and his power was limited by the chapter—the constitution of the order being more aristocratic than monarchical.

The extensive possessions of the order were divided into provinces, which in Asia were—Jerusalem, Tripolis, Antioch, and Cyprus; and in Europe—

Portugal, Castile and Leon, Arragon, France, Normandy, Aquitaine, Provence, Britain, Germany, Italy, and Sicily. Jerusalem being the province first established, its prior took precedence of all others, and the master resided there as long as it remained in possession of the Christians. In this province they possessed the Temple of Jerusalem, the preceptories of Acre, Gaza, and Jaffa, the castle of Safat at the foot of Mount Tabor, the castle of Pelerin on the east side of Mount Carmel, the hill-fort of Dok, between Bethel and Jericho, the castle of Faba near Tyre, five small forts near Acre, a castle on the Jordan, the castle of Assur, near Jaffa, and the castle of Beaufort, near Sidon; besides several large farms and extensive tracts of land. The province of Tripolis contained the preceptories of Tripolis, Tortosa, Castel-blanc, Laodicea, and Berytus. Of the province of Antioch little is known; but there was a preceptory at Aleppo; and in Cilicia the order had estates valued at 20,000 byzants. In Cyprus were the preceptories of Limissa, Nicosia, and Gastria, the impregnable castle of Colossa, and many valuable and extensive estates. In Portugal they had the preceptories of Castromarin, Almural, and Langrovia, and the castles of Tomar, Monsento, and Idanna. In Castile and Leon they had twenty-four preceptories and castles; in Arragon several castles, and one in Majorca, which was under the jurisdiction of the prior of Arragon. Their possessions in the four provinces into which they divided France were numerous and considerable. In England they had seventeen preceptories, besides several valuable farms; and in Ireland three. The provinces of Germany included Moravia, Bohemia, Hungary, and Poland; and in all the German and Slavonic states their possessions were considerable. In Italy they had a preceptory in every town; and in Sicily their preceptories, castles, and estates were numerous and valuable.

Such was the prosperity of the order at the close of the twelfth century. As they increased in numbers and wealth they became haughty and arrogant; and the frequent proofs which they gave of the spirit and purposes that secretly animated them and directed their policy caused pontiffs and princes to withdraw from the order their countenance and favour. Indeed, it was becoming questionable whether the dominion of the Saracens, or the absolute power of the princes of Christendom, was most in danger from this celebrated order. In 1184, an English Templar, named Robert of St. Albans, deserted to the Saracens, became a Moslem, and married a relative of Sultan Saladin. To the dismay of the Christians, this renegade Templar appeared before Jerusalem at the head of a Moslem host; but after ravaging all the country around the city, he was defeated, and compelled to retreat. In 1187, the master of the Templars, with 140 knights and 500 serving-brethren, engaged Malek-el-Afdal, the son of Saladin, with 7000 Moslems at the brook Kishon, and notwithstanding the disparity of numbers, the issue of the battle was for some time doubtful. The Moslems were eventually victorious; and all the Templars fell on the field except the master and three knights, who were saved by the fleetness of their horses. At the disastrous battle of Hittin, the master and many of the knights became captives, and were put to death by the Moslems, with the exception of the master, Gerard de Ridefort, who was retained for ransom. Like the old Romans, the Templars had never hitherto ransomed those of their order who became prisoners, and Abo de St. Amado died

in captivity; but for the ransom of Gerard de Ridefort they paid no less a price than the city of Askalon, which they surrendered to the Moslems to obtain his release.

With the decline of the Christian power in the East, the struggle approached between the Templars and the supreme pontiff and absolute princes of Europe. In 1208, Pope Innocent III. passed a public censure upon the order, stating that they despised the doctrines of Christ, and followed those of demons; that adulterers and interdicted persons received honourable burial in their cemeteries; and that they were no longer worthy of the many privileges conferred upon them by his predecessors. The papal censure was disregarded by the Templars; and though they professed obedience to the legate of the pope in 1219, when he headed the expedition into Egypt, it was they who really directed the legate. In this expedition, and particularly in the siege of Damietta, the knights greatly distinguished themselves; but when the Emperor Frederick II. undertook the crusade in 1228, they gave him all the opposition in their power, and wrote to the Sultan of Egypt to inform him of the emperor's plans. The sultan sent the letter to Frederick, who, on his return to Europe, revenged himself upon the order by seizing all its possessions throughout Italy and Sicily. In attacking the Templars, and defending this confiscation of their property, the emperor made it an important charge against them, that they were friendly to the Moslems. "We know on good authority," said he, "that sultans and their trains are received with pompous alacrity within the gates of the temple, and that the Templars suffer them to celebrate secular plays, and to perform their superstitious rites with invocation of Mohammed." The Templars retaliated by dispossessing the Teutonic knights of all their possessions in Syria, and entered into an alliance with the emir of Damascus against the Hospitallers. The invasion of the Turks compelled the rival orders to unite for their common safety; but they suffered a severe defeat near Damascus, in which the master and 300 knights were slain. Only Acre now remained in possession of the Christians, and the Templars appear at this time to have meditated a complete retreat from the East; but the animosity which had been long gathering between this order and that of the Hospitallers at length burst into a flame, and in 1259, a pitched battle was fought between them, in which the Templars were completely routed. From this period no event of importance in the annals of the order occurred until 1291, when Acre was taken by storm by the Moslems, and the remnant of the Templars sought refuge in the island of Cyprus.

The power of the order remained undiminished in Europe when it was annihilated in Syria. In 1252, Henry III. of England entertained thoughts of replenishing his exhausted exchequer by seizing a portion of the property of the Templars. "You, Templars and Hospitallers," said he, "have so many liberties and charters, that your enormous possessions make you rave with pride and haughtiness. What was imprudently given must therefore be prudently revoked, and what was inconsiderately bestowed must be considerably recalled. I will break this and other charters which my predecessors and myself have rashly granted." "What says your majesty?" said the prior of the Templars in London. "Far be it from your mouth to utter so disagreeable and silly a word. So long as you exercise

justice, you will reign ; but if you infringe it, you will cease to be a king." This bold language and the implied menace intimidated the king, and made him pause : in the following year he besought the Templars to become his security for a large sum of money, but they refused. An event occurred in Moravia about the same time which shows the power which the Templars were beginning to exercise in Europe. Count Vratislaf, who had been obliged to flee from that country, became a Templar, and made over all his property to the order ; but it was seized by his brother Burian immediately on his admission. Refusing to surrender to the order the castle and estates of Eichhorn, the Templars marched against it, and a sanguinary engagement ensued, in which 1700 men were slain. Night separated the combatants, and a truce of three days was agreed upon, at the end of which Burian's forces were driven into the castle, which he was soon obliged to surrender. Vratislaf returned to Moravia, and became prior of Eichhorn, and thirty knights took up their abode in the castle. The last military exploit of the Templars was an attempt, in conjunction with the King of Cyprus and the Hospitallers, to regain a footing on the coast of Syria in the year 1300. They took possession of Tortosa ; and though they gallantly defended it against the assaults of the Moslems, they were overpowered by numbers, and compelled to yield: some of them were carried captive into Egypt, and the rest returned to Cyprus.

The downfall of the order was now rapidly approaching. It was already obnoxious to the church ; it was regarded with suspicion and dislike by the European sovereigns, whose absolute and uncontrolled power it was beginning to menace ; and it had given offence to Philip the Fair, King of France, by importuning him for repayment of the money lent him by the Templars on the occasion of the marriage of his daughter Isabella with Prince Edward of England. Philip had a high notion of his royal prerogative, and, moreover, was unprincipled and rapacious. The wealth of the Templars excited his cupidity, and their ulterior aims his apprehensions. Pope Clement V., who had been Archbishop of Bordeaux, was his subservient and unscrupulous tool, and invited the master of the temple, James de Molay, to France, to confer with him on divers matters touching the interests of the order and the affairs of the East. Molay repaired to France on receiving the summons, attended by sixty knights ; and having with him the treasures of the order, consisting of 150,000 gold florins, and so much silver in plate and coin that it loaded twelve horses. Philip received the Templars with marks of favour and respect, and their treasures were deposited in the Temple at Paris. Molay then repaired to Poitiers, where he had an interview with Clement V., who spoke of a new crusade, and the union of the Templars and Hospitallers, both of which projects the master discouraged and opposed. On his return to Paris he found vague rumours beginning to spread of serious charges to be made against the order, in consequence of which he again visited the pope in April, 1307, accompanied by three preceptors of the order, and gave such explanations as appeared to satisfy the pontiff of the falsity of the charges brought against the order. These were—that the Templars were a secret society ; that they were in alliance with the Moslems ; that they repudiated and reviled the doctrines of Christianity ; that they held the heresy of the Gnostics, and contemned the authority of the church of Rome ; that their

secret rules and ordinances were unlawful; and that their lives were immoral, and marked by the most licentious and abominable actions. Philip and his ministers, having prepared their measures, ordered the arrest of the Templars throughout France, and the seizure of all their property, which wholesale proscription was accomplished on the 13th October, 1307. The Dominicans vehemently denounced the Templars as the enemies of religion and morality, and every art was put in requisition to inflame the public mind against them. Six days after their arrest, 140 knights were tortured in the Temple, to extort from them confessions of their guilt, of whom thirty-six expired under the atrocious infliction.

Several of the knights thus tortured confessed the denial of Christ, but some of them afterwards retracted. Forty-five made a similar confession at Nismes, but retracted it, subsequently reverting, under the torture, to their original declaration. Two knights confessed the guilt of the order at Troyes, seven at Pont de l'Arche, six at Caen, six at Bigone, and seven at Cahors; but many of them subsequently retracted. In June, 1308, seventy-two Templars were examined at Poitiers before Clement V., all of them having previously made a rack-extorted confession of heresy, blasphemy, and immorality. Clement professed himself satisfied of the guilt of the order, and authorized the king to adopt the most rigorous measures against its members. A council was now convened at Vienne to abolish and dissolve the order; a judicial commission of bishops and archdeacons was appointed to meet at Paris; and a papal bull was published, denouncing the order as heretical and immoral, and calling upon all Christian princes to institute the most energetic measures for its complete suppression. The commission commenced its task in August, 1309, but the prisoners were not placed upon their trial until November: the commissioners were the Archbishop of Narbonne, the Bishops of Bayeux, Mende, and Limoges, and the Archdeacons of Rouen, Trent, and Magnelone. Molay energetically defended the order, and disowned the confession attributed to him in the pope's bull, which indeed was dated August 12th, while the confession was said to have been made on the festival of the Assumption, which was August 16th. Several of the Templars retracted their confessions, and exposed the cruelties of the Dominicans who had examined them by torture. In the act of accusation, drawn up in the name of the pope, the Templars were charged with denying and reviling the doctrines of Christianity, with spitting and trampling upon the cross, with worshipping a cat and a three-faced idol, and with general licentiousness and immorality. The Templars on their trial denied the charges *in toto*, and attributed the confessions to the terrible arguments of the Dominicans. The hearing of witnesses did not commence until April, 1310; and, as the king was rendered impatient by the tardy forms of law, an ecclesiastical council was convoked at Sens, which proceeded against the knights individually, and speedily condemned fifty-four of them to the stake as heretics. The commissioners at Paris disapproved of this course, and adjourned their sittings; but ecclesiastical councils were instituted at Senlis, Pont de l'Arche, and Carcassonne, by whose sentences many unfortunate knights were committed to the flames.

The grand council of Vienne did not assemble until October, 1311, when nine knights voluntarily came forward to defend the order; but having announced themselves as the representatives of 2000 Templars who

were lurking in the vicinity, Clement V. affected terror at the number of Templars at large, and threw them into prison. But the assembled prelates, with only four exceptions out of 114, protested against this flagrant act of injustice, upon which the pope abruptly terminated the session. No further steps were taken until March, 1313, when a secret consistory was convoked by the pope, and the order abolished by his sole authority. All the property of the order in France was confiscated, and as Philip and Clement had now gained their ends, the persecution of the Templars abated; most of the knights still in prison were liberated: and it may be regarded as a circumstance strongly in support of the opinion that the charges against them were not considered fully proved, that many of them were received into the order of St. John on the same footing as they had stood in that of the Temple. Molay and another knight were condemned to the stake by Philip and his council of state, and died with great fortitude, in March, 1314.

We have now to state the result of the proceedings instituted against the order in other countries. In England, the examinations commenced in 1309, and lasted two years; the number of Templars examined was 228, and of the witnesses against them 72, being nearly all Dominican, Minorite, and Carmelite monks, the enemies of the order. The accused were treated with moderation, and were unanimous in their assertion of the falsity of the charges made against them. The evidence was of the weakest and most vague, and often absurd description: the chief points were—that William de Fenne, a prior of the order, had lent John de Eure a book, in which was a paper containing a denial of the divinity of Jesus; and that another Templar had been heard to deny the immateriality of the soul. The prosecution fell to the ground, and the prisoners were set at liberty. The same result attended the investigations instituted in Spain, Portugal, and Germany. Some of the knights arrested in Italy confessed having trampled on the cross, and worshipped a gray cat; but the trials for witchcraft three or four centuries later have proved that the greatest absurdities, and even impossibilities, will be confessed upon the rack. In Sicily, only six Templars were arrested; they all confessed the guilt of the order, but their evidence was full of absurdities and contradictions. In Cyprus, 110 witnesses were examined, of whom 75 were Templars; but nothing was elicited in support of the charges brought against the order. The order being suppressed, however, its property was seized by the church, except in Spain and Portugal: in the former country the property of the Templars was transferred to the new order of Our Lady of Montesa, which was founded in 1317, and the habit of which was similar to that of the suppressed order; and in Portugal, the knights were formed into the order of Christ, which is still in existence, and were allowed to retain their property, and to have their own prior for the master of the new order.

While it must be admitted that the Templars had degenerated since the time of St. Bernard—that the lives of many of them were far from pure—that they had manifested on several occasions a contempt for the forms of the church, and a general indifference on the subject of religion—and that some of them held deistical and pantheistical doctrines—it is quite evident that the testimony upon which those of France were condemned would not be received in any modern court of justice. The articles of

accusation themselves were absurd and contradictory. Can it be believed for instance, that those who had adopted the untheism of the Moslems, or the pantheism of the Ismaelite sectaries, also practised an idolatrous worship as gross as that of the ancient Egyptians? If the degeneracy and corruption of the order were its crime, then Christianity by implication stood upon its trial at the same time; if their neglect of confession and penance, and other observances of the church, was their offence, then the religious reformers were equally guilty with the Templars; if their immorality was the motive for their suppression, then every convent in Europe should have been closed at the same time. Every charge made against them was alleged against the Albigenses, and indeed were stereotyped accusations against all who, in those ages, opposed the usurpations of the church and the tyranny of kings. On the whole, without maintaining that the morals of the order were purer than those of others, we may fairly assume that it was suppressed, neither for its corruption nor its immorality, but because it owned extensive possessions, which were coveted by the pope and the King of France, and because it had assumed a position menacing to absolute and undivided sovereignty.

The next secret association which we have to treat of in this Paper is the celebrated *Vehm-gerichte*, or Secret Tribunals of Germany, which modern romancists have invested with so many circumstances of mystery and awe. To those unacquainted with the real history of these tribunals, the "*Götz von Berlichingen*" of Goethe, the "*Anne of Geierstein*" of Scott, and the "*Faust*" and "*Bronze Statue*" of Mr. G. W. M. Reynolds, in which imagination has filled up the gaps of vague tradition, will have conjured before the mind's eye the black-robed judges meeting at midnight in the dimly-lighted vaults of some feudal fortalice, and then some scene of horror, in which revenge usurped the place of justice, and the cord or dagger became the doom of the innocent as often as of the guilty. Much of the misconception of the nature of these tribunals has been caused by the difficulty which most minds must experience in regarding them solely in connection with the state of society in the age in which they existed. Many institutions which would be an unmitigated evil at the present day had their approximate place, and exercised a salutary influence upon society, in the middle ages. No period in the history of Germany presents such a scene of social anarchy and lawless violence as the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, in which almost the only check upon crime and oppression was the terror of the formidable *Vehm-gerichte*. The equity of their proceedings formed in general at once an example and a striking contrast to those of the ordinary tribunals. The powerful and the wealthy might treat the decisions of the latter with contempt and defiance; but the mysterious organization of the *Vehm-gerichte*, its widely-extended ramifications, and the number and fidelity of its secret emissaries, struck terror into the hearts of criminals of every degree. To enter into the spirit which actuated the founders of the secret tribunals, we must know something of the state of society in the age in which they had their origin: it was, as we have already said, the most lawless and turbulent period in the history of Germany; the feuds of the nobles disturbed the country from the Rhine to the Elbe; and from the Baltic to the Alps they set the ordi-

nary laws at defiance, filled their castles with banditti, and, in the words of Arnold of Lubec, "every one did that which was right in his own eyes."

The origin, and indeed the entire history, of the *Vehm-gerichte* is involved in obscurity, and therefore its proceedings cannot be traced, as in the case of the Templars, from its formation to the period at which it fades from the view of the historian. Much of the obscurity which hangs over its history may be ascribed to the awe with which it was regarded during its existence. Death was the penalty awarded to any member of the society who revealed its secrets; and a like fate awaited him, who, being uninitiated, should intrude upon the sittings of the tribunal, or surreptitiously examine the books which contained the laws and ordinances and the secret registers of the society. The first writers who mention the *Vehm-gerichte* (holy tribunal) are Henry of Heworden, a Dominican monk, who wrote against it in the reign of Charles IV., about the middle of the fourteenth century; and Æneas Sylvius, secretary to Frederick III., about a century later. By these writers the institution of the secret tribunals is ascribed to Charlemagne, which was also the common opinion of the time, studiously disseminated by the members of the society themselves, to give it additional consequence in the eyes of the people. But Eginhart, the secretary and biographer of Charlemagne, and all other contemporary writers, are silent upon the subject; the fragments of the ancient Saxon laws collected in the twelfth century make no allusion to it; and the entire organization of the *Vehm* tribunals is completely at variance with all the known institutions which date from the period in question. Another hypothesis attributes their foundation to St. Engelbert, Archbishop of Cologne, to whom Frederick II. committed the administration of affairs during his absence from Germany; but the only evidence in its support is the coincidence, in point of time, of Engelbert's administration with the first mention of the jurisdiction of the *Vehm-gerichte*, and the similarity of that tribunal, in the secrecy of its proceedings, to that of the Inquisition, upon which Engelbert is said to have modelled it. The comparison, except in the secrecy common to the proceedings of both, is as disparaging to the judges of the former tribunal as it is complimentary to the reverend Dominicans who presided over the latter; and it is more probable, when the circumstances in which other secret societies have originated are considered, that it owed its formation to neither emperor nor prelate, but to a little band of courageous and upright men, determined to apply a remedy to the evils which afflicted society, and to check the excesses of the powerful nobles and the outrages of the banditti with whom they were often leagued in their deeds of rapine and oppression.

It was in Westphalia that the *Vehm* tribunals had their origin, but they soon existed all over Germany; and the first traces of their jurisdiction are discovered in the latter part of the thirteenth century. The tribunal-lords had each his peculiar district, beyond which he had no authority, and either presided in person, or appointed a deputy, who was called a Free Count. When a tribunal-lord proposed a deputy, he was obliged to testify to his personal knowledge of his moral character, and his capability of exercising the office; and the free count had to swear that he would judge truly and justly, according to the ordinances of Charlemagne and the *Vehm-gerichte*; and that he would attend once in each year the general chapter of West-

phalia, and give an account of his conduct in his office. The free counts received a fixed salary from the tribunal-lords, and also the initiation fees, and a share of the fines. The body of the society was formed by the *schöppen*, or assessors, who were divided into two classes—the knightly, and the simple, or those below the rank of knighthood; for it was the equitable maxim of the middle ages, that every man should be judged by his peers or equals, and this rule was adhered to in the constitution of the *Vehm-gerichte*. In each class there was also the distinction between those who had been initiated into the secrets of the society, and those who were simply enrolled as members: the former were called the Ignorant, and the latter the Knowing, and only the latter were allowed to be present at the tribunal. The candidate for admission had to be proposed by two of the initiated, who were required to vouch on oath that he was a native of Germany; that he was a free man, and born in wedlock; that he was not under the ban of excommunication or outlawry; and that he was not a member of any religious order. He then paid a fee to the free count, and was enrolled as a member of the society: if he was a knight, the fee was a mark of gold; if of lower rank, a mark of silver. The initiation of the Knowing was attended with considerable ceremony. The candidate was bareheaded, and kneeling before the free count, he placed the thumb and forefinger of his right hand upon a naked sword and a halter, and took a solemn oath to aid the *Vehm-gerichte* by every means in his power; to bring before it every one whom he knew to be amenable to its laws; and not to swerve therefrom either through love or fear of the accused person, or from any unworthy motive. The count then revealed to him the secrets of the tribunal, and communicated the secret sign by which the initiated recognised each other.

Many magistrates of corporate towns, and even some of the inferior princes of Germany, were among the initiated, and the tribunal-lord was always a noble. Every free man, however, was eligible to all the other offices, if not otherwise disqualified. The duties of the initiated were to trace out those denounced, to serve citations, and to act as assessors when the tribunal sat. For the latter purpose, seven at least were required to be present, and these were always of the same position in society as the person accused. The sergeants, or messengers of the tribunal, were chosen from the initiated of inferior rank, and there was also a clerk to enter the judgments of the court in what was called the "Blood-Book." Æneas Sylvius describes the initiated as grave men, and lovers of right and justice, and estimates their number as usually exceeding 100,000; he adds that no member of the society had ever been known to betray its secrets. Similar testimony is borne by other writers of the same period. Women and children, and all Jews and heathen, (as many of the natives of Prussia still were,) and likewise the clergy, were exempted from the jurisdiction of the *Vehm-gerichte*; the latter probably from the fear of provoking the hostility of such a powerful and influential body. When an offender, after being duly cited, did not appear to answer the charge before the *Vehm* tribunal, he was outlawed; every count of a tribunal was then authorized to seize him, and the whole force of the initiated, 100,000 persons, were immediately on his track. The ban of outlawry of the ordinary courts was a mere jest to that which emanated from the *Vehm-gerichte*. Escape was

impossible; and brief was the space which usually intervened between the issue of the ban and the appearance of the denounced before his judges.

The secret tribunals are always represented by romancists as holding their sittings in gloomy vaults; but so far was this from being the case, that they were seldom held even under a roof. There is only one instance of a Vehm tribunal being held under-ground, which occurred in Heinberg; and instances of their being held anywhere but in the open air are extremely rare. The castle of Walften was indeed the meeting-place of one, and another was held in the town-house of Paderborn; but they were generally held in the open air, and under the shade of trees. At Dortmund, the tribunal was held in the market-place; at Nordkirchen, in the churchyard; and at Arensburg, in an orchard.

The Vehm-gerichte had three different modes of proceeding with offenders—namely, the summary, the secret, and the open. The first course was only followed when the criminal was taken in the act, or in endeavouring to escape after the commission of a crime, and then only when three of the initiated were present at his arrest. When this was the case, they became at once accusers, witnesses, judges, and executioners; but it must be obvious that these cases were of very rare occurrence. In ordinary cases, if the accused was a member of the society, the rules required that he should be cited to appear before the Vehm tribunal of the district, and that the citation should be served by two of the initiated. If he did not appear in six weeks and three days, a second citation was served by four schöppen; and if a similar period passed again without his appearance, he was cited for the third and last time by a count and six schöppen. When a count was accused, the first summons was served by seven schöppen, the second by four counts and fourteen schöppen, and the third by six counts and twenty-one schöppen. Those who did not belong to the society were only summoned once, and by a messenger. When the serving of a summons might be attended with personal danger, as when the accused was a knight or noble, the document was generally affixed by night to the castle-gates of the offender, and the messenger carried away a chip of the gate as proof of the service. The summons always contained the names of the accused and the accuser, that of the count who issued it, and of the place where the court was to be held, and likewise the nature of the charge. If the accused did not appear on the first summons, he was fined thirty shillings; if the second failed, he was fined sixty shillings; and if he did not answer to the third, he was outlawed. The plea of necessary and unavoidable absence, however, was always admitted; the impediments recognised by the Vehm law were sickness, imprisonment, pilgrimage, the public service, lawful absence from the country, and unavoidable delay or accident upon the way to the tribunal. If the accused appeared on the second or third citation, and swore on the cross-hilt of the sword which lay before the count that he was too poor to pay the fine, it was remitted, and the trial then commenced according to the authorized form.

Before the count lay a naked sword and a halter, and on his right and left stood the clerks, the assessors, and as many of the initiated as chose to be present, sometimes more than a hundred, all bareheaded. No one was allowed to wear armour, or carry arms in the tribunal; and the rules of the society required that the count and the assessors should be sober and free

from wrath. If an uninitiated person was found in the assembly, he was immediately seized and bound, and hanged upon the spot; and any person who surreptitiously became possessed of the secrets of the society shared the same fate upon detection. The accusation being read, the hearing of the evidence began: if the accused could bring twenty witnesses to testify to his innocence, he was acquitted; but if he could only produce thirteen, and his accuser brought forward twenty, his guilt was held established. The assessors formed the jury, and appear to have decided by a majority of voices. If the sentence passed was a capital one, the count took the halter, and flung it over the heads of the schöppen around him; and the name, crime, and sentence of the condemned were entered in the Blood-Book. If the criminal had surrendered, he was immediately hanged upon the nearest tree; and if he was a member of the society, he was hanged seven feet higher than any other, as being the greater criminal. If the accused was not present, all the initiated were set in pursuit of him; and wherever they caught him, they hanged him without further ceremony.

When a criminal had been detected in the act, and had contrived to escape, or when he was a man charged openly and distinctly with the offence by common report, the secret mode of procedure was adopted. Upon being denounced by a member of the society, witnesses were heard in support of the accusation; and if the evidence was considered conclusive of his guilt, the count passed sentence, the case was entered upon the register, and thousands of the initiated were quickly in pursuit of the condemned. If he resisted the attempt to capture him, his pursuers were empowered to take his life by any means; in which case his body was tied to a tree, into the trunk of which his slayers stuck their knives, to intimate that he had not been slain by banditti, but in pursuance of the sentence of the Vehm-gerichte. The person against whom the secret process was adopted had no means of knowing his danger until the halter was about his neck, for the penalty of death was awarded by the Vehm laws to those who revealed any of the secrets of the society; and even if his own father or brother was one of the initiated, the dread of the Vehm tribunal precluded him from receiving the slightest warning. But it was only when the crime was of the deepest dye, or the accusatory rumour loud and repeated, that the secret process was adopted.

The condemned had always the right of appeal to the general chapter of Westphalia, or to the emperor, whom the society always professed to consider as their supreme head. The general chapter was convoked annually, and every tribunal-lord and free count was bound to attend it: it could be held only in Westphalia, and generally assembled either at Dortmund or at Arensburg. The nominal president was the emperor, and there are instances on record of the emperor being initiated; but if uninitiated, he appointed a deputy in the person of some initiated noble. The business of the general chapter was to receive the reports of the free counts, to suspend or depose such as had neglected their duty, to hear cases of appeal, and to revise and amend the Vehm laws. The emperor was always said to have the privilege of revoking the sentence of a Vehm tribunal; but the laws of the society limited this power by the expression, "provided he be initiated;" and the acts of uninitiated emperors were often declared invalid by the sentence of a Vehm court. The tribunal-lord, also, was not necessarily one of the

initiated, but was always a noble or knight of the district in which the court was held; if uninitiated, he was obliged to appoint a count to preside in his place, and often did so when initiated himself; but if he appointed an unworthy or incompetent substitute, he forfeited his own office.

The manifest advantages of the Vehm tribunals made the Westphalian nobles anxious to possess this species of territorial jurisdiction; and in the latter part of the thirteenth century we find them established in almost every district of northern Germany, from the Rhine to the Weser. Charles IV., who perhaps regarded the institution as a valuable instrument of state, attempted to extend the sphere of their influence; but on the representations of his Vehm deputy, the Archbishop of Cologne, and the lords of the secret tribunals in Westphalia, he desisted from his design. Wenceslaus, his son and successor, was also initiated, and assumed the privilege of initiating members himself, out of Westphalia, contrary to the Vehm law. The emperor's schöppen, however, do not appear to have been acknowledged by the Vehm chiefs, for on the free counts of Westphalia being asked by the Emperor Rupert how they acted with regard to such schöppen, they replied—"We ask them in what court they were initiated. Should it appear that they were initiated in courts which had no right to do so, we hang them, in the case of their being met with in Westphalia, without any mercy." Wenceslaus sometimes employed the secret tribunals for the furtherance of his own purposes; and in 1389 he denounced to them the Count of Wernengerode, who was tried and hanged for treason by the Vehm law. In the year 1404, the Emperor Rupert ordered a collection to be made of decisions which declared and defined the privileges of the emperor with respect to these tribunals; and this is the earliest accredited source from which a knowledge of the Vehm laws can be derived. The power and influence of the Vehm-gerichte were at their zenith at this period. The serf and the vassal, the humble trader and the artisan, saw in it their only protection against injustice and oppression; the lesser nobility welcomed it as a barrier against the lawless violence and encroachments of the more powerful; the higher order of nobility sometimes grew weary of feuds which desolated their domains; and the emperors were not ill-pleased with an institution which enabled them to check the turbulence of the barons when the ordinary laws would have been wholly inefficient.

The jurisdiction of the secret tribunals extended, at the commencement of the fifteenth century, over all Germany; and even beyond the bounds of the empire their citations were sometimes served. Not only individuals, but cities, were summoned through their municipal officers to appear before the free counts; and we read of citations being served during the fifteenth century upon Bremen, Lubec, Augsburg, Nuremberg, Erfurt, Görlitz, and Dantzic. The privileges of ecclesiastics were not always regarded, for the Count of Teckenburg, a chief of the Vehm-gerichte, being at feud with the Bishops of Munster and Paderborn, summoned them, with three counts and several knights, their allies, before his tribunal, for having seized two of his castles. The citations were subsequently recalled, however, and the affair amicably arranged. In 1410, the Rhinegrave was summoned before the secret tribunal of Nordernau; in 1448, the Elector Palatine escaped with difficulty from the sentence of a Vehm court; and in 1454, the Duke of Saxony found himself obliged to appear before

the tribunal of Limburg. The Duke of Bavaria was accused before the tribunal of Waldeck of having deprived one Gaspar of his hereditary office of chief huntsman, of having beaten his servants, seized his hounds, and destroyed his castle of Torringen, and of having despoiled his wife of her jewels and other property; and the free count cited him to appear and take his trial. After an ineffectual appeal to the Emperor Sigismund, the duke adopted the expedient of getting himself initiated as a member of the society, by which he probably procured a more favourable verdict than he could otherwise have expected. Gaspar, in his turn, appealed to the emperor, who referred the matter to his Vehm lieutenant, the Archbishop of Cologne; but whether it was brought before the general chapter, or how it finally terminated, is unknown.

Even the powerful order of the Teutonic knights, who were masters of Prussia and Livonia, were not free from the influence of the formidable Vehm-gerichte. Hans Holloger, a citizen of Dantzic, and a member of the society, was cited to appear before the tribunal of Elleringhausen, "because he had spoken what he ought not to have spoken about the secret tribunal;" and the town-council were commanded, under a heavy penalty, to lodge the offender in prison until he had given security for his appearance. The town of Dantzic subsequently incurred the displeasure of the Vehm-gerichte, and the town-council was cited to appear before it; they appealed for protection to the Teutonic knights, whose grand-master wrote to Mangolt, count of the tribunal of Freyenhagen, warning him against adopting any further proceedings against the subjects of the order, when the latter haughtily replied, "You have your rights from the empire, and I have power to judge all who hold of the empire." Soon afterwards a tradesman at Liebstadt died deeply indebted to the Teutonic order, whose officers seized upon the deceased's effects; but his son, Hans David, produced a heavy claim against the order, and a document purporting to be an acknowledgment of the debt. The grand-master refused payment, and swore that the order owed David nothing, and that the bond was a forgery; and indeed it bore internal evidence of being spurious. David appealed to the King of Poland, and on that monarch declining to interfere, he denounced the order to Mangolt, who cited the grand-master to appear before his tribunal. The latter appealed to a general chapter held at Coblenz, by whose decision the proceedings against the order were declared null, and Mangolt liable to deposition for having cited the head of a religious order, as the Teutonic knights were considered. The emperor also issued a mandate declaring the proceedings of Mangolt iniquitous and contrary to law; and David was thrown into prison at Cologne, where, notwithstanding the exertions of the Vehm counts in his behalf, he was detained two years. The emperor then directed the Archbishop of Cologne and the Margrave of Baden to institute a new inquiry into the matter, and to liberate David upon his giving security to appear at Nuremberg. This proceeding, which is attested by existing documents, can only be attributed to the influence of the secret tribunals, and it affords a striking proof of the importance which they had then acquired. The judicial proceedings were removed from Nuremberg to Vienna, where it was proved that the bond had been forged at the instance of David by a student of Elbingen named Rothoff; but as David had assaulted a prior

of the Teutonic order, the emperor, probably glad to be rid of the affair, referred the case to the decision of the pope; and after a long delay, Hans David and Count Mangolt were sentenced to pay a fine to the order of six thousand florins.

In 1489, one Weller, a citizen of Görlitz, and a member of the Vehm society, was accused of necromancy, and by order of the magistrates he was expelled from the town, and his property confiscated. Weller made friends to the Bishop of Waradin and the imperial chancellor, and a new inquiry was instituted; but the magistrates of Görlitz justified themselves, and the sentence was confirmed. Weller then appealed to the pope, and two papal commissioners were appointed to make a further inquiry, the result of which was decidedly in his favour. Failing, however, to recover his property, he again applied to the pope, and commissioners were again appointed, who on this occasion confirmed the sentence of the magistrates of Görlitz. Weller then determined to bring the case before a Vehm tribunal, and the magistrates and town-council were cited to appear before the secret tribunal of Brackel, the citation being affixed to a hedge near the town. Görlitz had been exempted from all foreign jurisdiction by the Emperors Charles IV. and Sigismund, and the burgomaster therefore appealed against this citation to the King of Bohemia, who wrote to the free count of the tribunal of Brackel in behalf of the town; but no notice was taken of his mediation. At the appointed time, the accused not being present, Weller made oath that he estimated his losses at 500 florins, and was authorized to indemnify himself at the expense of the town of Görlitz in any manner that he could, severe penalties being awarded to any one who should impede him in the attempt to recover his property. As Weller was unable to indemnify himself for his losses, a second citation was served upon the authorities of Görlitz, which was found upon the floor of the convent church. The magistrates now began to be alarmed, and applied to the Archbishop of Cologne and the free count of Brackel for a remission of the sentence; but no notice was taken of the application, and when the time allowed them expired without their appearance, they were outlawed. By this act every person was forbidden, under the pain of a like penalty, to harbour any inhabitant of Görlitz, or to hold any intercourse with them, until they had given satisfaction to the Vehm-gerichte, and restored the property of the complainant. The inhabitants submitted the case to the Bohemian Diet, the members of which interceded for them with the Archbishop of Cologne, but without any effect; and an appeal to the Landgrave of Hessen was equally unsuccessful. They then appealed again to the King of Bohemia, who applied to the Emperor Frederick III., and obtained a mandate which appears to have stayed the proceedings of the tribunal of Brackel during the life of Weller. But on his death, in 1502, his son and son-in-law revived his claims, which were supported by the Count of Hohenstein; but no compensation was obtained until 1512, when the affair appears to have been amicably and satisfactorily arranged.

Like all similar institutions, the Vehm-gerichte at length became corrupt, and was often perverted to the purposes of private interest or revenge. Less care than at first was shown in the appointment of free counts, and in the admission of members; and a writer in the reign of Sigismund says, "that those who had gotten authority to hang men were hardly

deserving enough to keep pigs; that they were themselves well worthy of the gallows, if one cast a glance over their course of life; that they left not unobserved the mote in their brother's eye, but overlooked the beam in their own." The free counts were often accessible to bribery, and sometimes were men of bad character, using the formidable powers of the society for the furtherance of their own evil purposes. The right of exemption was narrowed, and Jews were made amenable to its jurisdiction, which was likewise extended to civil affairs, and defendants in civil suits were sometimes outlawed for non-appearance. Various attempts were made to reform the Vehm tribunals during the sixteenth century, but without success; and at length they became a positive evil and a social nuisance. The institution, moreover, was fast growing out of date, and soon became utterly at variance with the altered spirit of the age. The institution of the imperial chamber, and other civil reforms of the Emperor Maximilian, had done much to alter and improve the social condition of the empire, and the corruption of the Vehm tribunals caused them to be regarded with aversion. They were never formally abolished, but the excellent civil institutions of the Emperors Maximilian and Charles V., and the introduction of the Roman jurisprudence, caused them to be regarded as a remnant of barbarism, adapted only to the exigencies of a bygone state of society, and towards the close of the sixteenth century they begin to fade from the view. Some of the tribunals were suppressed, the rest were prohibited all summary proceedings, and exemptions and immunities from their jurisdiction were multiplied, until they gradually sank into insignificance.

Institutions analogous to the Vehm-gerichte, and springing from the same aspirations after justice, and the same inefficiency of the ordinary tribunals to redress the wrongs of the weak, have existed in other parts of Europe. Spittler, a German historian, quotes the following account of a secret tribunal at Cette, in the electorate of Hanover, from a manuscript work of Francis Algermann, written at the close of the sixteenth century:—"When the Vehm law was to be put in operation, all the inhabitants of the district who were above twelve years of age were obliged to appear, without fail, on a heath or some large open place, and sit down upon the ground. Some tables were then set in the middle of the assembly, at which the prince, his councillors, and bailiffs, took their seats. The secret judges then reported the delinquents and the offences; and they went round with a white wand and smote the offenders on the legs. Whoever then had a bad conscience, and knew himself to be guilty of a capital offence, was permitted to stand up and to quit the country within a day and a night. He might even wait till he got the second blow; but if he was struck the third time, the executioner was at hand, a pastor gave him the sacrament, and away with him to the nearest tree." Similar tribunals existed at Wölpe and Rotenwald, where the secret judges were accustomed to give a private warning to any one whom they knew to have committed an offence within their jurisdiction. A mark was set upon his door during the night, and if this warning produced no effect—the offender neither quitting the country nor amending his life—the secret tribunal was assembled, and he was cited to appear before it. There was also a secret tribunal at Brunswick, which partook more of the nature of those just described than of the

Vehm courts which originated in Westphalia. The initiated, who were mostly respectable citizens, formed a secret police, whose duty was the surveillance of their fellow-townsmen, and collecting information relative to offences. The secret council assembled at midnight in St. Martin's Churchyard; the initiated mounted guard at the gates and bridges, to prevent the escape of offenders; and at daybreak the tocsin was sounded, and the people assembled in the market-place, from whence they followed the council to an open space without the walls. All offenders were then summoned in turn—the tribunal taking cognisance of civil matters as well as criminal: if it was a first offence, the accused was permitted to clear himself by oath; if it was his second offence, or if there were two charges against him, he was required to produce six witnesses to testify to his innocence; and on the third charge he could clear himself by the ordeal of red-hot iron. The Tribunal of the Knowing, in the Tyrol, had also some points of resemblance to the Vehm-gerichte, but the proceedings were more summary. The custom of this court was for the accuser to place his finger on the head of the accused, and swear that he knew him to be guilty of the offence laid to his charge, while six reputable witnesses placed their fingers on the arm of the accuser, and made oath that they knew him to have sworn truly and honestly. This was held to be sufficient evidence of his guilt; and the court proceeded to judgment.

Traces of similar institutions have also been discovered in Sicily. The chronicles of the abbey of Monte Casino and Fossa Nuova state that in 1186, in the reign of William II., a society arose, the members of which assumed the name of *Vendicosi*, (Avengers,) and committed, according to the monkish chroniclers, much mischief; their sittings were held and their judgments executed by night. Adiorolphus, their grand-master, was hanged by order of the king, and many of his followers were branded with a hot iron. About a century later, the society of the Beati Paoli arose in Sicily, and spread its ramifications over the whole island. Persons of all ranks were initiated and united by secret signs; and their exertions were principally directed against the great feudal barons, whose power placed them beyond the reach of the ordinary tribunals. Its results are acknowledged to have been salutary, even by those opposed to the institution itself; and indeed, in the unsettled state of society which then existed, when might was right, a system of terror was the only means of restraining the licentiousness and tyranny of the great. The summons of the secret tribunal, posted by night upon the gates of the oppressor's castle, struck more terror into his heart than would the mandate of the monarch. His castle-walls and his armed retainers might enable him to bid defiance to the sovereign and the ordinary judges, but they availed him not against the sworn servitors of the secret tribunal dwelling unsuspected beneath his own roof. The punishments inflicted by the Beati Paoli were death by poison or the dagger, mutilation, or beating with sticks; sometimes, when the offender's person was beyond their reach, they destroyed his property by fire. The Sicilian monarchs promulgated the severest laws, and denounced the heaviest penalties against them; but the society continued to exist throughout the middle ages. It was most formidable in the districts of Messina and Trapani; and papers relating to the society are said to be still extant in the archives of these towns. The change in the state of

society which took place in the sixteenth century at length effected what the government had essayed in vain ; and the Beati Paoli gradually became extinct, though traces of its existence are found as late as the middle of the last century, when one of its most daring chiefs, surnamed Testa Longa, was executed by order of the Prince of Trabia. A subterranean chamber beneath the Strada della Canceddi, and near the church of Santa Maria di Gesù at Palermo, is shown as one of their places of meeting ; and a vivid recollection of the association is said to remain among the Sicilians, who often exclaim, when smarting under some injury for which they can obtain no redress, " Ah, if the Beati Paoli were still in existence ! "

Casual notices of other secret societies besides those already mentioned are met with in the history of the middle ages. Müller intimates that secret associations of a religious nature existed in Italy during the pontificate of Alexander III., but little is known concerning them ; they were probably some of the disciples of Arnold of Brescia, one of the earliest of the reformers, who was seized and burned at a stake by order of the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa. The colliers of Germany, who inhabited the extensive forests of that country, and followed the occupation of preparing charcoal, are also said to have formed themselves into an association for mutual assistance, and for protection against banditti, and to have recognised each other by secret signs and passwords. Their secrets, and the oath which bound them to each other, were called the Faith of the Colliers. Important services rendered to the order sometimes, though rarely, obtained for persons of rank admission into the society. These associations, in the course of time, acquired more consistency, and were spread over Germany, France, and the Netherlands. The criminal enterprise of Conrad of Kauffangen to carry off the Princess of Saxony failed through the intervention of the Colliers ; and at a later period, a Duke of Wurtemberg was compelled by them, under menaces of death, to make certain alterations in the cruel and oppressive forest-laws of that period.

Francis I. is said to have been initiated into the secrets of the Colliers or Charbonniers of France, whose hospitality he had shared when separated from his company in the chase, and benighted in an extensive forest, whose intricacies were unknown to him. St. Theobald, who was a son of the Count of Brie, and died in the odour of sanctity in 1066, was also an honorary member of the association, and became its patron saint—a circumstance which led to his adoption in the same capacity by the Carbonari of modern times. The society of Charbonniers is said to have existed in the mountains of the Jura up to the close of the last century ; the members were called Good Cousins, as among the Carbonari, and several members of the French parliaments are said to have been enrolled in the association between the years 1770 and 1790. The society of Hewers, which is likewise met with in the mediæval period of French history, resembled that of the Colliers or Charbonniers. Among its symbols of initiation was the trunk of an old tree, together with others referring to the avocations of its members in the forests, just as the Foresters of the present day have adopted for their symbols bows, arrows, axes, and hunting-horns.

One of the most extraordinary of the secret societies of the middle ages was that of the Rosicrucians, which arose in the fourteenth century

and was founded by Christian Rosencruc, a native of Germany. That country was then the land of superstition and mysticism, as Egypt was in the early ages of the world; and the learned of that day, when every thing in the field of science was matter of mystery and speculation, engaged with ardour in the exciting but delusive pursuit of the Philosopher's Stone, the elixir of life, and the marvellous herb that rendered the possessor invisible, and plunged with avidity into the study of astrology, chiromancy, and magic. These subjects engaged the attention of Rosencruc; and he was supposed to have made many important discoveries, which he communicated only to his disciples. In the mental darkness of the middle ages, knowledge conferred on its few possessors greater distinction than it does now that it has become more generally diffused; and those whom the light of science had illuminated acquired more celebrity by conserving their knowledge, than they would have done by imparting it to the world. The learned of the middle ages were in this respect in precisely the position of the conjurer at a country fair. Neither was there any inducement at that time to the communication of scientific discoveries, while there was every motive for the illuminated to keep the light of knowledge to themselves. The mass of the people were not sufficiently enlightened to appreciate the truths of philosophy, and the clergy watched the progress of their illumination with a jealous eye. Hence those of the learned who were impelled by philanthropy to publish their scientific discoveries to the world, ran the risk of being drowned by an ignorant and brutalized mob as a sorcerer on the one hand, and of being consigned to the rack and the stake as a heretic on the other. Christian Rosencruc, therefore, communicated the knowledge he had acquired only to a few aspirants, who, after his death, formed themselves into a society for the secret and safe dissemination of the truths which he had imparted to them. For this purpose they devised a system of secret signs and passwords by which the illuminated recognised each other; and they provided for the conservation of their philosophic secrets among the members of the society, by compelling every one to swear at his initiation that he would not divulge them to any uninitiated person. Deriving the name from a verbal playing upon that of their founder, they called themselves the Brethren of the Rosy Cross, whence they were called, for brevity, Rosicrucians. Their philosophy, as far as it has descended to modern times, is mystic and fanciful, and laid open a wide field for romancists and poets to exercise their imaginative powers. In the air of romance and mystery in which they contrived to envelop themselves, they resembled the Illuminatis of a later period, and their philosophy peopled the elements with imaginary beings—with gnomes, sylphs, salamanders, and nymphs. The mines and caverns of the earth were the abode of the first class; the second filled the air like troops of dancing gnats on a summer evening, though visible only to the eyes of the illuminated; the third class dwelt in the midst of fire; and the fourth had their habitation in grotts of coral and pearl at the bottom of rivers. The Rosicrucians pretended to be on terms of familiarity with these imaginary beings, and minutely described their appearance, and related their conversations. This singular society of mystics was in existence as late as the seventeenth century, both in Germany and France; and a periodical devoted to astrology and the occult sciences, which appeared a few years

since in London, stated that the society was not yet wholly extinct, and had many members even in this country.

Freemasonry, which has been the parent of most of the secret societies of modern times, claims likewise to be descended from, and to have continued, those of the middle ages. The Rosicrucians form the last degree of its singular hierarchy—the keystone of the arch; and a connection is likewise claimed by the order with the Templars. Rossetti, an Italian writer, strongly insists upon this connection; and so convinced are the Freemasons themselves of it, that Mowdenhaler's history of the judicial proceedings against the Templars, compiled from the original documents, has been bought up by the order, so that now it is impossible to procure a copy. In like manner the modern Carbonari deduced their origin from the Charbonniers of the middle ages; but little credit is generally to be attached to these derivations, similarity of views and objects being sufficient to account for similarity of organization in these societies.

The Templars, like the Rosicrucians, form a degree in the masonic hierarchy; and there is also a society of Templars, whose chief seat is in Paris, and whose branches extend to many parts of France and other countries, including England. Their manual asserts that Molay nominated one Lormenius as his successor, and that the charter of his appointment is still preserved at Paris among the statutes, archives, and banners of the order. The succession of grand-masters is said to have been continued down to the present time; but the story of the appointment of Lormenius is very improbable, and at variance with the ancient rules of the order. But whatever their origin, the present Templars can have no resemblance with the old order, originating as it did under a state of society which has happily passed away for ever.

RAJAH BROOKE AND BORNEO.

THOUGH a great deal has lately been written on the Indian Archipelago, particularly in connection with Sir James Brooke and the pirates, nothing like an adequate knowledge of that part of the world is yet possessed by the public. This at first sight may seem surprising. An intercourse of three hundred years carried on between Europe and that portion of Asia ought to have familiarized us not merely with its geography, but likewise with its productions and inhabitants, of which, however, we are only now beginning to form something like a correct idea. And had events pursued their ordinary course, ages might still have rolled on and left us buried in profound ignorance; but the adventurous spirit of an individual, united with enlarged views and a generous philanthropy, has at length awakened the curiosity of civilization, and riveted it upon the Twelve Thousand Islands, so that in all probability we shall, in the course of a few years, have completely explored them, and rendered all their rich and varied resources accessible to the commerce of the West.

When the Arabs first penetrated beyond the golden Chersonese, and beheld group after group studding the waters of those sunny and tranquil seas, they bestowed on that mighty Archipelago the name of the Twelve Thousand Islands, making use of a definite expression to signify an indefinite number. Geographical pedants have cavilled at the appellation, as they have at that which the same poetical people, in the first burst of admiration, gave to the Maldives. But exactness in such cases is not sought, the object being to produce deep impressions, and, by exciting the fancy, to rouse and keep awake the spirit of enterprise. We shall, therefore, for the sake of variety, employ the Arab phrase as a synonym of the Indian Archipelago, having entered into the above brief statement merely to guard against misapprehension.

This immense system of islands, extending through nearly fifty-five degrees of longitude, and thirty-two of latitude, is about 3600 miles in length by 2200 in breadth. Lying on both sides of the equator, it enjoys throughout its whole extent something like perpetual summer, except where the elevation of the mountains produces a temperature approaching to that of more northern climates. It will be readily conceived that the productions of so vast an Archipelago must be extremely varied. Indeed, when the whole comes to be explored, it will probably be found that

almost every island, small or great, grows something peculiar to itself in addition to many productions which are common to the entire group.

Entering at the Straits of Malacca, and sailing eastwards, you may be said to enjoy a perpetually shifting panorama, whose features are richer and more magnificent than can be viewed anywhere else in the world. Here you observe innumerable islets, level or pyramidal, floating like so many green nests upon the waves; there you seem to be sailing along the coasts of large continents or of islands, which you could not circumnavigate in many months. Sometimes, as you advance towards the rising sun, you behold a succession of verdant plains or savannas, which are then suddenly interchanged for Alpine regions, covered with gorgeous vegetation to the summit, which is often lost in the clouds. In one place the seas are narrow as rivers, intersected by coral-reefs, studded with feathery islets, sheltered by mountains overhung by cliffs and precipices, and painted with a variety of brilliant colours by the superb reflection of the shores. Elsewhere, the waters unfold themselves into sunny expanses, on which for whole days you may lose sight of land, though always made conscious of its vicinity by the flight of birds, or the appearance of small prahus, which could not venture their frail construction upon the ocean.

The reflection which naturally suggests itself to the mind is, that you are passing over the ruins of a submerged continent, the pinnacles only of which now appear above water. At other times you are induced, on the contrary, to believe that a portion of the earth's crust, upheaved by volcanic agency, is preparing to prolong indefinitely the southern limits of Asia, already too vast to be regarded as one division of the globe. But whatever turn your geological speculations may take, you cannot avoid regarding with extreme interest the ever-varying aspect of the groups around you, peopled by millions of human beings in very different stages of civilization. Here you observe fleets of prahus, laden with the merchandise of Europe, making their way with oars and sails towards the Aroo Islands and the coasts of New Guinea; there you encounter other fleets of similar embarkation steering towards Macassar, Labuan, Sarawak, or Singapore, with the rich commodities found among the islands on the eastern verge of the Archipelago. In these simple, but hardy and active agents of civilization, you cannot fail to be deeply interested. The impulse by which they are moved to undertake voyages so protracted and full of peril is no doubt the love of gain: their mental horizon is bounded by their own welfare and that of their families; they are guided by no enlarged philosophy; contemplate no extensive or lasting results; speculate on no golden awards of fame, on no second life in the grateful emotions of distant ages, benefited by their patriotism or their enterprise. But they nevertheless perform, and faithfully too, the duties of civilization's primitive apostles—uniting innumerable islands and groups by the links of commerce, whose golden touch everywhere awakens industry, and incites men, otherwise lethargic, to serve their neighbours by benefiting themselves.

By this beneficent process the whole circle of the Twelve Thousand Islands might in time be brought to taste the blessings of refinement, were not the operations of trade obstructed by some blighting influence. From time immemorial such an influence has unfortunately existed in that system of piracy which, making its operations coextensive with those of commerce

has for ages plunged the whole Archipelago in barbarism, from which, to all appearance, there would have been no hope of escape through the exertion of native energy. It was necessary that assistance should come from without; that a people elevated by superior knowledge, and invested with superior power, should counteract the evil influences so long at work, and deliver the numerous populations of the Indian Ocean from the incubus which pressed upon and paralyzed their energies.

The Archipelago may be said to have found its deliverer in Sir James Brooke, who, appearing suddenly among its tribes, organized and brought into play that system of policy which in all likelihood will ultimately insure to them most of the arts and advantages of civilized life. It was not to be expected that he would be suffered to carry out so grand a design without encountering opposition; such is not the fashion of this world. To do good, you must often consent to be suspected of evil. There is a natural antipathy between littleness and greatness which incites all those tormented by the consciousness that, under similar circumstances, they could not go and do likewise, to calumniate and persecute Sir James Brooke; to misrepresent his motives, and, as far as their petty means enable them, to thwart his purposes and blast the hopes of the Archipelago.

With the character, powers, and objects of many of these individuals we are well acquainted, and know them to be wholly incapable of achieving any thing themselves; but the offices of petty obstruction are within every man's reach. If he cannot perform great actions himself, it is at least always possible for him to cast aspersions on those who can; and to a certain class of minds this is productive of some satisfaction. But we happen to be acquainted with Sir James Brooke also, and know him to be actuated by the noblest motives, to be swayed by the soundest and most comprehensive views of policy, and to be possessed of an intrepid soul, which will enable him to brave all the assaults of envy or malice; and by the exercise of exalted and persevering virtue, to acquire lasting honour for himself, while he heaps shame and confusion of face upon his adversaries.

When history comes to delineate the characters of these times, it will find few greater than that of Sir James Brooke. Many men are wealthier—many are distinguished by loftier titles and more pompous pretensions, but no one has exhibited more originality in sketching out for himself a plan of action, or more energy and perseverance in pursuing his design. It may be that he is ambitious, for what great man is not? But, fortunately for his fame, it is his ambition to become the benefactor of mankind—to enlighten the ignorant, to protect the weak, to paralyse violence and injustice, and to erect a superb fabric of civilization where he found nothing but darkness, barbarism, and crime. This is his ambition, and not even Columbus himself was actuated by a nobler. It will, however, be long, very long, before the European public are in a condition to appreciate correctly the achievements of this distinguished man, merely to comprehend whose designs is obviously beyond the reach of a majority of his contemporaries. The mere wish, however, to do him justice, implies the possession of honourable feelings, and a certain amount of courage and sagacity; for calumny has been so actively at work, that his actions must necessarily be misunderstood by many, and his character by many more.

Sir James Brooke was born on the 29th April, 1803, at his father's seat at Coombe Grove, in the neighbourhood of Bath. Some have supposed Benares to have been the place of his birth, but erroneously, though the long residence of his father in the Bengal presidency very naturally gave rise to the mistake. Over the early development of his mind his mother—a woman of remarkable abilities—presided with the tenderest care. Afterwards he received in the schools the usual education of English gentlemen, and being designed for the military profession, was sent out very young to India. Shortly afterwards, on the breaking out of the Burmese war, he accompanied his regiment to the valley of the Brahmapootra, where, in the neighbourhood of Rungpore, he received during an engagement a shot in the lungs. This dangerous wound occasioned his return to Europe, and led ultimately to his abandonment of the service. He then proceeded in the *Castle Huntly* to China, and it was during this voyage that he formed the grand design to the accomplishment of which he has since devoted his life. The spending many months at sea, whatever may be the studies or pursuits of the voyager, is in most cases felt to be extremely tedious. People torture their invention, therefore, to hit upon new methods of killing time. Sir James (then Mr.) Brooke and his friends planned for this purpose the publication of a newspaper, to be written in verse. Sir James was chosen editor, and supplied numerous contributions under the formidable signature of CHOLERA-MORBUS. Mr. St. John has published a specimen of the poetry, in his "Views in Borneo;" and there are several others before us, in manuscript, of much merit, but filled with allusions to persons and circumstances of the hour, which would require a commentary to render them generally intelligible. But everywhere, in the midst of much gayety, we discover traces of a thoughtfulness approaching to melancholy, with a strong relish of the beauties of external nature, and a tendency towards solitude and meditation. A second voyage to the Celestial Empire only served to confirm him in his purpose, by disclosing the commercial value of the Archipelago, and suggesting the means by which a civilizing influence might be communicated to its vast and varied population.

From studying the history of the group, he perceived that, besides the evils resulting from the wild passions of the natives, other causes materially contributed to repress commerce and industry. The Spaniards in the north, and the Dutch in the south, pursuing a narrow and debasing policy, reduced the population under their sway to a state of helpless effeminacy. Sloth and superstition combined to check all progress in the Philippines, while a savage and relentless system of monopoly shed a perpetual blight over Java, Sumatra, and the Moluccas. Even the mighty island of Borneo—as, in imitation of the Spaniards, we denominate the Pulo Kalamantan of the natives—was not free from the encroaching and pernicious policy of the Netherlands; which, while Great Britain neglected to assert the rights secured to her by treaty, proceeded with remorseless ambition and cruelty to subjugate one aboriginal tribe after another, everywhere establishing, together with its authority, that jealous system of exclusion which has invariably characterized the commercial transactions of Holland.

Succeeding, on the death of his father, to a large fortune, Sir James Brooke fitted out a handsome yacht, and, with vast ideas in his mind, bent his course towards the extremities of the Indian Ocean. At a distance

perhaps the imagination may contrive to invest with something like grandeur the fierce and vindictive struggles of barbarians. But war, terrible in all its aspects, becomes at once revolting and contemptible when we discover on what paltry principles, and in how pitiful and degrading a manner, it is carried on among the Malays, for example, and Dyaks of Borneo. In immense systems of operations, the littleness of the motives in which they originate is often lost sight of; but when avarice, revenge, treachery, cruelty, and a cunning scarcely worthy of the inferior animals, appear in all their naked deformity before us, they irresistibly excite our detestation and our scorn, and inspire us with the wish that any equitable means could be discovered of arresting their progress.

It is this feeling that induces us to follow with so deep a sympathy the career of Sir James Brooke. On his arrival at Sarāwak—the capital of which, now dignified by the name of the province, was then called Cuching—he found the Rajah Muda Hassim engaged in hostilities with several of the Dyak tribes. Through the instrumentality of this man, to whom Sir James Brooke afforded important aid, he was enabled to obtain a footing in the island; his own courage, prudence, and generosity did the rest. As was natural, the unfortunate aborigines immediately became bound by a strong attachment to him. To them kindness and disinterestedness were things altogether new. From the Malays they had never experienced any thing but oppression; and therefore, on seeing a man invested with power without exhibiting any inclination to make use of it to their detriment, their hearts were filled with unwonted pleasure, and his influence over them became unbounded. At the bidding of their new ruler, they relinquished their immemorial habits and prejudices, gradually abandoning the slaughter of men and women for their heads, and, what was still more wonderful in savages, exchanged the enjoyment of sloth and listless indolence for the painful processes of industry.

On the arrival of Sir James Brooke, the capital of Sarāwak numbered no more than from 1500 to 1800 inhabitants, including the Malays, who had come thither with Muda Hassim from Bruné. No sooner, however, had the Englishman been proclaimed rajah, and given proofs of the mildness and equity of his rule, than the population began insensibly to augment. Until then, the province, from the seacoast to the mountains, had presented little to the eye but the irregular undulations of one vast forest. Here and there, indeed, in spots so diminutive as to be almost imperceptible, the wretched Dyaks had cut down a few trees, erected small hamlets, and commenced an imperfect and scanty cultivation. Everywhere else nature reigned in all her wild magnificence. Trees of enormous height were united to each other by screens and canopies of parasites, whose bright flowers at particular seasons of the year seemed to set the forest in a blaze. The smaller rivers ran during nearly their whole course under leafy arches, and even the larger streams appeared, as you ascended them, to be overhung with cloistered roofs, rent and shattered by time, so far and so densely did the trees project their mighty boughs over them.

A change was soon visible. The clearings commenced in the neighbourhood of the capital, where, upon what had so lately been the site of the primeval wilderness, you beheld trim gardens and plantations of cocoa-nut trees. The sound of the axe was perpetually heard among the forests, and

the song of the woodman mingled with the crash of falling timber, the lowing of kine, and the shouts and laughter of children. The city increased as if by magic. Trading prahus crowded thither from all the neighbouring provinces, mingling with English ships of war, and square-rigged merchant-vessels from Singapore, Pinang, and other British settlements. Scarcely had Singapore or Aden risen to importance with greater rapidity. From the dimensions of an insignificant village, Sarāwak swelled, in the course of a few years, into a city, with a population which at the present moment falls in all likelihood but little short of 20,000.

A similar growth and improvement have taken place throughout the country, where the villages are enlarging and multiplying, cultivation extending its empire over hill and valley, gold-washings carried on with activity, mines sunk, and trade daily acquiring fresh development. An English church, with its unpicturesque, Puritanical architecture, is now rearing its head beside a Mohammedan mosque; schools have been opened for the education of Malays and Dyaks; and printing-presses, we understand, will soon be at work to diffuse the knowledge of the West among the natives, and send information to Europe of the progress made by Borneo in knowledge and civilization.

From the point of time at which we now stand it is impossible to foresee all the consequences of the movement which has been commenced by our adventurous and noble countryman. We make no doubt, however, that the whole interior of Borneo will soon be penetrated and quickened by his influence. Unfortunately insuperable obstacles stand in the way of our discovering what is thought among the tribes of the interior of the new light at this moment beheld blazing on the coast; but we know that no thing is done in Sarāwak the consequences of which do not immediately vibrate through the whole population, including even those tribes whose very names are not with certainty known to the Malays. As on the discovery of America messengers carried across the whole continent news of the arrival of the strangers, so Sir James Brooke's advent in Sarāwak was notified to the chiefs and sultans whose territories are situated on the extreme limits of Pulo Kalamantan towards the east. Opinion, therefore, it is certain, is already over the entire surface of the island preparing the way for a better order of things. Among listless savages, the first and chief step is to arouse attention, to awaken hope, or even to excite terror. Nothing is so fatal to man as mere stagnation, which now no longer exists in Borneo, except where the deadening influence of the Netherlands draws a wall of circumvallation around the tributary natives.

But whatever may be the remote consequences of Sir James Brooke's operations in the Archipelago, it is certain that many hostile influences must be overcome before any great amount of good can be effected. No sooner had he set foot on Borneo, than the jealousy of Spain and Holland was awakened. The Dutch pretended that by the treaty of 1824 the English were entirely excluded from holding any possessions in the Archipelago; and they chose to regard Sir James Brooke's proceedings as originating with the nation to which he belonged. A wholesome fear, however, of the anger of Great Britain restrained them from acts of violence. They contented themselves with calumniating and maligning

him; and, as we shall presently see, it was not long before they found coadjutors in this honourable task among our own countrymen.

The most formidable difficulties, however, remain still to be described. In various parts of the Archipelago were found communities of Malay or Arab descent, strengthened frequently by alliance with native tribes, which, relying on their own superior intelligence, and restrained by no motive of morality or religion, addicted themselves, without disguise, to the practice of piracy. The term, indeed, requires in their case to be understood in a sense somewhat different from that in which it is employed by Europeans. It does not, in the Twelve Thousand Islands, exclusively signify robbing on the high seas, but includes the burning and plunder of villages, the wanton ravaging of seacoasts, the capturing of women and children, and wholesale dealing in slaves. Of the number of those engaged in working this dreadful system no exact idea can perhaps be formed; but their force is so great, that it suffices, when dispersed and scattered, to carry on operations upon nearly all points of the Archipelago at once. Persons ignorant of the truth, or interested in misrepresenting it, have recently endeavoured to propagate extremely erroneous views of these piratical hordes; of whom, with the artifices of vulgar rhetoric, they have spoken, according to the purpose of the moment, in friendly or contemptuous language. According to them, there exists beyond the Straits of Malacca no such thing as piracy. What we designate by that name, they, under the impulse of a more enlarged humanity, denominate "intertribal wars," with which, as they interpret the laws of nations, we have no right to interfere.

To enter into discussion with such individuals would be utterly unavailing: their arguments are as untenable as their doctrines are false and dangerous; because, while making large professions of philanthropy, the effect of their proceedings would, if successful, be to abandon to mutual extermination the rude or half-civilized inhabitants of numerous rich and spacious islands or groups. Their cry, incessantly repeated, is, that the piracy of the Malays and Dyaks, supposing it to deserve that name, does not interfere with the commerce of Europeans. It confines its attacks entirely, as they maintain, to the aborigines of the Twelve Thousand Islands; for which reason, according to their principles of policy, we should look on with imperturbable indifference, however general may be the deluge of misery it inflicts upon the population of the Archipelago.

We will not, however, insult the people of this country so far as to imagine they can possibly be indifferent to the sufferings even of the most barbarous tribes, whose ignorance or want of refinement does not place them beyond the circle of humanity. To carry on hostilities against barbarism, we must derive fresh resources from the very process itself. This we can only do through the development of commerce. A man ceases to be a savage when you awaken in him the desire to buy and sell. He thenceforward turns his attention to some form of industry: to the collection of gums, or feathers, or shells, or birds'-nests, or canes, or aromatic barks, or other wild productions of the forest. He ceases to think exclusively of bloodshed; and if the life of man does not immediately become more sacred in his eyes, to take it certainly ceases to be thought so desirable as formerly. He prefers trafficking with to killing him; and by a sort of invisible network of profit and loss, he thus connects himself with

other members of his species, and recovers the original conviction of our race—that we are all brethren.

In what way precisely these ideas take root and germinate in his mind, it exceeds our metaphysics to explain; but experience indisputably proves that a strong taste for commerce leads by the shortest road to civilization. At the same time it must not be forgotten that in rude conditions of society various influences apparently contradictory are at work. Thus where trade has made considerable progress, it is generally accompanied by piracy; and the reason is plain: there are in all societies large bodies of men with the taste for such enjoyments as wealth can purchase, but without those habits of patient industry which would enable them to acquire wealth; to these, arms supply a short road to enjoyment. They seize by force what others have created or amassed; and finding the method agreeable, pursue and convert it into a profession.

In the Indian Archipelago, long before the advent of Europeans, men of this class everywhere abounded. As the temptations to rob on the high seas always existed, so likewise perhaps did pirates; but they began to multiply and appear in great force towards the decline of the native governments, particularly in Java, Sumatra, Borneo, Celebes, and the Moluccas. Similar phenomena have accompanied the decay of most empires, but in that part of the world many causes concurred to produce the same effect. However, the chief impulse seems to have been derived from the intervention of Western enterprise, which, by destroying the power of the native princes without immediately setting up any thing in its place, left the bucaneeing chiefs a clear stage for their ambition. Accordingly, in nearly all the groups of islands, from Papua on the east, to Sumatra on the west, the sea-mauraders flourished and became numerous. The nature of the seas afforded them every possible advantage for carrying on their calling successfully; large and endless coral-reefs, of which they alone perhaps knew the secret entrances and exits; narrow channels between islands; gulfs, shoals, creeks, and bays; and on the great islands innumerable rivers; with a vast network of branches, channels, deltas, sandbanks, and diverging mouths. In this way trade was everywhere beset by formidable enemies. It may perhaps excite surprise that obstacles so great and so numerous did not altogether deter native merchants from entering upon the speculations of commerce; but they acted under the same influence with the pirates themselves—namely, the love of gain; which, if it did not render them insensible to danger, at least enabled them to encounter it. Besides, there is a principle in human nature which produces a flux and reflux in all such affairs, and this sometimes gave the ascendancy to the enemies of trade; sometimes, by exciting the merchants to resistance, it led to the cultivation on their part of warlike habits, which again frequently produced equally evil results; for traders who had been triumphant in their encounter with pirates, acquired fearlessness and proneness to contention, which at times induced them to attack persons who were not pirates; or, in other words, to become bucaneeers themselves.

By such means were the populations of the Archipelago corrupted and deteriorated till the period of Sir James Brooke's arrival. The mischief had acquired its greatest development, and become formidable even to the commerce of the West. For nothing can be more absurd than the oft-

repeated assertion, that the pirates of those seas never attack square-rigged vessels, or any craft manned by European sailors. To introduce a dry list of the ships captured, and of the crews reduced by the Malays or Dyaks to servitude, would be totally beside our purpose. But we may observe in general terms, that both European and American vessels have been assailed and plundered by the bucaniers of the Archipelago; and that not once or twice, but frequently. Sir James Brooke himself ransomed from slavery several unfortunate crews, partly Lascar, and partly English, who, by the wrecking of their barks, had been thrown into the hands of the piratical tribes; and there are on record numerous other examples, particularly on the Sulu group, whither the Illanuns and Balanini usually conveyed their unfortunate captives for sale.

We have, besides, in favour of this view of the subject, the testimony of the Dutch writers, not one of whom has ever attempted to deny the existence in the Archipelago of a formidable system of piracy. They maintain that every portion of the vast group teems with bucaniers, and recount with laborious industry the efforts made, during 147 years, by the Netherlands government for the extirpation of the system. Among the regulations put in force by the Dutch, both in Java and the Moluccas, and indeed in various parts of Borneo itself, there was one which indicates the extreme difficulty encountered by our neighbours in the undertaking: they forbade the natives in all the islands nominally under their sway to arm their prahus, or to have, under any pretence, more than a certain number of men on board, whether crew or passengers.

The consequences might have been foreseen: the bolder and more spirited among the natives disregarded the absurd injunction, while those who obeyed it fell an easy prey to the pirates. Had the Dutch been lords-paramount throughout the Archipelago, or had they even possessed a fleet sufficiently powerful to punish the piratical communities, one after another, the result might have been different. As it was, they only multiplied the victims of dishonesty by placing all trading prahus belonging to countries under their influence at the mercy of the bucaniers.

Another important point must not be lost sight of: finding itself altogether incapable of dealing single-handed with the evil, the Netherlands government, upon the recovery of its Eastern possessions, stipulated by treaty that Great Britain should aid it in reducing to obedience such native tribes as still addicted themselves to piracy. Had Holland itself been equal to the performance of this task, its natural jealousy would have prevented it from seeking our co-operation. But the experience of a century and a half had sufficed to convince it of its incapacity. Even its ships of war had often been defeated or captured by the native prahus; and examples are related of Dutch officers having been sold for slaves, and ransomed from captivity by Chinese merchants. Besides, disguise it how they may, no doubt can be entertained that both Javanese and Dutch ladies have been taken from their own dwellings in Java, and transferred to the harems of the native chiefs on the eastern coasts of Borneo. Those writers, consequently, who now seek to propagate the belief that Malay and Dyak piracy, though a nuisance, is not formidable, argue in entire ignorance of the facts, or else dishonestly misrepresent them. Precisely the same remark will apply to those speakers in Parliament who have

recently rendered themselves somewhat notorious by their hostility towards the civilizing operations of the rajah of Sarawak.

Returning to the pirates, we may now venture to take it for granted that they are at once numerous and formidable. But the English government, though by treaty it promised assistance to Holland, neglected for many years to redeem its pledge. Little progress was therefore made towards removing the obstacles which had so long obstructed the track of commerce in the Archipelago. Left to themselves, the Dutch adopted that course of policy which they found most practicable—attacking the pirates when it was in their power, at other times avoiding quarrels with them, or even, as has been reported, conniving at their misdeeds, and lending them the countenance of their national flag. Who supplied the mauraders with ammunition is not exactly known: several nations have been suspected, we ourselves among the rest. But the greatest weight of evidence seems to be cast into the scale against the Netherlands, who have never been too scrupulous in the exercise of their craft and calling as merchants.

The reader will by this time be disposed to experience no surprise at beholding the piratical system taking root in every part of the Archipelago, springing up into luxuriance, and rendering itself formidable, both to the native governments and to traders in the West. Scarcely a single tribe of warlike people escaped the taint. There is a charm in danger—a fascination in the look of death, which often allures brave men from the path of duty. They forget the ethics of the case, and, stimulated by their courage, rush to the conflict, that they may enjoy its intense excitement. Civilization curbs this appetite, but can never eradicate it. All men, at the bottom of their hearts, feel a propensity towards strife; and even when most refined, have the original savage very easily awakened in them.

It accordingly requires no great effort of imagination to comprehend the force of temptation held out to wild and daring barbarians by the appearance of a piratical fleet preparing to put to sea. We must picture to ourselves nearly all the men of a tribe descending from their dwellings towards the beach, accompanied so far by their wives and children, by their encouragement and applause urging them to battle. Let us imagine hundreds of gallant prahus, heaving and tossing upon the waves, tom-toms beating, streamers of all colours flying, guns, spears, matchlocks, and krises flashing in the sun, and thousands of dusky visages inflamed with fiery passions. Over such men the public opinion of distant communities can be expected to exercise no influence. They have a public opinion of their own, and this incites them to brave death and danger in pursuit of plunder. They may possibly, if they ever reason on the matter at all, confound their predatory expeditions with legitimate warfare, since it is a prevalent practice of mankind as far as possible to colour their vices with some appearance of virtue. But their warfare, if it deserve the name, is carried on indiscriminately against all they meet, even their next-door neighbours and countrymen. Whatever weaker than themselves they encounter on the sea is prey, as those pseudo-philanthropists, who so pertinaciously declaim about their innocence, would be very speedily taught had they the ill-luck to fall in their way.

Of the strength of the bucaneeering fleets the most varied estimate must

be formed, since they have sometimes been known to amount to 400 prahus, and occasionally not to exceed five or six. No useful purpose could be served by exaggeration. We will therefore suppose that when writers speak of a fleet of 400 prahus, they mean to include small boats and canoes, or perhaps indulge in a mere rough approximation. Could we, however, adopt their view, we must believe that 20,000 pirates, at the lowest reckoning, have sometimes gone forth on the same expedition; in which case it would be difficult to exaggerate the disastrous consequences to the industrious and peaceful among the natives. In our own day rumour has spoken of fleets falling little short of 200 prahus; but we believe the largest actually seen by Sir James Brooke contained no more than ninety-eight. But even of these the united crews could not fall much short of 3000 men, all armed to the teeth, and inspired by an insatiable appetite for rapine and plunder.

The very history of an expedition of this sort must suffice to convince all reasonable persons that it is not to be regarded as any modification whatsoever of legitimate warfare. For the fleet does not proceed to attack the ports or fleets of any neighbouring or hostile tribe, as might be inferred from the vocabulary of those who employ the phrase of "intertribal wars," but, taking the widest possible range, extends its ravages to the most distant islands of the Archipelago, and sometimes ventures even to include Singapore within the scope of its operations. It is an indisputable fact, that small vessels belonging to that British port had been captured among the intricate channels of the neighbouring groups, after which the bucaners, disguising themselves as fishermen or honest traders, have boldly entered the harbour, and sold both the vessels and the merchandise they contained to the Kling, Chinese, or Malay residents. Of course the crews of such unfortunate vessels were otherwise disposed of—that is, were either murdered in cold blood, or sold for slaves in some distant island.

On other occasions, when the pirates confine their ambition to humbler achievements, they sweep along the coast of some great island, such as Pulo Kalamantan, plundering, ravaging, burning, and collecting captives as they advance. When their force is sufficiently great to inspire them with confidence, they ascend some river, and attack in succession all the towns erected on its banks. The plan they pursue is generally this: a party disembarks, and penetrating through the jungle, hems in the devoted settlement on the land side, while a cordon of prahus develops itself along the beach. The inhabitants rush to arms, and defend themselves, sometimes not without success, attacking perhaps and burning the enemies' vessels. More commonly, however, the assailants triumph; the village is sacked and destroyed, and the unfortunate inhabitants driven into the wilderness.

Sometimes they carry out their design in a more diabolical manner. Approaching the village under cover of night, with the utmost silence and secrecy they surround it completely on all sides; and while the main body stand ready with their spears and matchlocks to slaughter all who may attempt escape, a few kindle torches, and advance and fire the houses. A loud shout is then simultaneously raised, the more completely to bewilder the inmates, who, awaking in the midst of noise and flames,

rush forth blindly in the first impulse of terror, and are easily speared by the pirates. On all the men death is inflicted in this way, but the women and children are as far as possible preserved, to be disposed of in the slave-markets. This strongly reminds us of the slave-hunts in the interior of Africa, which indeed are conducted on precisely the same principles, and with the same objects.

There are, however, some circumstances in the condition of the pirates of the Archipelago which may assist considerably in misleading the professional philanthropists of the West. The mauraders do not entirely subsist by plundering on the high seas: in the intervals between their depredations they closely resemble their neighbours in manners and occupations, applying themselves to fishing, trading, collecting the produce of the surrounding forests, or even cultivating the soil, the process least reconcilable with the habits of a bucaneer. An author, who, though acquainted with the Archipelago, is, upon the whole, more remarkable for his injudicious zeal than for his accuracy, maintains that the pursuit of gardening is incompatible with dishonesty. Whether or not he is borne out by the experience of mankind, we shall not undertake to determine; but this we know, that what he regards as a law of universal application by no means holds good beyond the states of Malacca. The fact may run counter to the principle of this writer's Utopia, but a fact it unfortunately is, and there is consequently no getting rid of it.

As we have observed, then, the Malays, Dyaks, and Arabs, who in the Archipelago chiefly subsist by making war upon industry, are nevertheless at intervals themselves industrious. Pitching upon a suitable situation, they erect for themselves neat and capacious villages, which, because they are extremely peculiar, it may perhaps be worth while to describe briefly. In Borneo, as generally in all fertile countries near the equator, the trees attain an immense bulk and height, and in the primeval wilderness grow close together. With a taste and originality of conception, suggested at first perhaps by the nature of the climate, they ascend these vast denizens of the forest, and cut off the head and projecting branches at the height of about forty or fifty feet from the ground, and by barking, to prevent growth, convert them into so many pillars. On the summit of these they lay the foundation of their future village, which thus, even in the most swampy situations, is airy, cool, and healthy. The dwellings are formed with timber and light cane-work, and, with republican simplicity, are made all of equal height and dimensions. Along its whole length runs a broad gallery or veranda, with low lattice-work in front, to prevent the children from tumbling over. Frequently this gallery surrounds the whole village, and commands magnificent prospects over the river and country. Here, in a sort of cloistered shade and breezy elevation, the female pirates may be seen sitting at work, or nursing their babes, while their husbands are on their distant and dangerous depredations, or engaged in tending their gardens, paddy plantations, or cocoa-nut groves.

It may perhaps be conjectured that the fondness for gardens has been introduced by the Chinese into Pulo Kalamantan and other parts of the Archipelago; for these people, rude and sensual in many other respects, are highly poetical in their partiality for horticulture. Doubtless Europeans, attached to their own theories in every thing, would discover much

to find fault with in these piratical-paradises. But with their trim beds, their carefully laid-out alleys, their plants, flowers, and luxuriant vegetation, they must still present an extremely pleasing feature to the fancy. Close at hand also are the cocoa-nut groves, with their cleared stems and clustering fruit, and long pendulous leaves waving lazily in the wind.

In the dwellings of the pirates the imagination may likewise find something with which to interest itself. Where the Dyaks predominate, one of the most remarkable objects perceived on entering is a number of human heads, smoke-dried, and suspended in festoons or strings. These, regarded as warlike trophies, are exhibited with pride by the inmates; and if any of those peripatetic philanthropists who speak of them to the credulous part of the public as simple and innocent natives, were to enter one of these habitations, his sensibilities might perhaps be shocked by the look of savage triumph with which the sanguinary master of the house would point out the accumulated trophies to his guest.

"See," he would exclaim, "the undeniable proofs of how many villages I have sacked, how many prahus I have captured, and how many men and women I have decapitated. There are their grinning skulls, smoke-dried, and preserved according to the traditional practice of my ancestors. Stranger from the West! admire my prowess, and learn to respect the hardihood with which I hazard my own life in order to take that of my neighbour! This is courage, this is what we call war! The blood of all the individuals to whom these heads belong would, if collected, float a prahu! In them, therefore, do you behold the record of my achievements—the proof that I belong to that independent race whose hand is against every man, and every man's hand against it!"

Another circumstance connected with this exhibition of human heads must not be overlooked. In many Dyak villages there is a large building set apart, in which they are all collected, and transmitted from one generation to another. This is at once their guest-house and their temple, so that superstition may be suspected of stepping in and affording its sanction to this immemorial system of decapitation:—

"Tanta potuit religio suadere malorum!"

Still we must not forget that although some of the boldest and bravest among the pirates of the Archipelago are Dyaks, the Malays also and Arabs occasionally betake themselves to the same profession, and subsist by the plunder of the merchant. That there should be Arabs at all in that distant part of Asia may justly excite the reader's surprise, especially when he learns their numbers, and the amount of power they have at times wielded among the native tribes. Unfortunately we may almost be said to know as much of the irruption of the Heracleidæ into the Peloponnesus, as of the emigration of these men eastwards from the Arabian peninsula. We must suppose, however, that when Islamism was communicating its mighty impulse to the populations of Western Asia, and throwing them forth like lava streams, to overthrow the neighbouring countries in all directions, a section of the bold race, half-prophets, half-adventurers, carried the sword of the faith to the very gates of the Celestial Empire, everywhere triumphing, either by the force of their arms or by the superiority of their knowledge and understandings. When the Moslems, elevated into a subli-

mity of character by their belief in the unity of God, first left their homes, there was not a region in the world in which they would not find themselves superior to all they met. With unparalleled disinterestedness, singleness of purpose, and enthusiasm, they undertook the conquest of the world, not so much to acquire riches and dominion for themselves, as to insure reverence to the truths they taught, and the morality which, for a time, they unquestionably practised.

Arriving in the Twelve Thousand Islands, they easily acquired among the rude natives both respect and power. Teachers first, they soon became rulers, magistrates, and lawgivers. Being few in number, they yet inspired terror by the energy of their character, and their indomitable courage. Unsusceptible of the passion of fear, they exposed themselves, without shrinking, to the greatest danger, firmly persuaded that they must obtain power on earth or the crown of martyrdom in heaven.

This ardour, by the operation of those laws which, though their influence may be eluded for a season, universally govern human nature, cooled by degrees, and became intermingled with more secular passions. The Arabs were soon tempted to carry on the work of proselyte-making for the purpose of securing sceptres to themselves. They taught, that they might subdue; indoctrinated, that they might govern. Their faith in El Islam might be sincere, but it was profitable; and they discovered a mighty El Dorada in the feeble and flexible intelligences of the heathen nations around them. What was first apostleship, therefore, speedily became ambition; and the children of Mohammed achieved for themselves sovereignties, erected palaces, organized harems, and delighted their epicurean fancies with a blaze of grandeur and magnificence scarcely known to the sultans of Egypt, or the still more voluptuous shahs of Iran.

Within the limits we have traced out for ourselves, it would be impossible to give even a sketch of the history of the Mohammedan kingdoms, which, in a wonderfully short space of time, were erected in the Archipelago. Sumatra, Java, Celebes, Timor, and Borneo submitted to the sway of Moslem princes, who, possessing the elements of a civilization elevated very far above that of the natives, may be said to have done good service by enlightening and humanizing their subjects. Were it practicable to follow the footsteps of the Arabs, with their descendants and disciples, through the Twelve Thousand Islands, we might possibly delineate a picture as curious and instructive as any in history; but for this adequate materials no longer exist, or exist only in the unknown libraries of the Archipelago itself. What the Arabs of Egypt, of the Hejaz, of Yemen, of Oman, Bagdad, and Kufa thought of the achievements of their countrymen in the East may be learned from the narratives of the "Thousand-and-One Nights." Our knowledge does not enable us always to fix the scenes of those marvellous fictions, but in every page we discover evidence that the imagination of the Moslems figured to itself a boundless world in the recesses of the Eastern ocean, where islands and continents of unimaginable extent and fabulous opulence stretched away interminably towards the rising sun. There it was supposed merchants might wander for ever from isle to isle among barbarians and cannibals, reluctantly subject to sultans instructed in the principles of El Islam.

The sultanate of Mataram in Java, and that of Brunè in Pulo Kalaman-

tan, acquired extraordinary lead and authority ; and we should perhaps be within the limits of truth were we to assert that there was not one large island, in the whole of the mighty group, which did not experience more or less the influence of Mohammedanism.

What direction this civilization might have taken had it been left freely to develop itself, cannot now of course be determined, because, in the midst of its career, the natives of the West made their appearance in the Archipelago, and subverted or threw into inextricable confusion the whole of this extraordinary system of society. The Portuguese and Spaniards took the lead, and for a while reaped a golden harvest ; but the former at least were not destined to obtain a permanent footing in the Twelve Thousand Islands. Drifting away towards China and Japan, where, at the outset, they met with greater encouragement, they left the Castilians to struggle with the Dutch for supremacy in the Archipelago, where the rich and beautiful group of the Philippines still yields obedience to Spain.

It is impossible to relate without regret the deeds perpetrated here by the adventurers from Western Europe. At the suggestion of national pride and sectarian animosity, the Spaniards diffused everywhere through the islands the belief that the English and Dutch were rebels and pirates, who, having subverted their governments, and trampled their religion under foot, were sailing at random over the ocean in search of plunder or new settlements. As far as our countrymen were concerned, their plan succeeded, for, after repeated attempts to open a lucrative trade, and establish factories in that part of the world, they found themselves distanced by their competitors, and retreated, though unwillingly, from the field. But between the Spaniards and the Dutch the conflict was long continued, and indeed can scarcely be said to have ended yet, since, though the southern division of the islands owns more or less the sway of Holland, all the groups to the north of the equator are either subject to the successors of Ferdinand and Isabella, or regard them with more friendly sentiments.

Reverting to the past, it was a sad day for the Mohammedan sultans when the Dutch, emerging from the Straits of Sunda, made their appearance on the northern coast of Java. Not that they displayed any peculiar hostility to the believers in the Koran, but with the impartiality of ignorance and cupidity, assailed with equal relentlessness the heretical sectaries of Brahminism and the believers in the aboriginal superstitions of the islands. To enter into the details of their sanguinary proceedings would be incompatible with our design. We shall scarcely allude, therefore, to the sad catastrophe of Madura, to the cruelties practised at Bantam, or to that treacherous policy by which one native prince was armed against another, until they were all degraded or subdued.

Had the civilization of the West been substituted at once for the system introduced by the Arabs, little evil might perhaps have ensued. The islands would have changed masters, but they would not have been thrust back into barbarism. Through the course, however, which events actually took, one set of institutions was destroyed, not to be succeeded by another, but by that armed despotism which signifies the absence of

every thing deserving the name of an institution. Spain has no doubt much to answer for in the East as well as in the West; and were the exhibition of her crimes our present object, we should animadvert on her delinquencies with becoming severity. But what the people of this country chiefly designate, when they speak of the Indian Archipelago, is that portion of the Twelve Thousand Islands which has had the misfortune to be governed, directly or indirectly, for a long series of years, through the medium of Dutch policy, probably the most corrupting that has ever exercised its influence over half-civilized nations.

It may seem a paradox, but is yet a plain truth borne out by experience, that conquests effected by overwhelming force are preferable in every respect to conquests brought about by craft, because in the former case the virtue of the subjugated nation may not be wholly extirpated by its fall, whereas in the latter it is its very degradation that leads to its enslavement. All subjection to foreign power is in itself an evil, because the absence of sympathy between the governors and the governed necessarily produce a secret struggle, which must either lead to the overthrow of authority, or to the moral corruption and degeneracy of the subject race. If there be any exception to this rule, it takes place when they who establish the new dominion are so filled with the consciousness of their own just intentions as to entertain no fear for their supremacy. They then exert themselves to elevate the ethical condition of the people among whom their lot is cast, and measure the success of their policy by the prosperity and contentment of the greater number.

Such of late years has been the system pursued in our Asiatic empire, where we have earnestly and sincerely laboured to sow the seeds of knowledge, morality, and religion; but it is in the power of no principles of politics or civilization to alter the laws of nature, and therefore, in spite of our enlarged and enlightened statesmanship, the subjugated nations of India must still pay the penalty of having forfeited their independence.

Throughout the Oriental Archipelago the Dutch have illustrated by their policy a principle of conquest the very reverse of ours. Their object has been to establish at any price their own security, which they have sought to effect by rendering worthless and effeminate the populations under their sway; and the mode in which they have extended their authority lies no less open to objection than the manner in which they have exercised it when acquired. Their practice is to inveigle one native prince after another into signing a commercial treaty with them—than which, at first sight, nothing can appear more simple. The unfortunate ruler whom it is destined to entrap is assured that nothing more is signified by the treaty than that he will give a preference to the Dutch merchants over those of other nations. It is not to be denied that Asiatic politicians are themselves much given to craft and deception; but the hypocrisy of a barbarian is easily detected and seen through by a European diplomatist, who has derived from civilization no advantage which he values equally with the power to perplex, overreach, and enslave the natives of less enlightened nations.

Accordingly, there has not been a single treaty concluded by the Dutch with any sultan, rajah, or chief, throughout the whole extent of insular Asia, which ought not to be regarded as a monument of the superiority of

Europeans over those islanders in cunning. Adroitly, and with the most exquisite sophistry, articles have been introduced into these conventions, which, perfectly harmless in appearance, have concealed beneath a mass of verbiage a recognition on the part of the native princes of the supremacy of Holland. Without at all perceiving it, he has placed himself in the position of a slave, deprived himself of the power to enter into negotiations with any other European people, to have any commercial dealings with them, or even to exercise over his own subjects certain rights of sovereignty. Experience has taught the Dutch that barbarians are never scrupulous in the observance of commercial or political stipulations; and if it were not so, they take care to make it difficult for their ally to avoid infringing some of the conditions of the treaty. Ignorantly, and perhaps innocently, he departs from the spirit of his mysterious engagement, upon which the wretched man discovers for the first time that the signing of the fatal document was tantamount to abdication; for that, instead of being master of his own territories, he has dwindled into a Dutch agent, and has no longer any power over his own actions. Should he disobey, in the minutest particular, an envoy in a ship of war from Batavia soon arrives to admonish him, and the fiery passions of the East almost inevitably betray him into some error, of which the imperturbable *sang froid* of his allies takes instant advantage. Indignant at having been outwitted, he now, too late perhaps, has recourse to arms—is defeated and deposed, while his country is either confiscated or placed in the hands of some chief who will consent to conduct its affairs in strict subservience to Dutch interest.

This, divested of names and dates, is the history of the subjugation of numerous princes in Java, Sumatra, Borneo, Celebes, and the Moluccas. Recently, the same atrocious maxims of policy were attempted to be put in practice in Bali and Lombok, and not entirely without success. The Balinese expected succour from Great Britain, which, with a deference by no means due to the Netherlands government, our ministers refused to afford them. In diplomacy, the reason by which their policy was regulated may be good, but common sense, unversed in the arts of statesmanship, would pronounce it pre-eminently unsatisfactory. It was merely the proximity of Bali to Java which it was feared would make our interference appear extremely invidious. However, the wishes of the Balinese, over whom the Netherlands had no authority, ought to have been paramount in the British cabinet, which so far, therefore, may be charged with having abandoned a brave and independent people to the effect of the Dutch system—the most pernicious that can possibly prevail.

Whatever ought, in strict justice, to be the determining reason of states in their political proceedings, experience will not suffer us to doubt that interest really exercises the most powerful influence. We ought to inquire, therefore, into the wealth, actual or possible, of the Archipelago, in order that we may convince a people chiefly swayed by commercial considerations that we should be justified by prudence in carrying out the grand scheme of policy which originated with Sir James Brooke.

Something has already been said of the productions of the Twelve Thousand Islands, and every fact connected with them that has come to the knowledge of Europeans goes to show their great wealth and importance.

On landing on a desert island, the navigator conjectures the quality of the soil from the character and quantity of the timber it produces. But when an island is peopled, a different rule of judgment is adopted, and an inference favourable or otherwise is drawn from the number, wealth, and opulence of the inhabitants. We may here adopt both these means towards arriving at a correct conclusion. In all the islands, small or great, if we except a few barren rocks, the vegetable kingdom is beyond expression rich and magnificent. Nowhere else on the surface of the globe does the earth appear to possess a more prolific virtue: trees of gigantic size, shrubs and creepers of unparalleled beauty and luxuriance, flowers of the most gorgeous colours and exquisite forms, and fruit unrivalled for their fragrance and flavour, present themselves to the traveller. The forests abound with odoriferous gums, the seas and rivers with fish, the earth with the most costly gems and with the most valuable minerals and metals. Nor are the inhabitants without enterprise or ingenuity to turn these gifts of nature to account. All the first processes of civilization are in many parts carried on, and it only needs the fostering influence of a just government to bring the social system to maturity.

When we state that any particular division of the earth contains a certain number of people, we obviously imply that its resources, natural or artificial, are adequate to their maintenance. Could we discover, therefore, what is the exact population of the Archipelago, we should possess the means of forming an estimate of its wealth and civilization. But on this, as on many other points, we are in the dark. The Dutch, for reasons not difficult to be imagined, seek to propagate extremely false notions on the subject. According to them, population has increased in an exact ratio to the extent and stability of their power, and has reached its culminating point in Java, which in all respects may be regarded as a province of Holland. As you recede from the seat of their power, the population becomes thinner and more scattered—first in Sumatra, then in the Spice Islands, then in Celebes, and lastly in Borneo, which it suits their purpose to represent as nearly depopulated. No doubt can be entertained that this vast island, supposing it subjected to the empire of civilization, could easily support 70,000,000 of inhabitants, since it is nearly all rich and fertile; the great deserts in the interior being purely the creations of the fancy of a fantastic writer, who has a particular end to serve by dealing in fabulous descriptions. But what number of inhabitants do the Dutch assign to this prodigious island? Very little more than 600,000!

Let our reader unfold before him the map of the Twelve Thousand Islands, and glance over it from Papua in the east to the northern point of Sumatra in the west, and ask himself if he can believe that considerably more than half the population of the whole is concentrated in the island of Java, to which our neighbours assign upwards of 10,000,000 of inhabitants. Recent investigations have proved that the natives of the Archipelago run strangely enough into exaggeration, in a direction the reverse of that which we usually observe among other barbarous races. Having but imperfect ideas of number, they greatly underrate the population of their towns and villages, and thus unintentionally mislead inquirers. But allowing for the accidents of savage life, and drawing rational inferences from the history, commerce, and natural condition of the various groups, we are convinced

that, by the most moderate computation, we may estimate the inhabitants of the entire Archipelago at 40,000,000 in round numbers.

To say how the numbers are distributed, would, in the present condition of our knowledge, be impossible. We accept the Dutch calculation with respect to Java, and presume it to contain ten millions of people, while the population of Sumatra ranges between five and six millions. Bali, small as it is in dimensions, is supposed by many to possess 1,000,000 of inhabitants, so that there remains for Borneo, Celebes, Papua, the Philippines, Magindanao, Palawan, the Molucca, and the Sulu islands, little more than 23,000,000, which we hold to be absurd. Still, to avoid the slightest risk of exaggeration, we adopt the low estimate we have mentioned. It remains to be ascertained with how large a portion of these England could open a trade, supposing her to possess a sufficient number of settlements on various parts of the Archipelago. We know that, until very lately, it formed one of the chief objects of Dutch policy to exclude us from all participation in the commerce of Java, Sumatra, Celebes, and Borneo. By our own weakness we have been excluded from the Spice Islands ever since we restored them to our ungrateful neighbours. Recently, however, the pressure of circumstances at home has compelled our ministers to scrutinize the treaties by which we were long supposed to be excluded from the Archipelago; and the result has been, to deny the Dutch interpretation of these conventions, and in some measure to restore their rights to the merchants of this country. By the adoption of a foreign policy in entire harmony with the spirit of the age, our merchants would obtain access to every portion of the Twelve Thousand Islands—that is to say, would be permitted to supply more or less largely with goods 40,000,000 of people. Many of these are still no doubt in a low stage of civilization. But supposing the piratical system to be at an end, there is not a single island in this immense group which would not contribute valuable materials to the commerce of the world. Our imagination is too apt to be dazzled by the mention of gold, and diamonds, and spices, and odoriferous gums, and all those other costly articles of luxury with which nearly every part of Asia abounds. The Archipelago is not wanting in these fascinating commodities. Gold and diamonds exist in great quantities in Borneo; but it is not on that account that we should desire to behold British influence predominate in the island. To benefit the inhabitants as well as ourselves, we should seek to call into play the productive powers of the soil—far surer sources of riches than the most costly ores and gems. What these resources are no man yet knows, though the late discovery of the qualities of gutta percha may serve to justify the belief that thousands of articles which might be converted to the use of civilized man still lie concealed in the forests of the Archipelago. The finding of coal on Labuan and the opposite shores of the greater island must suggest the propriety of examining the natural wealth of the group. It has been suggested, too, that the maritime districts of Pulo Kalamantan would produce cotton not inferior in quality to that grown in the uplands of Georgia.

In this case no language can exaggerate the importance of the island to Great Britain, for doubtless a time will come when the United States, applying themselves more extensively to manufactures, will consume the whole of the cotton grown in the southern provinces, when we shall be

obviously dependent for a supply on the various provinces of India and the islands of the Archipelago. The cotton grown in Sarawak, of which we have examined several specimens, is fine, though somewhat short-stapled; but carrying our ideas farther northwards to the mountainous regions in the vicinity of Kene Balu, it seems probable that districts far more favourable to cotton cultivation will there be discovered.

No great stress should doubtless be laid on any branch of commerce which owes its existence to a caprice of luxury. Yet, while the influence of that caprice continues, it must clearly be the duty of merchants and others to turn it to advantage. We allude to the traffic in edible birds'-nests, which, found almost everywhere in the Archipelago, are conveyed in great numbers to China, where they have occasionally been disposed of for their weight in gold. On the materials and construction of the nests various ideas prevail. They are made by the sea-swallow, which finds the principal ingredient among the foam of the waves. This it collects as the bee collects honey from flowers, and conveying it to the hollows of distant rocks, builds with it there its "pendent bed and procreant cradle." What the substance is, chemical analysis has hitherto been unable to discover; but it is semi-transparent and glutinous, and when flavoured with the juices, and scented with the perfume of plants and flowers, it is admitted to form a rich and agreeable basis for soup. To this the Chinese attribute many wonderful virtues, which, if real, will probably hereafter insure for the nests an extensive sale in Europe.

The collection of this article affords occupation to a numerous and hardy class of men. In some instances, the business may be carried on without danger, when the bird builds in low caves, or in the hollows of inland rocks or trees, or in the face of precipices. But in some cases the occupation is dismal and full of danger, for disturbed, perhaps, in the process of incubation, the bird selects for safety the summit of lofty caverns, into which the waves of the ocean incessantly roll. There is one particular cavern of this description in the north of Java, where the nests are found at the height of nearly two hundred feet above the level of the sea, on a desolate part of the coast lashed with almost incessant breakers. Into this deep cavern the nest-collectors penetrate with much difficulty. The apparatus they make use of is not described, but the slightest slip would precipitate them into the boiling waves below.

As we have observed, however, this branch of trade is less important than several others which may be carried on by the untutored natives. Of these many subsist by collecting camphor in the forests, or the brilliant and beautiful feathers of birds, or cutting canes or sandal-wood. Others addict themselves to the cultivation of rice, of cocoa-nuts, pepper, cloves, nutmegs, and cinnamon.

But the numbers that live by carrying on these rude operations are small compared with those who would find employment were the trade properly developed. An example may serve to illustrate what may be done by encouragement, and how very speedily neglect dries up the sources of industry. Many years ago, when the government of Brunè was in the hands of a sensible man, a small colony of Chinese settled there, and betook themselves to agriculture. The woods were cut down, the thickets cleared away, the soil industriously broken up, and very soon gardens,

orchards, and pepper-plantations covered the hills, which had a short time ago formed the site of the primeval wilderness. What they produced, traders from all parts of the world consumed; they acquired wealth, built themselves handsome dwelling-houses, and enriched the coffers of the state. When things had arrived at this pass, the sultan by whom they were favoured was gathered to his fathers, and a new sultan arose in his stead, who, understanding nothing of political economy, looked with envy upon the Chinese residents, and began to oppress and plunder them. At first, the force of local attachments prevailed over the indignation excited by injustice; but by degrees repeated insults and injuries reawakened the spirit of emigration, and the Chinese left Brunè, carrying away with them all the property they could. Their houses, gardens, and plantations they were compelled to abandon; and among the most recent visitors to the ancient capital of Borneo, one has particularly pointed out the sad prospect of the Chinese grounds relapsing into the dominions of the wilderness—their gardens being choked up by weeds, their houses crumbling to ruins, and their groves and plantations encroached upon by the rank vegetation of the forest. Still further migrations are at present going on—the industrious portion of the population passing over in great numbers to our lately-acquired island of Labuan; so that in the course of a few years, should the spirit of the government remain unchanged, it is to be feared that this considerable city, once the capital of the northern division of the island, will be utterly deserted.

In many parts of the Archipelago the natives themselves display great enterprise and ingenuity in manufactures and trade. Celebes has a reputation for its cotton goods, Pulo Kalamantan for its arms; and if inquiry were to be made, nearly every one of the larger islands in which civilization has taken root would perhaps be found to excel in some particular production. Asiatics generally display a remarkable aptitude for the finer varieties of manufactures: the Hindús, for example, have at several periods of their history exhibited a marked superiority over all other nations in the finest works of the loom; and though the people of Celebes, from whatever stock descended, can make no pretensions to be compared with the Hindús, their fabrics are so much more lasting and beautiful than any imported from Europe, that they have hitherto beaten our goods out of the market.

To enumerate all the articles, natural or manufactured, obtained from the several islands, would be tedious, and, as many of the names could convey no idea to the reader's mind, would be likewise useless. Nature is there as prolific in vegetable and mineral riches as in animal life. Borneo produces the *Mias Papan*, or Wild Man of the Woods—of all the inferior animals, the least removed from the human species; the rhinoceros, and in former times the elephant. At present, this last animal is supposed not to be found wild in the forests in the interior, though in one district near Cape Unsang it is said to have been seen in its natural state within the memory of persons still living.

To illustrate what might be accomplished in the Archipelago by enterprise and industry, we may adduce the example of an English gentleman who settled many years ago at Lombok. Arriving in somewhat humble circumstances, as it would appear, he speedily ingratiated himself with one

Chief after another, until he had at length included the sultan himself among his friends. The profession he followed was that of a merchant. He bought; he sold; he realized great profits; he purchased lands; he built himself houses; and came at length to be regarded in the light of a great personage. Wealth is the natural ally of power; and the prince, standing much in need of the pecuniary aid of the merchant, soon bethought him of the regular Oriental method of attaching him to himself. He gave him two of his daughters to live in his harem, and be among the number of his wives; and the contracting of this double alliance raised the stranger to the highest eminence in the state.

Had not the Englishman been gifted with rare prudence and many other distinguished qualities, his rapid success might have proved his ruin; since in despotisms, small as well as great, the envy that accompanies the monarch's favour is to be appeased or warded off with extreme difficulty. Our countryman, however, steered safely between the Scylla and Charybdis of court patronage and the malice it inspires among the nobility. All the subordinate chiefs in the island sought to be numbered among his relatives or friends, so that his harem soon rivalled that of a Persian shah, while he enjoyed almost a monopoly of the trade of the island.

An officer in the navy, who happened, some years ago, to touch at Lombok, was entertained by this princely merchant, and invited by him to witness a grand procession and assembly which took place on the occasion of some public act of rejoicing. The nobles thronged to the capital from all the distant provinces, and vied with each other in displays of magnificence. Nothing could exceed the barbaric splendour of their appearance. Numbers of led horses, caparisoned with cloth of gold, and adorned with jewelled ornaments, accompanied each chief; together with standard-bearers supporting brilliant and costly banners, horsemen gorgeously equipped, and a long retinue of dependants in sumptuous apparel. The sultan, seated on a throne beneath a gorgeous canopy, had the English merchant on his right hand, to whom, indeed, he was indebted for much of the opulence displayed by his court and his favourites.

Another and a greater proof of the power and influence exercised by the strange merchant may be discovered in the part he played during the late war between the Dutch and Balinese. When the struggle broke out, both parties were desirous of obtaining assistance from the Sultan of Lombok, who, however, by the advice of his European counsellor, kept himself as far as possible aloof from the quarrel. He, however, despatched the merchant, as his plenipotentiary, to the seat of action; and, at his own suggestion, authorized him to act as a medium of communication between the hostile parties, in the hope of bringing about a friendly understanding. The ability of the negotiator would probably have effected this humane purpose, had it been the wish of Holland to avoid hostilities. But her object was the subjugation of Bali; and therefore, instead of thanking those who laboured to promote peace, she rather looked upon them as new enemies, whom she would some day chastise for their interference.

The island of Lombok contains much rich pasturage and meadow-lands, watered by innumerable streams, which here and there expand into marshes, or sheets of water like lakes. These natural features have led to the cultivation of a peculiar species of industry—namely, the keeping of

immense flights of ducks, of which some individuals possess tens of thousands. These birds, valuable at once for their flesh, their feathers, and their eggs, are kept in farms, where at night they are shut up in capacious buildings erected for the purpose. Early in the morning the ducks proceed to the marshes under the care of a keeper, who is furnished with a long flap-whip, by which he restrains the numerous members of his flock from mixing with that of his neighbour. In the marshes they are kept equally separate with comparatively little trouble, the force of habit co-operating with the diligence of the drivers in restraining the nomadic propensities of the animals.

Of the native trade, by far the greater portion is carried on through the instrumentality of the Bugis, settled in Celebes, or on the eastern coast of Kalamantaa. These hardy and adventurous people make annually a visit to Singapore, where they purchase considerable quantities of British goods, which they pay for either in specie or with native produce. When they have laden their prahus, which sail in small fleets for mutual protection, they turn their faces eastward, and, visiting nearly all the groups and islands lying between Sumatra and the distant Papua, distribute, as they go, the productions of the West, taking in exchange such articles as the natives can supply.

For various reasons they do not extend their voyage to New Guinea, but stop a little short of it—at Dubbo, among the Aroo islands, where one of the most curious phenomena in the development of Eastern commerce may every year be witnessed. In the interval between the departure and arrival of the merchants, Dubbo wears very much the appearance of a deserted isle, the sand on whose solitary beach is perpetually washed by the waves. For some months nothing but aquatic birds is beheld skimming along the shore; but on a given day in a particular month, the sails of two or three Bugis prahus are seen in the offing, upon which the natives, from all parts of the Aroo group, crowd towards the sandy promontory, where, with great speed and ingenuity, they run up a number of rude dwellings for the accommodation of the strangers. Scarcely have the Bugis landed, when natives from all parts of the Harafura Sea likewise make their appearance, with gold, and ebony, and birds of paradise. Thither also come the Javanese, the Balinese, and natives from Timor and Timor Laut, and people from Solor and Lombok, and Malays from the western islands of the Archipelago, with natives from the Philippines and Moluccas. In this motley assemblage you behold almost every variety of Oriental costume, from the sober garments of the Arab to the gay and flaunting dresses affected by the inhabitants of the further East. Kris, swords, and matchlocks flash perpetually in the sun; a sort of rude police is improvised on the spot, and considerable order prevails in this sudden Babel. As you pass from booth to booth, you observe side by side the productions of men in the rudest stages of barbarism and those of the highest civilization of the West—that is to say, cotton-prints from Manchester and Glasgow beside the natural wealth of Papuan forests. The mart of Dubbo may be adduced as a proof of the civilizing influence of trade; for notwithstanding that every man there is animated by a keen sense of his own interest, serious quarrels would appear to be few, and crimes against life or property still fewer. Indeed, we know of no well-authenticated instance of any outrage being

committed. Like the Arabs of Northern Africa, they seem to shout, and gesticulate, and bawl, and abuse each other with great vehemence while conducting their bargains; but all these things are looked upon as matters of course—so much seasoning, as it were, to the ordinary dullness of business, which lead to no disagreeable consequences. Usually, therefore, men depart content with themselves and with their neighbours, and every visit to the mart constitutes a new step in the progress of civilization. Dealings are carried on in this way for eight or nine months, though very few merchants remain during the whole of that period. On the contrary, there is a perpetual influx of strangers; while others, having completed their transactions, sail away, to make room for them. Suddenly, when the entire cycle of business has been completed, the prahus disappear, the tents are struck, the booths and huts are cleared away, and the sandy promontory is abandoned once more to the sea-fowl.

The organization of this mart, which would seem to have existed from time immemorial, might have been expected to produce far more important effects than have probably flowed from it. But here, again, the influence of commerce has not been permitted to develop itself freely. The merchants on their way to and from Dubbo have to encounter the worst dangers to which seafaring men are exposed—the plunder and violence inflicted by pirates, and the chances of being made captives, and sold for slaves; and it was to prevent such sad catastrophes that Sir James Brooke urged upon the British government the necessity of employing a portion of its navy in securing to these enterprising but peaceful men immunity from pillage and massacre on the high seas.

Shortly after his establishment as Rajah of Sarawak, our intrepid and large-minded countryman began to develop his plans for the emancipation of the native races. His own power was obviously unequal to the clearance of the seas; piratical fleets, issuing from various rivers, swept down the coast of his own territories, ascended the Sarawak river, landed in several places, and plundered and destroyed the villages and plantations: for it is a characteristic of these savages not to be content with robbery, but, with a wanton indulgence in mischief for mischief's sake, they cut down fruit-trees, destroyed the enclosures of gardens, and trampled every attempt at cultivation under foot.

At length the day of vengeance began to dawn in which the pirates were to be called upon to expiate their innumerable offences against society. Permission was given to several officers of the royal navy to act in concert with Sir James Brooke, or to place themselves under his direction, or in some cases orders were sent them to carry on a system of independent operations. The history of these transactions has been written by various authors, but chiefly by the able and conscientious pen of Sir James Brooke himself. It would therefore be superfluous to enter into minute details, which would only be to compile materials already before the public in a popular form. This is by no means our object. What we desire to do is to present our readers with the philosophy of the whole matter, that they may be able to explain to themselves the political principles on which Great Britain has acted through the instrumentality of Sir James Brooke.

Whoever has had any experience in Asia, need not be told that to

negotiate with barbarians is an undertaking of extraordinary difficulty. If you conduct yourself towards them with politeness, deference, and gentleness, they set it down to weakness and fear, and repay your humanity with insolence; and if you behave towards them with a high hand, things are soon brought to extremities, and you have to repress force with force. This we have found in Central Asia, in the Red Sea, in India, in China, and wherever else we have made the attempt. The Oriental Archipelago forms no exception; but when Sir James Brooke sought to inspire the piratical chiefs and tribes with ideas of peace, order, and civilization, they treated him with the utmost scorn; interpreted his pacific efforts into proofs of weakness; and hinted the most insulting defiance against him and the country to which he belonged.

This led to a series of warlike operations at Tampasuk, at Pandasan, at Malludu Bay, on the Rejang, in the Mambakut, and afterwards in the Brunè river. During these conflicts it is not to be denied that much blood was shed. The pirates, attacked in their strongholds, fought with an intrepidity bordering at times on desperation. Accustomed to inspire terror in others, it was not easy for them to pass into the opposite category, and experience apprehensions themselves. However, Sir James Brooke, and the officers of the British navy who were associated with him in this great work of civilization, performed their painful task with unflinching justice. To have spared and converted them to the principles of humanity would have been far more agreeable; but the attempt would only have excited the laughter of the bucaniers, who spurned all gentle counsels, and knew no law but that of arms.

It would nevertheless be unjust not to admit that even these fierce marauders gave proof occasionally that the human heart is nowhere entirely corrupt: pirates are husbands and fathers; and some of the most obdurate and sanguinary characters often displayed extraordinary affection for their wives and children. To those, however, who comprehend the laws which regulate human nature, this will not appear at all surprising. In men of strong passions, love is generally as powerful as cruelty, so that their attachment to their own friends is equal to their hatred of their enemies. In some cases these bloody marauders stood side by side like a wall before their women, and received the shots like hail in their breasts, to afford them an opportunity of escape; and there is an anecdote told of one of these ruffians which would do honour to a father in any stage of society. The piratical chief in question had a favourite child, a boy, whom he doubtless meant to bring up to his own lawless calling: when his stronghold was stormed and burned, he took the child on his left arm, and holding the dripping kris in his right, defended him with desperate energy, retreating as he fought. Having received several wounds, and feeling himself grow faint from loss of blood, he laid the child gently on the ground, and then giving him one long, last, fond look, plunged into the woods, and was never heard of more. That death speedily overtook him is most probable, for when his pursuers lost sight of him he was covered with wounds and blood. Indeed, he only yielded up his burden through sheer incapacity to bear it any longer.

It would doubtless be a great triumph to bring over men so intrepid, so gallant, and enterprising, to the service of civilization. Theirs, indeed,

may in some sense be regarded as the best and bravest blood of the Archipelago; but they have unfortunately taken up arms against society, and can only be brought to reason by the application of superior force. The mock philanthropists who affect here in Europe to commiserate them are incapable of experiencing a thousandth part of the sympathy with which Sir James Brooke regards them. As a brave man, he sympathizes with bravery, and would make any personal sacrifice to preserve the lives of these heroic robbers; any sacrifice, we mean, short of principle. But courage and daring are not the only virtues of man; and when tempted to hold his hand in pity, he remembers the thousands of innocent natives who must be sacrificed if these are spared, and this steels his heart against a false and unavailing compassion.

No one can have known Sir James Brooke without being aware of the long series of efforts he has made to check piracy by negotiations; what repeated representations he has sent to the various chiefs, and how earnestly and pertinaciously he has striven to wean them from their inhuman practices. While the philanthropic declaimers in Parliament or at public meetings, and the manufacturers of articles for the press, have been dosing comfortably in their beds, he has been passing sleepless nights in the endeavour to devise means for checking the effusion of blood in the Archipelago. But though, as we have observed, he cannot refuse his sympathy to the brave, even when they are the scourges of their brethren, his chief anxiety is for the upright and the honest. He does not belong to that class whose humanity exhausts itself on criminals, but has no ear for those who suffer from their villany. But no meditation, no experience, can teach the means of compelling dishonest men to prefer industry to piracy; chastisement only can effect their cure, and he resolved therefore to administer it with stern severity. Yet in all cases the policy pursued has been to afford the offenders a chance of retrieving their characters. Threats have been again and again employed; and a large force has been brought to the very threshold of the piratical stronghold, and paused there if there appeared to be the slightest hope of amendment in the inmates. This was the case particularly at Kanowitz; and the same course was sought to be pursued towards the Sarebas and Sakarran Dyaks; but without success. These two tribes, strong and numerous, addicted to piracy from time immemorial, and puffed up by a long series of sanguinary triumphs, received his pacific overtures with scorn. The classical reader will remember that when the King of Persia, after the battle of Kunaxa, sent messengers requiring the little band of Greeks who had accompanied his brother into the heart of his kingdom to deliver up their arms, those heroic republicans replied that he might come and take them; an enterprise upon which his Persian majesty could not venture. In the same spirit, though not in quite so good a cause, the Sarebas and Sakarrans answered Sir James Brooke that if he wished them to disarm, he might come and disarm them. But in the true temper of barbarians, they added gross insult to defiance, observing that he was an old woman, and only withheld by fear from entering their rivers. On a man of Sir James Brooke's character taunts like these could produce no effect, except that of convincing him that, however reluctantly, he would have to employ force before they could be brought to reason.

This, therefore, he resolved to do; and about the middle of summer (1849) proceeded with the *Nemesis* and a small force in native boats towards the mouth of the Sarebas river, resolved to punish the bucaneeers who refused to relinquish their plundering expeditions, and treated contemptuously the power and authority of Great Britain. It was somewhat surprising that the chastisement of Brune, to which they had formerly been subject, should not have inspired them with some apprehension for the fate that might overtake them. They had beheld their ancient sultan driven from his capital, and compelled to return by the menaces of strangers: they had seen him forced to break off his connection with the pirates; nay, league against his old friends, and bind himself by solemn treaty never again to afford them either countenance or encouragement.

But this did not inspire the Sarebas and Sakarrans with prudence or moderation. They could bring into action 12,000 fighting-men, 6000 from either tribe; and, relying on their numbers, which appeared to them irresistible, they resolved to adhere to their piratical profession, and live by the plunder of their inferiors in numbers, courage, and arms. Accordingly, they sent out a considerable fleet of bankonga, which tracked and plundered all the trading prahus it encountered at sea. Some of these were afterwards found smeared with clotted blood and human hair, drifting about at the mercy of the waves—the crews having been murdered, and hurled into the sea. Many small craft from Singapore met with this fate, and three villages on the coast had been stormed, plundered, and burned. The bankongs were numerous, strongly manned, and furnished with abundance of arms and provisions. No thought of peace seems to have entered the minds of the pirates. They were resolved to face the English, not having as yet experienced the terrors of their power, or known what it was to oppose undisciplined ferocity to calm and well-regulated courage.

When the news reached the English, Sir James Brooke was lying ill in his prahu, eight or nine miles from the piratical fleet; and the wind not serving for sailing-craft, the *Nemesis* only was able to make her way by steam towards the scene of action. The battle began towards the close of day, and lasted, without intermission, throughout the night, the steamer incessantly plying her guns, and the pirates, with the most obstinate perseverance, returning her fire. At rapid intervals the waves on the shore were lighted up by the flashes of the guns, while their thunder passed along in protracted reverberations. As might have been expected, the number of casualties was considerable in the piratical fleet, no fewer than 350 having been killed on the spot.

It has been made a reproach to Sir James Brooke that he did not interpose his authority to stop the effusion of blood; but, in the first place, he was, as we have already observed, at the distance of eight or nine miles from the scene of action, lying ill in his bed from a severe attack of dysentery. However, had he been present, how could he have interfered to preserve the pirates, so long as they continued to offer resistance? They had not thrown down their arms—they had not asked for quarter; but, on the contrary, seemed to be animated by the hope of victory, and fighting under the persuasion that their own fire had proved no less

destructive to the English than theirs had to them. Besides, it could have answered no useful purpose to leave the Sarebas and Sakarrans, with their spirit unbroken, to renew the conflict in the course of a few months or weeks. The object was to disgust them with their profession, and impress on their minds the necessity of earning an honest livelihood, which was not to be accomplished while they knew no higher power, and while their strength remained unimpaired.

Another fact, which does not appear to be known to the philanthropists, should not be lost sight of: it is of course quite clear now that the *Nemesis* was more than a match for the piratical bankongs while they remained at a distance, and with a rash policy exposed themselves to a raking fire; but had they approached, and boarded her, the event might have been very different; and more than once during the night, Sampons, starting from the scene of action, brought the intelligence to the rajah that the English had been beaten. It could scarcely enter into the imaginations of the natives that the dreaded Sea Dyaks could be overcome by any one. Fame had represented them as invincible; and up to the very last moment, it is not to be doubted that, with the exception of the few English, all those with Sir James Brooke confidently anticipated defeat. Again, although the officers and men of the *Nemesis* doubtless expected that their guns would do considerable execution among the piratical bankongs, they could scarcely believe that the bucaners would continue the action after experiencing so severe a loss as they actually did. It was natural to suppose that they would have taken to flight; but as they continued the engagement, and kept up their fire without slackening, the only rational inference was, that they were not without hope of victory. The destruction of life, however, was great. As we have already remarked, 350 men were killed during the battle, 50, after the pirates had taken refuge in the jungle, were cut off by the hostile Dyaks, and about 400 are said to have died of their wounds, after they returned to their own country. Several of the marauders fell into the hands of the natives in alliance with the English, and these were all ransomed by Sir James Brooke, and immediately sent back to their friends, except some few women, who preferred remaining with their captors.

This, though brief, is a faithful account of the combat between the *Nemesis* and the Sarebas and Sakarran Dyaks. We have omitted entering into minute details, which the reader would find tiresome, as the names of persons and places would then have to be introduced—barbarous in themselves, and extremely unmusical to our European ears.

We have alluded cursorily to a circumstance which ought perhaps to be explained at greater length—we mean Sir James Brooke's ransom of prisoners. They who seek to earn a reputation for humanity by libelling and calumniating him, do so, we will charitably suppose, in entire ignorance of his character and proceedings. But the public should be made acquainted with the real state of the case, that it may perceive how little reliance is to be placed on the statement of mere traders in benevolence, who sound a trumpet before them when about to do any thing which they consider praiseworthy; thinking, and perhaps correctly, they might otherwise lose their reward, which is notoriety. While they preach, however, Sir James Brooke is practising humanity. Instead of confining his soli-

citade to himself, instead of expending his fortune in hiring trumpeters in Europe, he generously applies his surplus resources to the alleviation of the miseries of barbarism. No act is more common with him than that of ransoming men, women, and children from captivity, so that many a savage hearth once desolate has been rendered bright by his genuine philanthropy. It is believed by those who know him that he expends in this way more than all the sum he receives annually from government as Commissioner to the Indian Archipelago. As the amount thus disbursed must of necessity vary from year to year, we cannot pretend to have ascertained it exactly; but the fact we give not as a mere vague rumour or report, but as a thing of which we ourselves can vouch the accuracy.

It remains for us to take a glance of what further has been done in the Archipelago towards effecting the suppression of piracy and the establishment of civilization. Within the last few years arrangements have been entered into with numerous chiefs of tribes, who have bound themselves by solemn engagements to abandon the practice of plundering on the high seas. That all these will abide honestly by their stipulations is more than can be expected. They will probably in some instances relapse occasionally, succumbing to the old temptations to dishonesty. But even under such circumstances something will have been gained, since it is not to be supposed that they can ever display that hardihood in iniquity to which they were formerly accustomed. They will carry on their depredations by stealth, with apprehension and timidity, since even the most reckless savages experience some degree of shame when detected in breaking their solemn engagements.

This may be inferred from the recent conduct of the Sultan of Brunè, who, when signing his first treaty with England, would seem to have looked upon it merely as a means of putting off the evil day. He afterwards found, however, to his extreme astonishment, that he would be expected to act in conformity with the treaty he had concluded; and that the other high contracting party, to borrow a phrase from diplomacy, was in a condition to enforce the keeping of his word. From this, one of two results must inevitably follow: either he will, together with his subjects, addict himself to an honest course of policy, and in that way insure his own and their prosperity, or if the wages of iniquity cannot be dispensed with without producing ruin, Brunè, its rulers and people, must sink into utter annihilation.

The same thing may with equal justice be remarked of the Sultan of Sulu—a group of islands of which European geographers do not as yet know the number or names. Sir James Brooke has paid two visits to that state, once denominated an empire, comprehending under its sway the northern division of Borneo, with a part, perhaps the whole, of Palawan and Magindanao. About the Sulu Islands we possess extremely curious information, which it would be impossible, however, to compress into the present Paper. It may perhaps be sufficient to say that they are hundreds in number, and in some places grouped so as to resemble the atolls of the Maldives. Many are extremely diminutive, while others are of considerable magnitude, fertile, cultivated, and possessing ports admirably adapted to trade.

Shortly after his return from England to the Archipelago, Sir James Brooke paid a first and a second visit to the Sulu capital, and concluded a

treaty with the sultan, which was immediately sent home for ratification. By this convention the ruler of Sulu has bound himself to hold no further communication with pirates, and, as far as may be in his power, to expel them his dominions. This last clause is aimed at the Illanuns, the Balinini, and Sea-Gipsies, found scattered without a home or country amid the more secluded groups of the Twelve Thousand Islands.

Almost while we write, however, society in that part of the world is assuming new forms, by the melting of one tribe into another, and the disappearance of certain names which may be said to have become famous in the history of the Archipelago. Thus the Sakarran Dyaks now no longer exist as a separate tribe, having been merged by circumstances into the Sarebas, while the Balinini are supposed to have been destroyed by the Spaniards. Destruction, however, in this case is synonymous with dispersion; because it is not to be supposed that all the individual men and women once known collectively under the name of the Balinini have actually perished, though we no longer meet with them on the sea in bankongs or prahus of their own.

Respecting the Sea-Gipsies our knowledge is extremely imperfect. In their original condition they were not pirates, but, under the name of Bajows, led a wandering life upon the ocean, confining themselves entirely to their boats, and earning their subsistence by fishing and an irregular species of trade. They were said to shift their place according to the season, flying before the violence of the monsoons, and casting anchor in tranquil waters to which long experience directed them. A fleet of Sea-Gipsies, passing through some narrow frith at night, used to present to the mariner an extraordinary spectacle, the prow of each bankong being illuminated with lamps, which glimmered like so many huge glow-worms on the sea. Probably their disposition was never very pacific, and at all events it seems to have required little temptation to transform them from fishermen into pirates. Latterly, they would appear to have withdrawn almost entirely from the more frequented latitudes, and to have taken refuge in those intricate and little frequented seas lying on the eastern skirts of the Moluccas. Here they will probably disappear from history, melting away into those populations which, more numerous and powerful than themselves, may display a disposition to conform to the new principles of society introduced from the West.

In the cruise which our enterprising countryman took to effect this important object, he visited Balam Bangan and Magindanao; and during the third voyage, in which he is probably engaged at present, it is to be hoped he may find it practicable to explore the latter of these islands, so little known to any save those who happened to have fallen in with the works of the Spanish Jesuits. Palawan, too, is all but a *terra incognita*; and even of the Philippines our knowledge is extremely imperfect. Many portions of the Moluccas may likewise be said to be unknown to us, particularly the islands of Giloolo and Ceram, of which our navigators have obtained but imperfect glimpses. An expedition is now engaged in surveying New Guinea or Papua, under the direction of a very superior officer; and when the result comes to be laid before the public, we may confidently hope, therefore, that a veil will be withdrawn from the most distant and least known portion of the Archipelago.

Illness may be said in some measure to have interfered of late with Sir James Brooke's proceedings. He has been residing, after a severe attack of fever, at the agreeable retreat of Pinang Hill, from which, when the last advices left the Archipelago, he was about to proceed to Siam, Cambodia, and Cochin-China. With those countries our trade has never hitherto been placed on a proper footing. Instead of being conciliated by the vicinity of Singapore and the recent settlement on Labuan, the Sultan of Siam, in particular, would seem to have been inspired with increased hostility, alternating with paroxysms of friendship. Though probably conscious of his weakness, the general Oriental passion for monopoly betrays him at frequent intervals into insults to the British flag; after which, terrified at what he has done, he attempts the fortification of Bangkok, obstructs the channels of the river, and trembles and prepares for flight at the departure of every war-steamer from Singapore. With the suavity and superior powers of diplomacy, Sir James will calm and reassure the mind of this barbarian, at the same time that he will probably convince him of the necessity of adopting a more just policy towards Great Britain. In this case we may confidently reckon on a large increase of our trade beyond the Straits of Malacca, since the kingdom of Siam could consume immense quantities of British goods, and possesses abundant resources with which to pay for them.

Again, in Kambodia and Cochin-China it is possible to lay the foundations of an extremely lucrative commerce, at present almost entirely monopolized by the merchants of the Celestial Empire, who send down annually a number of junks, which, passing along the coast, take up its merchandise at several points, and proceed sometimes to Singapore. In Cochin-China the French also have for many years possessed great influence, though this has occasionally led to disastrous misunderstandings.

Neither here, however, nor in any other country belonging to the Hindú-Chinese nations, has there ever existed a proper outlet for the superfluous productions of the soil, which might be profitably exchanged for the commodities, manufactured or natural, of other parts of the world. To awaken in them the spirit of enterprise, and to bring them within the commercial circle, may be said to have been one of the principal objects aimed at by the settlement on Labuan. They constitute a part of the great market of the Archipelago, producing much that its natives require, and consuming large quantities of what they produce. As the representative of the Archipelago, they will probably receive Sir James Brooke with respect, because with the friendship of Great Britain he can offer them immediate profit and protection from the violence of any other nation.

Another consequence of our recent movements in the Archipelago will in all likelihood be a mission to Japan, an empire which, for more than two centuries, has been closed against the commerce of the West. This arbitrary and tyrannical policy exerted a most baneful influence on the Archipelago, once perpetually visited by Japanese junks bringing cargoes of the precious metals, and taking in exchange the merchandise of the various islands. To throw open this channel to the trade of the world would be an achievement worthy of Great Britain: to persist in sullen seclusion is a crime against the laws of nature, because it wantonly inflicts injury on millions of the human race. No truth is more important than this—that

mankind are brethren; and if, therefore, any one portion of them withdraws itself from the commerce of the rest, it is as unjust as if it committed robbery to the amount of what is lost by its seclusion. Not to understand this is to be ignorant of the first principles of society; and therefore, in the face of the whole civilized world, Great Britain would be fully justified were it to employ the *ultima ratio regum* to compel the Japanese back into the great circle of human brotherhood.

We have thus cast a rapid glance over the Archipelago and its external relations, doubtless leaving much unsaid that might easily have been brought forward did our limits permit, but still touching, we hope, however briefly, on all the important parts of the subject. To satisfy the reader, however, with such a sketch would be impossible. Discovery, though it has not been very actively at work in that part of the world, has still laid open innumerable sources of interest which it would require whole volumes to describe. The utmost we have attempted is to awaken the reader's curiosity, after which the materials of knowledge will be easily discoverable on all sides. There exists, indeed, no proper history of the Indian Archipelago, the publications once circulated under that name possessing nothing to justify such a title. Recent events, however, have attracted and riveted public attention on that part of the East, so that we may confidently look for a series of works in connection with it, based on conscientious research, which will enable the nations of the West to sympathize with the populations of insular Asia, which may at present be said to be wrapped in darkness, since no one has hitherto penetrated into their mental constitution, or drawn aside the veil which conceals their thoughts, their opinions, and feelings, from the scrutiny of the civilized world.

THE LAST OF THE RUTHVENS.

I.

"DAVIE CALDERWOOD! worthy tutor and master!—Davie Calderwood."—The old man made no answer to the call, which he scarce seemed even to hear. He sat not far from the shadow of his college walls, watching the little silvery ripples of the Cam. His doctor's robes hid a common homely dress of gray; his large feet, dangling over the river bank, were clumsily shod, and his white close-cropped hair gave him a Puritanical look, when compared with the cavalier air of the two youths who stood behind him.

"Davie Calderwood—wake up, man! News!—great news! From Scotland!" added the elder lad in a cautious whisper.

It pierced the torpor of the old man: he started up with trembling eagerness.

"Eh, my dear bairn!—I mean my lord—my Lord Gowrie!"

"Hush!" said the youth bitterly; "let not the birds of the air carry that sound. Was it not crushed out of the earth a year ago? Call me William Ruthven, or else plain William, till with my good sword I win back my title and my father's name."

"Willie—Willie!" murmured the younger brother in anxious warning.

"He is afraid—wee Patrick!" laughed William Ruthven. "He thinks that walls have ears, and rivers tongues, and that every idle word I say will go with speed to the vain, withered old hag in London, or to daft King Jamie in Edinburgh! He thinks he shall yet see brother Willie's love-locks floating from the top of the Tolbooth beside those of winsome Aleck and noble John."

The elder youth spoke in that bitter jesting tone used to hide keenest suffering; but the younger one, a slight delicate boy of nineteen, clung to his brother's arm, and burst into tears.

"My lord," said Master David Calderwood, "ye suld be mair tender o' the lad—you ae brother—your mother's youngest bairn. Ye speak too lightly o' things awfu' to tell of—awfu' to mind. Master Patrick," he added, laying his hand gently on the boy's shoulder, "ye are thinking of ilk puir bodie given to the fowls of the air and to the winds of heaven, at Stirling, Edinburgh, and Dundee; but ye forget that whiles man dishonours the poor dust, evermair God keeps the soul. Therefore mind ye thus o' your

two brothers—the bonnie Earl of Gowrie, and noble Alexander Ruthven—that are baith now with God.”

As he spoke, the doctor's voice faltered, for nature had put into his huge, ill-formed frame a gentle, womanly spirit; and though he had fled from his country, and never beheld it since the year when his beloved lord, the first Earl of Gowrie, and father of these youths, perished on the scaffold—still, amidst all the learning and honours gained in his adopted home, David Calderwood carried in his bosom the same true Scottish heart; and perhaps it yearned more over the boy Patrick, in that he was, like his long-dead father, a quiet retiring student, given to all abstruse philosophy; whereas William the elder was a youth of bold spirit, who chafed under his forced retirement, and longed to tread in the footsteps of his ancestors, even though they led to the same bloody end.

“Well, good master,” he said, “when you have wept enough with Patrick, hear my news.”

“Is it from your mother, the puir hunted dove, auld and worn, flying hither and thither about the ruins of her nest?”

Lord Gowrie's—let us give him the title for three months borne, then attained, but which yet fondly lingered on the lips of two faithful friends, David Calderwood, and Lettice his daughter—Lord Gowrie's brow reddened, and instinctively he put his hand to where his sword should have hung. Then he muttered angrily, “Ah, I forget I am no earl, no Scottish knight, but only a poor Cambridge student. But,” he added, his face kindling, “though the lightning has fallen on the parent trunk and its two brave branches, and though the rest are trodden under foot of men, still there is life, bold, fresh life, in the old tree. It shall grow up and shelter her yet—my noble, long-enduring mother—the first, the best, the—— No; she shall *not* be the last Lady Gowrie.”

While speaking, a flush deeper even than that of youth's enthusiasm burned on the young earl's cheek, and he looked up to the window where Lettice sat—sweet Lettice Calderwood, sweeter even than she was fair! She at a distance dimly saw the look; she met it with a frank smile—the smile a single-hearted, happy girl would cast willingly on all the world.

“The news—the news!” murmured old David. “My bairns, ye talk and ye rave, but ye dinna tell the news.”

“My mother writes that the cloud seems passing from our house; for the Queen Anne—she favours us still, despite her lord—the Queen Anne has secretly sent for our sister Beatrice to court.”

“Beatrice, whom brother Alexander loved more than all the rest,” said Patrick simply. But the elder brother frowned, and rather harshly bade him hold his peace.

“Patrick is a child, and knows nothing,” said the young earl; “but I know all. What care I for this weak queen's folly or remembered sin, if through her means I creep back into my father's honoured seat! Oh shame that I *can* only creep; that I must enter Scotland like a thief, and steal in at the court holding on to a woman's robe, when I would fain come with fire and sword, to crush among the ashes of his own palace the murderer of my race!”

He spoke with a resolute fierceness, strange in such a youth; his black

brows contracted, and his stature seemed to swell and grow. Simple Davie Calderwood looked and trembled.

"Ye're a Ruthven, true and bold; but ye're no like the Earl o' Gowrie. I see in your face your father's father—him that rose from his dying bed to be a shedder of blood—him that slew Rizzio in Holyrood!"

"And when I stand in Holyrood—whether I creep in there or force my way with my sword—I will kneel down on that bloody spot, and pray Heaven to make *me* too as faithful an avenger," was the keen low answer. Then turning off his passionate emotion with a jest, as he often did, Lord Gowrie said gayly to his brother, "Come, Patrick, look not so pale; tell our good master the rest of the news—that to-night, this very night, thou and I must start for bonnie Scotland!"

"Who is talking of bonnie Scotland?" said a girl's voice, young indeed, but yet touched with that inexplicable tone which never comes until life's first lessons have been learned—those lessons, whether of joy or grief, which leave in the child's careless bosom a woman's heart.

Lord Gowrie turned quickly and looked at Lettice, smilingly—rapturously, yet bashfully, as a youth looks at his first idol. Then he repeated his intention of departure, though in a tone less joyous than before. Lettice heard, without emotion as it seemed, only that her two thin hands—she was a little creature, pale and slight—were pressed tightly together. There are some faces which, by instinct or by force of will, can hide all emotion, and then it is the hands which tell the tale—the fluttering fingers, the tight clench, the palms rigidly crushed together. But these tokens of suffering no one sees: no one saw them in Lettice Calderwood.

"Do ye no grieve, my daughter, over these bairns that go from us? Wae's me! but there's danger in ilka step to baith the lads."

"Are both going?" asked Lettice; and her eye wandered towards the younger brother, who had moved a little apart, and stood by the little river, plucking leaves, and throwing them down the stream. "It is a long, severe journey, and Master Patrick has been so ill, and is not yet strong," added the girl, speaking with that grave dignity which, as mistress of the household, she sometimes assumed, and which made her seem far older than her years.

"Patrick is a weakly fellow, to be sure," answered Lord Gowrie, inwardly smiling over his own youthful strength and beauty; "but I will take care of him—he will go with his brother."

"Yes," said Patrick, overhearing all, as it seemed. But he said no more: he was a youth of few words. Very soon Calderwood and the young lord began to talk over the projected journey. But Patrick sat down by the river-bank, and began idly plucking and examining the meadow-flowers, just as if his favourite herbal and botanical science were the only interests of life.

"Patrick!" whispered Lettice's kind, sisterly voice. She sometimes forgot the difference of rank and blood in her tender compassion for the young proscribed fugitives who had been sent, in such utter destitution and misery, to her father's care—"Patrick!"

"Yes, Mistress Lettice."

"The evening closes cold; take this!" She had brought a cloak to wrap round him.

"You are very kind, very thoughtful—like a *sister*." Saying this, he turned quick, and looked at her. Lettice smiled. Whether glad some or sorry, she could always bend her lips to that pale, grave smile.

"Well, then, listen to me, as you always do; I being such a staid, wise old woman"—

"Though a year younger than I."

"Still, listen to me. My Lord Gowrie, your brother, is rash and bold; you must be prudent for the sake of both. When you go from us, Patrick, cease dreaming, and use your wisdom. You have indeed the strength and wisdom of a man; it will be needed. Let not William bring you into peril; take care of him and of yourself."

Here the lips that spoke so womanly, grave, and calm, began to tremble; and Lettice, hearing her name called, went away.

Patrick seemed mechanically to repeat to himself her last words, whether in pleasure, pain, or indifference, it was impossible to tell. Then his features relapsed into their usual expression—thoughtful, quiet, and passionless. An *old-young* face it was—a mingling of the child with the man of eld, but with no trace of youth between—a face such as we see sometimes, and fancy that we read therein the coming history as plainly written as in a book. So while, as the evening passed, Lord Gowrie's fiery spirit busied itself about plots and schemes, the fate of kingdoms and of kings; and David Calderwood, stirred from his learned equipoise, troubled his simple mind with anxiety concerning his two beloved pupils—Lettice hid all her thoughts in her heart, brooding tremblingly over them there. But the young herbalist sat patiently pulling his flowers to pieces, and ruminating meanwhile; his eyes fixed on the little rippling stream. He seemed born to be one of those meek philosophers who through life sit still, and let the world roll by with all its tumults, passions, and cares. They are above it; or, as some would deem, below it. But in either case it touches not them.

It was the dawn of a September day, gloomy and cold. All things seemed buried in a dull sleep, except the Cam that went murmuring over its pebbles hour after hour, from night till morn. Lettice heard it under her window, as she stood in the pale light, fastening her head-tire with trembling hands. They were just starting—the two young Scottish cavaliers. Both had cast off the dress of the student, and appeared as befitted their birth. Bold, noble, and handsome looked the young Earl William in his gay doublet, with his sword by his side. As he walked with Lettice to the garden, (he had half-entreated, half-commanded to have a rose given by her hand,) his manner seemed less boyish—more courtly and tender withal. His last words, too, as he rode away, were a gay compliment, and an outburst of youthful hope; alluding to the time when he should come back endowed with the forfeited honours of his race, and choose, not out of Scottish, but of English maidens, a "*Lady Gowrie*."

Patrick, stealing after, a little paler—a little more silent than usual—affectionately bade his master adieu; and to the hearty blessing and good-speed only whispered "*Amen*." Then he took Lettice's hand; and did not kiss it, as his brother had gracefully and courteously done; but he clasped it with a light cold clasp, saying gently, "*Farewell! Lettice, my kind sister*."

She moved a little, as if pained; and then calmly echoed the farewell. But when the sound of the horses' feet died away, she went slowly up to her little chamber, shut the door, sat down, and wept. Once only looking at her little hand—holding it as if there still lingered on it a vanished touch—the deep colour rose in her cheek, and over her face there passed a quick, sharp pang.

"His sister—always his sister!" She said no more. After a while she dried her tears, wrapped round her heart that veil of ordinary outer life which a woman must always wear, and went down to her father.

"Lettice, what are those torn papers that thou art fastening together with thy needle? Are they writings or problems of mine?"

"Not this time, father," said Lettice meekly; "they are fragments left by your pupils."

"That is, by Patrick; William did not love to study, except that fantastic learning which all the Ruthvens loved—the occult sciences. Whose papers are these?"

"Master Patrick's; he may want them when he returns."

"When! Ah, the dear bairn, his puir father's ain son; will I ever see his face again?"

There was no answer save that of silence and paleness. Lettice's fingers worked on. But a dull, cold shadow seemed to spread itself over the room—over everywhere she turned her eyes; duller than the gloomy evening—colder than the cold March rain which beat against the narrow college-windows—that shadow crept over her heart. She looked like one who for many days and weeks had borne on her spirit—not a heavy load, that is easier to bear, but a restless struggle—sometimes pain, sometimes joy, doubt, fear, expectation, faith, wild longing, followed by blank endurance. It was now a long time since she had learned the whole bitter meaning of those words, "The hope deferred which maketh the heart sick."

"My dear lassie," said the old doctor, rousing himself from a mathematical calculation which had degenerated into a mere every-day revery, "where hae ye keepit the puir young earl's letter, that said he and Patrick were baith coming back to Cambridge in a week? Can ye no tell how lang it is sin syne?"

Lettice could have answered at once—could have told the weeks, days, hours—each passing slow like years—but she did not. She paused as though to reckon, and then said, "It is nigh two months, if I count right."

"Twa months! Alas, alas!"

"Do you think, father," she said slowly, striving to speak for the first time what had been so long pent up that its utterance shook her whole frame with tremblings—"do you think that any harm has come to the poor young gentlemen?"

"I pray God no! Lettice, do you mind what our puir Willie—I canna say 'the earl'—tauld us of their great good fortune through the queen; how that he would soon be living in Edinburgh as a grand lord, and his brother should end his studies at St. Andrews; only Patrick said he loved better to come back to Cambridge, and to his auld master. The dear bairn! Do ye mind all this, Lettice?"

"Yes, father." Ah, truly poor Lettice did!

"Then, my child, we needna fear for them. They are twa young gentlemen o' rank, and maybe they lead a merry life, and that whiles gars them forget auld friends; but they'll aye come back safe in time."

So saying, the old doctor settled himself in his high-backed chair, and contentedly went to sleep. His daughter continued her work until the papers were all arranged and it grew too dark to see, then she closed her eyes and pondered.

Her thoughts were not what may be called love-thoughts, such as you, young modern maidens, indulge in when you dream of some lover kneeling at your feet, or walking by your side, know yourself adored, and exult in the adoration. No such light emotion ruled Lettice's fancy. Her love—if it *were* love, and she scarce knew it as such—had crept in unwittingly, under the guise of pity, reverence, affection; it had struck its roots deep in her nature; and though it bore no flowers, its life was one with the life of her heart. She never paused to think, "Do I love?" or "Am I loved?" but her whole being flowed into that thought, wave after wave, like a stream that insensibly glides into one channel, leaving dry all the rest.

Lettice sat and thought mournfully over the many weeks of wearying expectation for him who never came. How at first the hours flew winged with restless joy, how she lay down in hope and rose in hope, and said to herself, calmly smiling, "To-morrow—to-morrow!" How afterwards she strove to make those words into a daily balm to still fear and pain that would not sleep; how at last she breathed them wildly, hour by hour of each blank day, less believing in them than lifting them up like a cry of despair which *must* be answered. But it never was answered; and the silence now had grown so black and dull around her, that it pressed down all struggles—left her not even strength for fears.

She had feared very much at first. The young Earl William, so sanguine, so bold, might have been deceived. The king's seeming lenity might be but assumed, until he could crush the poor remnant of the Ruthven blood. She pondered continually over the awful tale of the Gowrie plot; often at night in her dreams she saw the ensanguined axe, the two heads, so beautiful and young, mouldering away on the Tolbooth. Sometimes beside them she saw another—Horror! she knew it well—the pale, boyish cheek—the thoughtful brow. Then she would wake in shuddering and cries; and falling on her knees, pray that wherever he was—whether or no he might gladden her eyes again—Heaven would keep him safe, and have pity upon her.

Again she thought of him in prosperity, living honoured and secure under the glory of the Ruthven line—forgetting old friends, as her father had said. Well, and what right had she to murmur? She did not—save that at times, even against her will, the selfish cry of weak human tenderness would rise up—"Alas, thou hast all things, and I—I perish for want!" But her conscience ever answered, "He neither knows nor sees, so with him there is no wrong."

Night, heavy night, fell down once more. Lettice had learned to long for the dull stupor it brought—a little peace, a little oblivion mercifully closing each blank day. "Is it not time for rest, father?" she often asked long ere the usual hour; and she was so glad to creep to her little lower-

chamber, and shut out the moonbeams and the starlight, and lie in darkness and utter forgetfulness, until lulled to sleep by the ripple of the stream close by. There had been a time when she either sat up with her father, or else lay awake until midnight, listening for steps in the garden—for voices beneath the window—when every summons at the gate made her heart leap wildly. But all this was passed now.

Lettice put down the lamp, took off her coif, and unbound her hair. Before retiring she opened the window and gazed out into the night, which was cold, but very clear. She half-leaned forward, and stretched out her hands to the north. No words can paint the look her countenance wore. It was yearning, imploring, despairing, like that of a soul longing to depart and follow upwards another soul already gone. In her eyes was an intensity that seemed mighty enough to pierce through all intervening space, and fly, dove-winged, to its desire. Then the lids drooped, the burning tears fell, and her whole frame sank collapsed, an image of hopeless, motionless dejection.

She was roused by a noise—the dash of oars on the usually deserted river. She shut the window hastily, blushing lest the lamp should have revealed her attitude and her emotion to any stranger without. The sound of oars ceased—there were footsteps up the garden alleys—there was her father's eager voice at the door, mingled with other well-known voices. They were coming!—they were come!

In a moment all the days, weeks, months of weary waiting were swept away like clouds. The night of her sorrow was forgotten as though it had never been.

“And now that I am returned, wilt thou not give me another flower, Mistress Lettice?” said the young earl, as he followed her up the garden-walks in the fair spring morning. She had risen early, for sleep had been driven away by joy.

“There are no flowers now, at least none gay enough to be worth your wearing. Daisies and violets would ill suit that courtly dress,” said the maiden, speaking blithely out of her full-hearted content.

“Does it displease you then? Shall I banish my silver-hilted sword, and my rich doublet with three hundred points, and don the poor student's hoddens gray? I would do it, fair damsel, and willingly, for thee!” And he smiled with a little conscious pride, as if he knew well that six months passed in the shadow of a court had transformed the bashful youth into an accomplished cavalier—brave, handsome, winning, yet pure and noble at heart, as the young knights were in the golden time of Sidney and of Raleigh.

Lettice regarded him in frank admiration. “Truly, my Lord Gowrie, you are changed. Scarce can I dare to give you the name you once honoured me by permitting. How shall I call you and Master Patrick my brothers?”

“I wish it not,” said the young man hastily. “As for Patrick—never mind Patrick,” as Lettice's eyes seemed wandering to the river-side, where the younger Ruthven sat in his old seat. “You see he is quite happy with his herbal and his books of philosophy. Let him stay there; for I would fain have speech with you.” He led her into a shady path,

and began to speak hurriedly. "Lettice, do you know that I may soon be summoned back to Scotland—not as a captive, but as the reinstated Earl of Gowrie? And, Lettice"—here his voice faltered, and his cheek glowed, and he looked no more the bold cavalier, but a timid youth in his first wooing—"dear Lettice, if I might win my heart's desire, I would not depart alone."

"Not depart alone! Then thou wilt not leave Patrick with us, as was planned?" said the girl, uttering the first thought that rose to her mind, and then blushing for the same.

"I spoke not of Patrick—he may do as he wills. I spoke of some one dearer than brother or sister; of her who"—

"What! is it come to that?" merrily laughed out the unconscious girl. "Is our William, at once, without sign or token, about to bring to us, and then perforce to carry away home, a bonnie Lady Gowrie?"

The earl seemed startled by a sudden doubt. "It is strange you should speak thus! Are you mocking me, or is it a womanly device to make me woo in plainer terms? Hear, then, Lettice! Lettice that I love! It is you I would win, you whom I would carry home in triumph, my beautiful, my wife, my Lady Gowrie!" She stood transfixed, looking at him, not with blushes, not with maiden shame, but in a sort of dull amaze.

"Do my words startle you, sweet one? Forgive me, then, for I scarce know what I say. Only I love you—I love you! Come to my heart, my Lettice, my wife that shall be;" and he stretched out his arms to enfold her. But Lettice, uttering a faint cry, glided from his vain clasp, and fled into the house.

In their deepest affections women rarely judge by outward show. The young earl, gifted with all qualities to charm a lady's eye, had been loved as a brother—nothing more. The dreamy Patrick, in whose apparently passionless nature lay the mystery wherein such as Lettice ever delight—whose learning awed, while his weakness attracted tender sympathy—he it was who had unconsciously won the treasure which a man giving all his substance could not gain—a woman's first, best love.

Her wooer evidently dreamed not of the truth. She saw him still walking where she had left him, or passing under her window, looking up rather anxiously, yet smiling. One thought only rose clearly out of the chaos of Lettice's mind—that he must be answered; that she must not let him deceive himself—no, not for an hour. What she should say she mournfully knew—but how to say it? Some small speech she tried to frame; but she had never been used to veil any thought of her innocent heart before him she treated as a brother. It was so hard to feel that all this must be changed now.

Lettice was little more than eighteen years old, but the troublous life of a motherless girl had made her self-dependent and firm. Therefore, after a while, courage came unto her again. Strengthened by her one great desire to do right, she descended into the garden, and walked slowly down the alley to meet the earl. His greeting was full of joy.

"Did I scare her from me, my bird? And has she flown back of her own accord to her safe nest—her shelter now and evermore?" And once more he extended his arms with a look of proud tenderness, such as a

young lover wears when he feels that in wooing his future wife he has cast off the lightsome follies of boyhood and entered on the duties and dignities of a man.

Lettice never looked up, or her heart would have smote her—that heart which, already half-crushed, had now to crush another's. Would that women felt more how bitter it is to inflict this suffering, and if wilfully incurred, how heavy is this sin! Even Lettice, with her conscience all clear, felt as though she were half guilty in having won his unsought-for love. Pale and trembling she began to say the words she had fixed on as best, humblest, kindest—"My Lord Gowrie"—

"Nay, sweet Lettice, call me William, as you ever used to do in the dear old times."

At this allusion her set speech failed, and she burst into tears. "Oh, William, why did you not always remain my brother? I should have been happy then!"

"And now?"

"I am very—very miserable."

There was a pause, during which Lord Gowrie's face changed, and he seemed to wrestle with a vague fear. At last he said, "Wherefore?" in a brief, cold tone, which calmed Lettice at once.

"Because," she murmured with a mournful earnestness there was no doubting or gainsaying, "I am not worthy your love, since in my heart there is no answer—none!"

For a moment Lord Gowrie drew himself up with all his ancestral pride. "Mistress Lettice Calderwood, I regret that—that"—He stammered, hesitated, then throwing himself on a wooden seat, and bowing his head, he struggled with a young man's first agony—rejected love.

Lettice knelt beside him. She took his passive hands, and her tears rained over them; but what hope, what comfort could she give? She thought not of their position as maiden and suitor—Lord Gowrie and humble Lettice Calderwood—she only saw her old playmate and friend sitting there overwhelmed with anguish, and it was her hand which had dealt the blow.

"William," she said brokenly, "think not hardly of me. I would make you happy if I could, but I cannot! I dare not be your wife, not loving you as a wife ought."

"It is quite true, then, you do not love me?" the young earl muttered. But he won no other answer than a sad silence. After a while he broke out again bitterly—"Either I have madly deceived myself, or you have deceived me. Why did you blush and tremble when we met last night? Why, before we met, did I see you gazing so longingly, so passionately, on the way I should have come? Was that look false too?"

Lettice rose up from her knees, her face and neck incarnadine. "My Lord of Gowrie, though you have honoured me, and I am grateful, you have no right"—

"I have a right—that of one whose whole life you have withered; whom you have first struck blind, and then driven mad for love! Mistress Calderwood—Lettice!"—

In speaking her name his anger seemed to disperse and crumble away, even as the light touch shivers the molten glass. When again he said

"Lettice," it was in a tone so humble, so heart-broken, that, hearing it, she, like a very woman, forgot and forgave all.

"I never did you wrong, William: I never dreamed you loved me. In truth I never dreamed of love at all, until"—

"Go on."

"I cannot—I cannot!" Again silence, again bitter tears.

After a while Lord Gowrie came to her side, so changed, he might have lived years in that brief hour. "Lettice," he said, "let there be peace and forgiveness between us. I will go away: you shall not be pained by more wooing. Only, ere I depart, tell me, is there any hope for me in patience or long waiting, or constant, much-enduring love?"

She shook her head mournfully.

"Then what was not mine to win is surely already won! Though you love not me, still *you love*: I read it in your eyes. If so, I think—I think it would be best mercy to tell me. Then I shall indulge in no vain hope: I shall learn to endure, perhaps to conquer at last. Lettice, tell me: one word—no more!"

But her quivering lips refused to utter it.

"Give some sign—ay, the sign that used to be one of death!—let your 'kerchief fall!"

For one moment her fingers instinctively clutched it tighter, then they slowly unclasped. The 'kerchief fell!

Without one word or look Lord Gowrie turned away. He walked with something of his old proud step to the alley's end, then threw himself down on the cold, damp turf as though he wished it had been an open grave.

When the little circle next met, it was evident to Lettice that Lord Gowrie had unfolded all to his faithful and loving younger brother. Still Patrick betrayed not his knowledge, and went on in his old dreamy and listless ways. Once, as pausing in his reading, he saw Lettice glide from the room, pale, and very sad, there was a momentary change in his look. It might be pity, or grief, or reproach, or what none could tell. He contrived so as to exchange no private word with her until the next morning; when, lounging in his old place, idly throwing pebbles into the river, and watching the watery circles grow, mix, and vanish, there came a low voice in his ear.

"Master Patrick Ruthven?"

He started to hear his full name uttered by lips once so frank and sisterly, but he took no notice.

"Well; what would you, Lettice?"

"It is early morning; there is no one risen but we two; come with me to the house, for I *must* speak with you. And what I say even the air must not carry. Come, Patrick; for the love of Heaven, come!"

Her face was haggard, her words wild. She dragged rather than led him into the room where the two boys had once used to study with her father. There she began speaking hurriedly.

"Did you hear nothing last night?—no footsteps?—no sounds?"

"No; yet I scarce slept."

"Nor I." And the two young faces drooped, unable to meet each other's

eyes. But soon Lettice went on: "At dawn, as I lay awake, it seemed as if there were voices beneath my window. I did not look: I thought it might be"—

"William sometimes rises very early," said the brother gravely.

"It was not Lord Gowrie, for I heard them speak his name. Your hopes from King James were false! Oh, Patrick, there is danger—great danger! I have learned it all!"

"How?" And rousing himself, the young man regarded eagerly Lettice's agitated mien.

"I opened the lattice softly, and listened. When they went away, I followed stealthily to the water's edge. Patrick, they said that on the night but one after this they will return and seize you in the king's name! Fly—fly! Do not let me lose for ever both my brothers!"

And she caught his hands as in her childhood she had used to do, when beseeching him to do for her sake many things which, from dreamy listlessness, he would never have done for his own.

"What must I do, Lettice—I, who know nothing of the world? Why did you not tell all this to William?"

"I—tell William!" She blushed scarlet, and seemed struggling with deep emotion.

"Oh, true—true!" Patrick said, and there seemed a faint waking up in his passionless features. "No matter; I will at once go and tell my brother."

Lettice sat down to wait his return. All her murmur was—"Oh, William—poor William!—so truly loving me whom others love not at all! I turned from thee in thy prosperity, but now shall I save thee and lose myself?—Shall I sacrifice all to thee?" But instinct rather than wisdom whispered to Lettice, that she who weds, knowing her heart is not with her husband, wilfully sacrifices both. In the sight of heaven and earth she takes a false vow, which, if requited not by man, will assuredly be avenged by God.

Patrick Ruthven came back in much agitation. "He says he will not fly; that he heeds neither the prison nor the block; that he has no joy in life, and death is best! Lettice, go to him; save him—you only can!"

"How can I save him?" mournfully Lettice cried.

"By urging him to fly. We can take horse, and cross the country to Harwich, whence a ship sails for France to-night. I know this, for yesterday I, too, was planning how to depart."

"You?"

"No matter," said Patrick hurriedly. "Only go to William; compel him to save his life: he will do so at your bidding."

He spoke commandingly, as if fraternal love had transformed the gentle, timid youth into a resolute man. Lettice, wondering and bewildered, mechanically obeyed. She came to Lord Gowrie, who, with the disordered aspect of one who has wasted the night in misery, not sleep, lay on the floor of what had been the boys' play-room. To all her entreaties he only turned his face to the wall and answered not. At last his brother beckoned Lettice away.

Looking at Patrick, the girl marvelled. All his impassive coolness seemed to have melted from him. His stature appeared to rise into

dignity, and there was a nobility in his face that made it beautiful to see. Lettice beheld in him, for the first time, the likeness of what she knew he would one day become—a grand, true man; the man before whom a woman's heart would instinctively bow down in Eve-like submission, murmuring—"I have found thee, my greater self—my head, my sustainer, and guide."

Patrick stood silent awhile, sometimes reading her face, sometimes casting his eyes downward, as it were struggling with inward pain. At last he said solemnly, "Lettice, this is no time for idle scruple. I know all that took place yesterday. I know, too, that there is one only chance, or William is lost. Is your will so firm that it cannot change? Must he die for loving you—my dear, my noble brother, whom I would give my poor life to save? Lettice, in this great strait I entreat you—even I"—and he shuddered visibly—"Consider what you do. It is an awful thing to have life and death in your hands. I beseech you, let him love you, and be happy."

Lettice listened. As he spoke, slowly—slowly—the young rich blood faded from her face; she became rigid, white, and cold; all the life left was in her eyes, and they were fixed on Patrick, as it were the last look of one dying.

"Answer me," she said with a measured toneless voice—"answer truly on your soul. Do *you* desire this of me? Is it *your* wish that I should become your brother's wife?"

"My wish—my wish?" he muttered, and then his reply came clear and distinct, as one says the words which fix the sentence of a lifetime, "In the sight of God, yes!"

Lettice gave him her hand, and he led her again to his brother.

"I need not stay," he whispered: "you, Lettice, will say all—better say it at once."

She looked at Patrick with a bewildered, uncertain air, and then began to speak.

"Lord Gowrie, that is, William, I"—

She said no more, but fell down at Patrick's feet in a death-like swoon.

Lettice lay insensible for many hours. For her there were no farewells—when she awoke the two brothers were gone. She found on her neck a golden chain, and on her finger a ring, the only tokens of the last passionate embraces which William had lavished on her whom he now considered his betrothed, and which she then felt no more than one dead. But when they told her all this, she flung away the ring and chain, and prayed Heaven that she might die before ever Lord Gowrie came to claim her vows.

Of the younger Ruthven, she could learn nothing either from her bewildered father or her old nurse, except that Patrick had forcibly torn his brother away. He had not spoken, save leaving a kind farewell to *his sister*.

In the twilight Lettice rose from her bed. She could not, for any inward misery, neglect her good father. And all her senses had been so stunned, that as yet she was scarce alive either to the present or the future. She sat almost as if nothing had happened, listening to the old man's broken talk, or idly watching the graceful smoke-wreaths of the Virginian weed that Sir Walter Raleigh had just introduced, and with which rare luxury the young knight's friendship had provided David Calderwood.

Oppressed by the sudden events which had greatly discomposed the tenor of his placid existence, the worthy doctor smoked himself to sleep. When with his slumbers Lettice's duties ceased, her bitter grief rose up. It choked her—it seemed to make the air close and fiery, so that she could not breathe. Dark and cold as the March night was, she fled out. But she kept in the thick alleys of the garden—she dared not go near the river, lest out of its cool, cool depths should rise a demon, smilingly to tempt her there.

But at length, when the moon came out from under a black cloud, Lettice thought she would approach and sit in Patrick's old seat by the side of the Cam, where in summer nights they had spent hours—she with girlish romance looking up at the stars, and he teaching her all concerning them in his learned fashion, for the boy was a great astronomer.

Was it a vision? that he sat there still, in his old attitude, leaning against the willow-tree, the light slanting on his upward brow! Her first thought was, that he had met some fearful end, and this was his apparition only. She whispered faintly, "Patrick;" but he neither spoke nor moved. Then she was sure she beheld the spirit of her beloved. Her highly-wrought fancy repelled all fear, and made her feel a strange joy in this communication from the unseen world.

Once more she called him by his name, adding thereto words tenderer than his living self would ever hear. Then, seeing that the moon cast his shadow on the water, the conviction that it was no spirit, but his own bodily form, made her start and glow with shame. Yet when she approached he lay so still, his eyes were closed, and she could almost have believed him dead. But he was only in a deep sleep, of such heavy exhaustion that he hardly seemed to breathe.

Lettice crept beside him. Scarce knowing what she did, she took his cold hand and pressed it to her breast. There, suddenly waking, he felt it closely held; and met a gaze so pure and maidenly, yet so full of the wildest devotion—a look such as man rarely beholds, not even in his wife's eyes, for the deepest tenderness is ever the most secret. Scarce had Patrick seen it than it melted into Lettice's ordinary aspect; but he *had* seen it, and it was enough.

"When did you come back?" faintly asked Lettice.

"At twilight: a day's hard riding exhausted me, and I suppose I fell asleep here."

"And wherefore did you return?" Mechanical were the questions and replies, as though both spoke at random.

"Why did I return?"

"Yes—to danger. I had forgotten all that. Oh, Patrick, how shall we save you? Why did you not sail with William, if he has sailed?"

"He has! There was a passage for one only—his life was most precious—he is my elder brother, so I persuaded him to go on board; and then—I left him."

"Patrick—Patrick!" Unconsciously she looked up at him in her old childish, loving way, and her eyes were full of tears.

"Are you glad, Lettice?"

"Glad, because you have done a noble thing. But if through this you should be discovered and taken; if I—that is—we all—should lose you—Hush!" That instant her quick ear, sharpened with terror, heard down

the river the sound of oars. "They are coming—those men I saw last night—they will have brought the king's warrant that I heard them speak of. It is too late. Oh, would that you at least had been saved!"

"I, and not William?" His words spoke grave reproach, but his looks belied his tone.

"I think not of William now. Why did he go and leave you to perish? But I will not leave you; Patrick, I will die with you—I!"

"Lettice!" He began to tremble, he took her hand and looked questioningly into her eyes. There seemed a doubt suddenly purling off from his mind, so that all was light and day—ay, even though nearer every minute came the distant sounds which warned him of his danger.

"Hark! they are close upon us," said Lettice in an agonized whisper. "They will search the house through: what must be done?"

"I know not," answered Patrick, dreamingly.

"But I know: come—come!"

She drew him cautiously into a laurel thicket close by, which, lying deep in shadow, furnished a safe hiding-place. Thinking a moment, she took off her black mantle, and wrapped it over him, that his light doublet might not be seen through the boughs.

"We may escape them," she said: "we two have hidden here many a time when we were children."

"Ah, Lettice!" he sighed, "we were happy then! Even now, if William had not loved you!"

"Hush! they are landing; I hear their steps—keep close." She made him kneel so that her dress might hide him, and, as fearing that his fair floating curls might catch some stray moonbeam, she put her hands upon his hair.

Footsteps came nearer and nearer—life or death was in each tread. The terrified voice of David Calderwood was heard declaring that, hours since, the Scottish brothers had fled; and still the only answer was, "Search—search!"

In their agony the two young creatures—they were both so young!—drew closer to each other; and Patrick's arms were wrapped round Lettice, as they used to be when she was a child. He whispered, "If I die, Lettice, love me!"

She pressed her cold lips upon his forehead, and that was the only vow which passed between them. The officers began to search the garden, David Calderwood following, wringing his feeble hands, "Good friends, gin ye seek till dawn, ye'll no find ae thing alive, save my puir bairn, if aye be she is in life still. Lettice—Lettice, whar are ye gane?" cried the old man, piteously.

"Go to your father—go!" murmured Patrick: but she was deaf to all voices save his now.

"I'll help ye to seek in ilka bush and brake, if only to find my puir lassie; and I pray our sovereign lady Queen Elizabeth!"

"Our sovereign lord King James of England and Scotland; that's the prayer now—so no treason, old man," said one of the officers, giving him a buffet which made poor Davie stagger. Patrick Ruthven saw and started in his hiding-place.

"An owl in the bushes—Hollo there!" shouted the men

Patrick and Lettice scarcely breathed. In her frenzy she clasped her arms passionately round his neck; her eyes, stretched out into the darkness, flashed fire; she felt that had she only a weapon at hand, she would have committed murder to save him. Vain—vain—all vain!

A crash in the bushes, a rough hand on Patrick breast—"Ho! prisoners in the king's name!"

He was taken at last.

Whether she wept, or shrieked, or prayed, whether they took any farewell of one another or no, Lettice never remembered. All that remained in her memory after that awful moment was one sight—a boat gliding down the river in the moonlight; and one sound, or words which Patrick had contrived to whisper, "The Tower—remember the Tower!"

II.

One day, in midwinter, when Tower Hill, so often reddened with blood, lay white under many inches of snow, a woman might have been seen taking her way over the portcullis into the Tower. She seemed to belong to the middle class, her hood and kirtle were of humble fashion, black and close. She was a small, insignificant looking-woman too, and seemed to be admitted into the awful state-prison, or rather to creep in there, attracting from the warders no more notice than a bird flying in at a captive's window, or a little bright-eyed mouse peering at him in the dark.

Her errand, she said, was to the governor's lady. Thither she was brought through gloomy passages that seemed to make her shudder, under narrow-barred silent windows, at which she looked up with a terrified yet eager glance, as if she expected to see appear there the wan face of some wretched prisoner. She reached the governor's apartments. There air and light were not wanting, though it was in the grim old Tower. From it might be seen the shining Thames, with ships of all nations gliding by. There were flowers, too, growing in the heavy embrasure of one window, and in the other was a group of human flowers—a young mother and her beautiful children.

The stranger briefly stated her errand. She had heard that the lady desired an attendant for her daughters, and she came to offer her services, bearing credentials from one whom the governor's wife knew.

"The name is Scottish: are you from our country?" said the graceful mother, her fair face brightening with kindness.

"My father was, and so were all my nearest ties," answered the woman in a low voice as she pulled her hood closer over her face.

"You say *was* and *were*: are all gone then?"

"Yes, madam: I am quite alone."

"Poor young thing!"

"Nay, I am not young; I am thirty-four years old."

"And you have never been married?"

"No."

"Ah!" sighed the happy young wife of twenty-five, with a sort of dignified compassion. But she was of a kindly nature, and she discerned that the stranger wore a look of great sweetness, and had withal a gentle voice—

that truest index of a womanly spirit. She enrolled her in her household at once.

"And you are willing, my good—What did you say was your Christian name?"

"Lettice."

"Are you willing to reside in the Tower? It is at best but a dreary place for us as well as for the poor prisoners: though, thanks to our merciful King James, we have had but few executions here lately."

Lettice faintly shuddered—perhaps it was to hear such gentle lips speak so indifferently of these horrors—but she answered, "I am quite satisfied, madam: even this prison seems a home to one who has just lost the only home she ever knew, and who has now none in the wide world."

She spoke with great simplicity, and in the calm manner of a woman who has been taught patience by long suffering. Nevertheless, when the governor's lady bade her take off her mantle and hood, and the three little maidens, summoned from the inner room, came gathering round her, and, won by her sweet looks, offered childish kisses, Lettice's self-control failed, and a few tears began to fall from her eyes.

"Nay, take heart, my countrywoman," said the young matron kindly: "we will make you very happy here; and perhaps find you, too, a brave yeoman warder with a good estate: King James takes care his Scottish subjects shall thrive in merry England."

And quite satisfied that in a wealthy marriage she had thus promised the chief good of life, the lady departed.

That night Lettice saw the stars rise and shine—not on the limpid Cam, not on the quaint old garden where her childish feet had played, and where afterwards—all earlier memories blotted out by those of one terrible night—she had walked patiently, bearing the burden of her sorrow for sixteen years.

Sixteen years! It was thus long since Patrick Ruthven had disappeared, and yet no tidings had ever been heard of or from him. She had exerted all energies, exhausted all schemes—so far as she dared without endangering her father's safety—but could gain no clue as to the after-fate of the doomed youth. Whether he still languished in prison, or had been freed by escape or death, all was mystery: her only certainty was that he had not perished on the scaffold.

And so praying for him day and night, and loving him continually, this faithful woman had lived on. The days and years of her youth had glided from her like the waves of a river, uncounted, for no light of love rested on them. Their onward course she neither watched nor feared.

She saw the young men and maidens of her own age pass away into the whirl of life, woo, and marry, and gather round them a third generation, while she remained the same. Wooer she had, for when sorrow comes in early youth, and fails to crush, it sometimes leaves behind a tender charm beyond all beauty, and this made Lettice not unsought. Some women—good women, too—can love in their simple, easy-hearted fashion, twice, thrice, many times. Others pour out their whole soul in one love, and have no more left to give ever after. Lettice Calderwood was one of these.

Her father lingered many years in great bodily weakness, and in an almost

fatuous old age. She tended him unweariedly until he died. Then, when she had no kindred tie left in the wide world, no duty to perform, none to love, and none to obey, she formed a resolution over which she had been long brooding, with an intensity of persevering will such as few women have, but which none ever has *except* a woman.

That resolution planned, maturely guided, carried through many hindrances, formidable indeed, but which fell like straws before the might of her great love—Lettice found herself at last an inmate of the Tower. If there—as in all human probability he was, unless no longer of this world—she should certainly discover Patrick Ruthven. Further plans she saw not clear, still doubtful as she was of his very existence. But as she sat by herself in the silent midnight, within a few yards, it might be, of the spot where, if living, he still dragged on his mournful days; or where, if dead, his spirit had parted from the body—there came upon her a conviction which often clings to those whose portion is somewhat like to hers.

"He is not dead," Lettice murmured, "else he would have come to me: he knew I should not have feared. No, he is still living; and if living, I will find and save him."

So, praying for her Patrick with the woman's pale, faded lips, as the girl had prayed sixteen years before—Lettice fell asleep.

It was a dangerous thing for the free inhabitants of the Tower to inquire too closely about the prisoners. The days of Guy Fawkes and Sir Thomas Overbury were not so long past but that all who had any interest in the enemies of King James were wisest to keep a silent tongue and close-shut eyes. Lettice Calderwood had dwelt for weeks within the walls where perchance lay her never-forgotten lover, and yet she had never heard or breathed the name of Patrick Ruthven.

Her whole time was spent with the governor's children. They, happy little creatures! played merrily outside the cells wherein was buried misery and despair. Sometimes they talked about "the prisoners" with a light unconsciousness, as if speaking of cattle, or things inanimate. Poor little ones! how could they understand the meaning of the word?

"Do you ever see the—the prisoners?" Lettice ventured to ask of them one day.

"Oh yes; a few are allowed to walk on the leads, and then we peep at them from below. We are very good friends with one or two—our father says we may."

"Who are they, my child?" If the little girl could have known the strong convulsion that passed over Lettice's heart while she put this simple question!

"We don't call them any thing; they are only prisoners. They have been here a great many years, I believe. One lives there, in the Beauchamp Tower—he is always writing; and when we go in to see him—for he likes us to come—he does nothing but puff, puff, puff!" And the laughing child put her finger in her mouth, and began mimicking a smoker to perfection.

"Mabel," said the elder sister, "you should not laugh at him, for our father says he is a good man, and the king is not very angry with him, any more than with the other man who is shut up in the Bell-Tower

You should see him, Mistress Lettice; he is *my* favourite, because he is so gentle. They say he walks on the leads between his room and the Beauchamp-Tower, night after night, watching the stars; and he plays with us children, and gets us to bring him quantities of flowers, out of which he makes such wonderful medicines. He cured Mabel of the chincough, and father of the ague, and"—

"Hush, Grace; Mistress Lettice is quite tired with your chatter. See how white she looks!"

"No—go on, my darlings; talk as much as you will," murmured Lettice; and rousing herself, she contrived to learn from them what this prisoner was like.

A little, bent man—very old, the children thought, because his hair was quite gray, except a few locks behind that were just the colour of Grace's—Lettice, holding the child on her knee, had often secretly kissed the soft fair curls; she did so now with passionate tenderness. Yet could it indeed be Patrick—so changed! The thing seemed scarce possible.

Next time the children went to see this prisoner she hid herself, where, from below, she could watch the leads on which he was accustomed to walk. There was the figure of a man, moving with the heavy, stooping, lounging gait of long captivity. Could it be that Patrick's youth had been crushed into such a pitiable semblance as this? He came and leaned on the breast-work or boundary of his narrow walk. In the distance, the features were indistinct; but something in the wavy falling of the hair reminded her of Patrick. She half uttered a cry of recognition, suppressed it, sank back, and wept. His name—if she could only learn the captive's name! But there was great mystery kept about that. The children said "he had none, he had been in the Tower so many years." Grace added, that she had once asked him, and he answered "that he had almost forgotten it." Alas, poor soul!

One day, Lettice, impelled by a wild hope, fastened in Grace's dress a little childish ornament that she herself had used to wear: it had been broken, and the boy Patrick's rude workmanship was on it still. If this man were indeed he, it might catch his eye, and bring back to his dulled memory the days of his youth. He touched the ornament, Grace said; observed that it was pretty; that he thought he had once seen one like it, he could not tell where; and then his dull mood came over him, and he would not talk any more.

Lettice's eager hope sank; but on it she lived yet longer; and day by day she watched tearfully the poor captive, who, if not Patrick, had suffered Patrick's doom.

The child Grace fell sick. Lettice grieved, for she loved the little girl; but this trouble seemed helping to work out her one great end of life. Then, at least, she might hear more of the prisoner whose skill in medicine had won the deep gratitude of both the governor and his lady. But Grace improved, and still of the invisible physician nothing was disclosed. At length one night, when the anxious mother and Lettice were watching the child, together and alone, there arose an emergency.

"The potion will be needed at dawn; 'tis near midnight, and I have not sent to—the Bell-Tower," said the mother. "What must be done? Who

can I trust?" She looked at Lettice, whom she and all the household had already learned to love—"I will trust you."

She explained briefly that the child's physician was a state prisoner, who had acquired his skill during sixteen years' captivity; that his durance was now greatly softened by the king's order; but that still, except the governor's family, he was allowed to see no one, nor to hold any communication with the outer world. "And," said the lady, "if I send you to him, you must keep silence on all concerning him, for he and his have been greatly hated by King James; and no marvel. He is Patrick, 'the last of the Ruthvens!'"

What dizzy, tumultuous joy rushed to the heart of the faithful woman, who, after long-silent years, again heard the music of that name? But she stood still and mute, calm, and gave no sign.

"Lettice, will you go?"

"I will!" and she went.

There was not a foot heard, not a breath stirring, in the grim old Tower. As, bearing the ponderous keys, she unfastened door after door, the sound of the opening locks was startling and awful. At the foot of the Bell-Tower, Lettice paused. Sixteen years seemed all swept away; her heart throbbed, and her pale brow of middle age flushed like a young girl's. Would he know her? Would she not appal him, standing suddenly like a spectre by his side? She pulled her hood over her face, and resolved to feign her voice, lest the shock might overpower his strength. Thinking of his emotion, she soon calmed her own, and came with firm step to the outer door. There gleamed a faint ray through some worm-eaten fissure; the governor's wife had told her that he always studied until late in the night. Lettice pictured him as at the old home at Cambridge, as in perpetual youth he ever dwelt in her memory. She saw him, leaning over his books, with his pale boyish features, his fair curls, his dreamy-lidded eyes. She opened the door, and saw—A gray-headed man, withered and bent, quaint and careless in dress, sat writing by lamplight. He momentarily raised his head; the face had a strange, old-world look, mingled with an aspect half of vacancy, half of abstraction. Lettice shrank aghast. It seemed as if the olden Patrick were dead for ever, and this were a phantom risen up to mock her. But when he spoke, it was his own true voice.

"Ah, you come for the child Grace's potion?" said he. "'Tis all prepared; wait a moment—listen!"

He rose, put the medicine into her hand, and proceeded to give various directions concerning it. Then he sat down again, and prepared to resume his reading. Lettice stood silent; that he did not recognise her she plainly saw, yet this was what she had desired. Why should she feel pain?

She put back her hood, and approached him: "Master Patrick Ruthven!"

He started, but it could only be to hear the long-unused Christian name; for looking up at her face, now turned fully on him, his expressed only blank unconsciousness. He did not know her!

"Madam, pardon me; I have not seen you before, but I suppose you come from little Grace. If I have omitted any thing, or forgotten—One forgets every thing here." Lettice groaned.

The poor captive looked disturbed, bewildered; restlessly he moved his

papers about, and she saw his hands, long, white, and woman-like, whose delicacy William used to mock, and Lettice to admire, the same hands she had clasped and kissed in her last frenzied agony of parting. She did so now.

"Patrick—Patrick! have you forgotten me—even me?"

He looked at her again, and shook his head. "I have seen you somewhere, I think, perhaps in the old time before I came hither; but my memory is poor, very poor. What is your name?"

"Lettice!"

A light came into his face for a moment, and faded. "It is a sweet name. I used to love it once, I believe—some one I knew bore it; but, as I said, I forget so many things now. Lettice—Lettice!" He repeated the name, as if trying to call back images of a long-past life.

Lettice's first horror was passed. She discerned all now—she saw what he had become: how, shut up from youth to manhood in that fearful prison, his life had withered there; how, as the slow vacant years crawled by, passion, affection, feeling of every kind, had grown dull. Wreck as he was—the wreck captivity had made him—her never-dying love encompassed him still.

"Patrick," she said gently, though her tears were flowing fast, "look at me, and try to think of the past. There was my father who taught you when you were a boy; and I, Lettice Calderwood, who used to be your playfellow. The old home at Cambridge—the river-bank, where you liked to sit—the garden and the laurel-trees."

His features began to quiver: "It is dim, very dim: but I think I do remember all this, ay, and you, Lettice! I am glad to see you once more."

He trembled a good deal, and looked at her many times, as though, in comparing his old recollection of her with her likeness now, the difference puzzled him.

Lettice said, faintly smiling, "You know I am old now—one changes much in sixteen years." But the smile brought back her own old self, and Patrick's mind seemed to grow clearer.

"I think," he said with a mournful simplicity—"I think I must have loved you once. I never forgot you, even here, until"—and he shuddered—"until they put me into that dark, damp cell, where I heard no sound and saw no living face, for I know not how long: I forgot every thing then."

Lettice's heart was bursting: she pressed his hands to her breast, and sobbed aloud. At first he seemed troubled by her emotion, and then, as if unable to resist, his own gray hair drooped on Lettice's shoulder, and the poor prisoner also wept. By slow degrees Patrick's memory awakened to the things of the past and of the living world; but they seemed to touch him little. He heard of David Calderwood's death with a quiet sigh—all keen sense of human pain seemed to be obliterated from his mind. After a pause he asked, though still half-indifferently, "There was my brother too—tell me something of William!"

"William acted nobly, and so acting, ceased to be unhappy!" said Lettice in a confused voice.

"Unhappy!" repeated the captive vacantly. "Ah, yes; I had forgotten: we had much sorrow in our youth—he, and you, and I!"

"Hush, Patrick! we will not speak of that. I wrote to William, and

told him all: he freed me from my promises. Time brought him comfort: he remained abroad, married, and last year—grieve not, Patrick, for, living, he had great happiness—last year he died.”

“Poor William dead!—my last brother dead!” Patrick said thoughtfully; and sat a long time wistfully gazing in the air, now and then uttering broken words, which showed his mind was recalling incidents of their boyish days. At last he said, “And you, Lettice—what of yourself?”

“I am as you left me—poor Lettice Calderwood; in nothing changed but years.” She murmured this with her eyes cast down, as if she had need to be ashamed that she had felt a woman’s pure love; that for it she had given up all sweetnesses of wifehood and motherhood, and stood there in her faded bloom, speaking no word, but letting her whole life’s story speak for her: “See how faithful I have been to *thee*!”

Perhaps, as Patrick looked on her, some sense of the greatness of this love, so strong in its oneness, so patient in its endurance, dawned upon his bewildered and long paralyzed sense. He stretched out his arms to her, crying, “I am unworthy—most unworthy! But, Lettice, love me still; help me—take care of me: do not leave me again!”

He had forgotten, and she too, all worldly things. Waking, they found that she was only humble Lettice Calderwood, and he a prisoner in the Tower. No matter—one at least had ceased to fear. When a woman once feels that all depends upon the strength of her love—that the power to will and to act of necessity lies in her hands—she gains a courage which nothing can daunt or quell. And as Lettice bade Patrick Ruthven farewell, whispering hope and tenderness which his long-dulled ears would scarce receive, she felt certain that she should set her beloved free; ay, as certain as though she stood at the head of armies to hurl King James from his throne.

Little Grace recovered; and unto the mother’s heart, still trembling with its recent joy, another heart was led to open itself, with all its burden of many years. One day, when both their spirits were attuned to confidence, Lettice told the governor’s wife her whole story. It was a story that would have melted many a one to sympathy: the young Scottish gentlewoman listened even with tears. Ruthven was her countryman, and she had shown him kindness ever since her husband was made governor; he was her child’s preserver, and she determined to try all efforts to obtain his liberty. She exerted secret influence at court, at first with hope of success; but that year the bugbear treason was loudly dinned into the pusillanimous monarch’s ears, and Tower-Hill was again watered with its red rain.

One day the little Grace and Mabel loudly lamented that they were forbidden any longer to visit their friend in the Beauchamp-Tower. On the next, Lettice and Patrick, walking on the leads, (where she had liberty to visit him now,) saw the black procession winding past, and heard distantly the heavy sound of the axe’s fall. Patrick said, “There dies a just man and a guiltless, and one that Davie Calderwood would have mourned. God receive the soul of Walter Raleigh!”

He spoke calmly, as if such sights had ceased to move him; but Lettice crouched down, hiding her face in inexpressible horror. When they

re-entered his narrow prison, she clasped her arms wildly round her betrothed—for they had plighted their troth to one another, whether it were for life or death—she held him fast: she felt that to have him safe, with freedom to see him, to love and comfort him, was blessedness even here.

And so, for a whole year, through fear lest the king's anger should be roused, nothing more was done towards effecting Ruthven's release.

When once a generous purpose roots itself in a leal Scottish heart, especially a woman's, it is not easy to uproot it thence. The governor's wife came to Lettice one day, and told her that there was hope; since Queen Anne was dead, and the king would now fear no treason from the Ruthven line. She applied to the court, and answer came that Patrick Ruthven should be set at liberty, if some near friend would solicit his pardon.

"A form—a mere form—only desired to soothe King James's pride," said the plain-speaking Scottish lady: she came from the bold race of Kirkaldy of Grange.

But form as it was, when Lettice told her lover the tidings, he shook his head in his listless way, and said it could never be.

"I have no friend in the wide world to plead for me, or to crave my pardon: all my kith and kin have died away; I am left the last of my race. No, Lettice; it is best as it is! Perchance I would have liked to go once more to the meadows by the Cam where the rare flowers grow; and it would have been a sweet and thankful duty to exercise my skill in healing on the poor and needy. But let be—let be! Do not talk of worldly liberty; we will go and look at the free, free stars that roam, night after night, over this prison, and never tire! Come, my faithful Lettice—come!

But Lettice groaned in spirit. He, long used to captivity, scarce felt the chain; she, for his sake, writhed under it like a double weight.

"Patrick," she said, leaning by him, and with him watching the few dull lights that were scattered throughout the black city which lay below, while a yellow mist rising from the river gathered over every thing, palely and cold—"My Patrick, would it not be happy to go far away from here into your own clear northern air? Look!" and she pointed to the barren osier-flats through which the Thames winds seaward—"if instead of that dull line were the mountains you told me of when we were children, the blue hills rising, height after height, like a good man's life, which grows year by year nearer to heaven, until it melts, cloudlike, into heaven itself at last!"

The prisoner sighed, and looked on the blank landscape with glistening eyes that saw not it, but some dim view beyond.

Lettice continued: "Ay, and if we were free—both free—if we could hide ourselves in some sweet spot, and live our old childlike life!"

He answered restlessly—"Do not talk of this, or else I shall die of longing; and I had grown so resigned, so content with my books and my herbs. Why did you bring me back to the bitter world?"

"To save thee, my beloved!" she answered soothingly. "To take thee out of prison, and bring back to thee the dew of thy youth. Shall it not be so?"

"How can it, when there is no one who has a right to entreat for my pardon? I have no kindred, no tie in the wide world!"

"Save one."

"Ah, true!—forgive me, my faithful love! But what can you do?"

Lettice hid her face on his shoulder. If she blushed, it was not with shame, for she knew her own pure heart, and Heaven knew it too. She rose, and spoke in a quiet, womanly tone, though somewhat trembling the while.

"Patrick, we are neither of us young; all love we bear each other is stilled into the affection that lives between two who, having wasted half a lifetime in sorrow, hope to spend the poor remainder together and in peace. You will not misjudge what I am going to say?"

"No—no," answered Ruthven in his absent manner.

"There is but one way to obtain your freedom. Dearest, long-lost, and found, let *your wife* go and plead for you before the king!"

The young kinswoman of Kirkaldy of Grange had a rebellious yearning, though she was a governor's lady. She liked to thwart King James of his captives when it could be done with safety. Secretly, in order to avoid all risk to her husband, she introduced a Scottish minister to the dismal chambers of the Bell Tower. There, in that dull prison-house, was celebrated a marriage. Brief it was, and grave: without smiles, without tears: it could not be said without love, for they did love one another, those two who, as girl and boy, had clung together so wildly in the garden by the Cam. But their love was not like that of youth: it was deep, solemn, still.

When the marriage was performed, Patrick, in his dreamy way, said, "Is it all done? Am I thy husband, Lettice?"

She answered, "Yes."

"A hard task to fulfil; a weary life to lead! But art thou content?"

She answered, "I am content." And taking his hand held it fast in that which would now guide him through life.

"Nay, have no fear, friends," cheerfully said the brave Scottish lady who had aided them so much. "King James is feeble-hearted, and he has heard the people's outcry against Raleigh's twelve years' imprisonment, sealed at last with blood. He dare not do the like again. Lettice, take comfort; you will soon have your husband free."

She heard the word—she who had never dreamed of any other life than one of aimless loneliness, over which hung the pale shadow of that early-lost love. Her heart melted under the sense of its great content, and she wept as softly and joyfully as though she had been a young bride.

"Will his majesty appear to-day, my Lord of Buckingham?" said one of the Scottish attendants of the palace at Whitehall, meeting the twin stars of James's court—"Steenie," and "Baby Charles."

"Wherefore, good Ferguson?"

"Because, my lord, there is a person here craving audience who has been recommended to me by a countrywoman of my own."

"A woman is it? My prince, let us see!"

The woman rose up and curtailed beneath the gaze of royalty and nobility;

but she had nothing in her to retain either. She was pale, little, and of middle age. "Steenie" gave her a mock salutation; Prince Charles, ever chivalrous to women, acknowledged her lowly reverence with his dignified, half-melancholy, Stuart smile, and the two youths passed out.

"The king is coming, Mistress Ruthven; now is your time!" whispered young Allan Ferguson.

He entered—the poor feeble pedant, to whom had dwindled down the ancient line of Scotland's kings. Surrounding him were the great and noble of the day: Gondomar, the gay Spanish ambassador; the Lord-Chancellor Bacon; all the choicest of the English nobility left after the death-sweeping reigns of Mary and Elizabeth; and those of the king's own country whom his conciliatory rule had detached from various factions, to join in fidelity to the one branch of the Stuart family now remaining.

"Hech, sirs, wha's here?" James cried, in his sharp quivering voice, through which rang the good-humour produced by a satisfactory arrangement with Spain-completed that same hour. "Petitioning, my bonnie woman! Aweel, then say your say!"

Lettice told her story in words so broken that they would scarce have been understood save for the earnestness of her eyes. It was a story touching and interesting even to James and his frivolous court. To them it sounded new and curious to hear of a woman who had loved and suffered, waited and hoped, and gone through all trial for *one* man's sake, for seventeen years. And it so chanced that their possible mockery of her long maiden life was prevented by Lettice always unconsciously saying "my husband," as the governor's wife had charged her to say, instead of mentioning at once the hated name of Ruthven.

James looked discomposed. "My lords, a king maun do as he wills; ye a' ken the chapters in my 'Basilicon Doron' respecting free monarchies, and the right or prerogative of rulers. But I wadna keep an innocent man—mind, ye, an *innocent* man—in prison for saxteen—did she no say saxteen years? Woman, wha may ye be? and why dinna ye tell your husband's name?"

"It is a name, the bearing of which was the only wrong he ever did your majesty: I am the wife of Patrick Ruthven!"

James turned pale, as he ever did at the sound of that dreaded name. He never forgot that it was a Ruthven who acted in that scene of blood which impressed cowardice on the nature of the yet unborn babe: he never forgot the actors in the Gowrie Plot, who, for a brief space, caused him, a king by birth and right, to be tied and bound like a felon.

He frowned, and looked round on his courtiers, who kept a discreet silence. Then he said with a pedantic air, "Woman, I will hear thee again on this matter," and passed into the audience-chamber.

Lettice's heart grew cold. It was a horrible thing to reflect that life or death lay on the fiat of that poor, vain, fickle king. No! On the fiat of a King far higher, whose government was not kingdoms, but worlds. Kneeling where she had knelt to King James, she knelt to Him, and prayed.

There came, crossing the empty chamber, one of the nobles who had formed one of the monarch's train. He was an old man, tall and pale. His demeanour savoured more of the courtly grace of Elizabeth's reign than the foppish gallantry of James's. He announced his name at once.

"Mistress Ruthven, I am the Earl of Hertford."

She had heard it in the Tower. It had been long chronicled there as a portion of that mournful story of the Lady Catharine Grey, sister to Queen Jane, who, marrying Hertford without Elizabeth's consent, had been imprisoned until her young life's close.

He was an old man now, but something in Lettice's story had touched him with the days of his youth. He came to say that he would plead her cause with the king, and that he thought she had good reason to hope.

"And you have been parted ever since your marriage—seventeen years?"

"We are but newly married, my lord; our bridal was in the Tower," said Lettice, who never said aught but truth.

"Ah! no need to tell the king that: yet it makes a sadder tale still. Where abides your husband in the Tower?"

"In the Bell Tower—a narrow, dreary spot."

"I know—I know!" He turned away, perhaps remembering the poor young mother who had there given birth to his two brave sons. He, too, had felt the bitterness of captivity; and as he departed from Lettice, having given her both counsel and cheer, she heard the old nobleman muttering to himself, "Seventeen years!—seventeen years!"

Patrick Ruthven sat in his tower poring over his wealth of books. An August sunbeam quivering in, rested on a bunch of dried flowers, which the herbalist was examining with great earnestness. He scarce lifted up his head when the light footstep warned him of his wife's entrance.

"Lettice," he said, "*cureka!*—('I have found it!') This plant must be the veritable hemlock of the ancients—the potion which gave Socrates death. Compare the description—see."

He looked at her: she was trembling all over with joy.

"My husband," she said breathlessly, "leave these books; come and gaze out in the clear morning air: how fresh it is; how free—free—free!"

She repeated the word, that her tidings might dawn upon him slowly, not too bewilderingly. She drew him out upon the prison-leads, and bade him look northwards, where in the distance the ripening wheat-fields shone wave upon wave like yellow seas.

"Think, Patrick, to go thither; to sit down under the sheaves like little children, as we used to do; to hear the trees rustling, and see the swallows fly; and then to go home—to a quiet safe cottage home. Oh, Patrick, my husband, you are free!"

"I am free!" He, the prisoner for seventeen years, neither fell down in a swoon of transport, nor wept, nor grew wild with ecstasy. He only uttered the words in a monotonous, incredulous tone—"I am free!" His wife embraced him with passionate joy; he kissed her, stroked her still fair cheek—fairer still since she had once more known peace—and then went slowly back into his dark room.

There he sat motionless, while Lettice busied herself in putting together the books and scientific matters which had gradually accumulated round the captive. Then she brought him attire suitable for a man of middle rank at that period.

"You must not wear this out in the world, my Patrick," said the wife, touching his threadbare robe of a fashion many years back.

"Must I not?" said he, contemplating the dress, which seemed to him gaudy and strange. "Lettice," he murmured, "I am afraid—is the world so changed? Must I give up my old ways?"

But she soothed him with quiet words, and made ready for his departure. Ere they quitted the Bell-Tower, he went into the little closet which had been his bedchamber, and, kneeling down, thanked God, and prayed for all captives a deliverance like his own. As he rose, there peeped at him a bright-eyed mouse.

"Poor fellow-prisoner, whom I have fed so many years, who will feed thee now?" And breaking off some food, he called the little creature to his hand, and gave it its last meal.

Then leaning on his wife's arm, for he trembled, and seemed feeble as a child, Patrick Ruthven left the Tower. He had entered it a youth of nineteen; he quitted it a worn-out, prematurely old man of thirty-six. The prime and glory of manhood had been wasted in that gloomy prison. Thank God, there is no such doom for *innocence* now!

Far past what then was London's utmost verge, Lettice Ruthven led her husband. He walked through the streets like one in a dream: all sounds stunned him; all sights bewildered him. If a chance eye noticed his somewhat strange aspect, he clung to Lettice with terror, lest he should again be taken. She told him there was no fear, that the king had granted him a free pardon; that Prince Charles, the merciful and warm-hearted, had settled on him a pension for life. All this he heard as if he heard it not. Nothing soothed him but Lettice's calm smile.

They came to the place which she had chosen as their first abode. It was a farm-house, planted on one of the hills to the north of London. Above was a great wide heath; below, numberless little undulating valleys, with trees and meadows, harvest-fields and streams. There, after sunset, they took their evening walk. He, long used to the close air of the prison, shivered even at the warm summer wind; and his feeble limbs, accustomed to pace their narrow round, could scarce endure fatigue. But Lettice wrapped him warm, and took him to a soft-wooded bank with a stream running below. There he lay, his head on her lap, listening to the ripple of the water.

He had never heard that sound since he was a boy sitting beside the Cam, on the night his brother sailed from Harwich. Though his memory was dull yet, and he rarely spoke of the past, perhaps he thought of it now, for the tears crept through his shut eyes, and he whispered—"Lettice, you are sure, quite sure, that afterwards William was happy?"

She told him again and again that it was indeed so. She did not tell him how—though William grew renowned abroad—he never sent for tidings of his imprisoned brother. She would not pain the fraternal love which had kept its faith through life so close and true.

"And, Patrick, are you happy?"

He answered "Yes!" softly, like a drowsy child. His wife leaned over him, and her hand fell on his hair, once so beautiful, now quite gray. Something of protection was there in her love for him: the mingling of reverence and tender care, due alike to his great mental power and his almost infantile simplicity in worldly things. All he had, she honoured

with her whole soul; all he had not, she, possessing, made his own. She was a fit wife for him. And so, in this deep content and peace, the sun set upon Patrick Ruthven's last day of captivity.

III.

A house, simple, yet not mean, facing the river-side at Chelsea; its upper stories fanned by that line of majestic trees which you, reader, may still stroll under; and if you are of dreamy mood, I know no sweeter spot than Cheyne Walk in the moonlight; the river lying silvery and calm; the tall trees rustling among their branches; telling tales of the quaint old mansions they overshadow. But the house of which we were speaking was far humbler than these. Its occupants had chosen it more for the sake of the trees and the river than for any interior show. They lived retired; and when, as now, the master re-entered his own door, he was not met by a troop of domestics, but by one little, old, gentle-looking woman—his wife.

Twenty more years had passed over the head of Lettice Ruthven, yet something of its ancient airiness was in her footstep still; and in her eyes shone the same loving light, for it was kindled at an altar where the fire was never suffered to decay.

"You are late to-night, Patrick," she said.

"Ay, I have been all through the meadows at Chiswick, in search of herbs for a poor lad down there who is stricken with ague. I stayed late gathering them, and there came by a couple of Roundheads, who hooted at me for a wizard hunting for charmed plants in the moonlight. Ah, me! do I look such a weird creature, Lettice?" asked the old man in a piteous, humble tone.

He certainly had an out-of-the-world aspect in his long white beard and hair, and his black serge gown, which he wore to indicate his character as physician. And there was a passive gentleness in his voice which showed how little able he was to assert his own dignity, or to fight his own battles with the hard world. Well for him that neither had been needed; that for twenty years his life had flowed in a quiet stream, he growing continually more absorbed in his favourite studies, and leaving all mundane matters to his faithful helpmate. She did not usually trouble him with any of these latter, but on this day she seemed longing to talk of something else besides the additions he was making to the "Middlesex Flora," or the wonderful cures he had wrought with simples until then unknown; or, what he carefully kept to his wife's ears alone, his discoveries in those abstruse and occult sciences, the love of which seemed inherent in the Ruthven blood.

"I have found it out," he said; "the parchment charm worn by my brother, the Earl John. All these years I have kept it, and never deciphered it until now. It will bring to us and all our children great prosperity."

"All our children!" repeated Lettice mournfully. She looked at a corner of the room where hung, each in its never-changed place, a boy's plumed hat, and beside it a heap of well-worn childish books, mementos of two sons who had come and been taken away, leaving the hearth desolate.

"Ah, I forgot!" said the father with a light sigh. "Bravely did Aleck

read his Greek Galen; and as for poor Willie, he knew every plant in Battersea Fields. Well might the gossips mock at me, saying, 'Physician, save thyself;' or rather, thy two better selves. But I could not. I am aye good for little, very little."

His wife took his hand affectionately, and said, smiling through her tears, "Nay, there is many a one hereabouts who lifts his hat when Dr. Ruthven passes by. If the vulgar mock, the learned honour my husband. And, Patrick," she murmured with her sweet voice of calm, which hid all sorrow from him, "though our two boys are with God, He has left us our Marie: I saw her to-day."

"Did she come hither?"

"No, she cannot easily leave the queen's household, you know. But she bade me meet her at some friend's," and a faint expression of pain crossed the mother's face. "Perhaps she was right; I am scarce fit to mingle with court ladies, as Marie does; and Marie is growing as beautiful and as stately as any of them all."

"Is she?" said Dr. Ruthven absently. He never felt the same affection for his daughter as he had done for his two lost sons. Marie had in early youth been separated from her family, and taken under the care of the wife of the former lieutenant of the Tower—now become a countess, and in high favour in the queen's household. Through her means the little girl was afterwards adopted by Henrietta Maria, to be educated at court, and raised to the position due to the last daughter of the direct Ruthven line.

"She had tidings for me, Patrick—tidings that may well make a mother's heart both tremble and rejoice. The queen wishes to dispose of our daughter in marriage."

Ruthven lifted his eyes, dropped them, and then became intent upon a handful of flowers which he had drawn from the great coarse bag he always carried in his rambles. It was evident he took little interest in the news which had so agitated the mother.

"Do you not wish to know who it is that will wed our Marie—ay, and at once—for all is fixed?"

"I hope it may be some good man. Young women usually do marry—I am glad she should do so; but you know, Lettice, I am a quiet, dreamy, old philosopher; I have forgotten all such things."

So spoke, after nearly forty years, the boyish lover who had sat mournfully by the side of the Cam. But this life is an eternal progression. Young, passionate love must of necessity change its forms. Yet what matters that, if its essence remains the same? Lettice, the wife of many years, keeping in her heart still something of its fresh, womanly romance, neither murmured nor felt pain that with her husband the day of love had gradually passed into evening-tide. And as with her, so should it be with all. Never should a maiden give her troth, never should a bride stand at the altar, unless she can look calmly forward to the time when all romance melts into reality; when youth and passion cease, and even long-assured affection, from its very certainty, at times grows tame. Never ought a woman to take the marriage-vow unless she can bear to think fearlessly of the time when she will sit an old wife by her old husband's side, while her only influence over him, her only comfort for herself, lies in the strength

of that devotion which, saying not alone in words but in constant deeds—"I love thee!" desires and exacts no more.

This picture was Lettice Ruthven in her old age.

She might have sighed to hear Patrick speak so forgetfully of those things which she with great tenderness remembered still—for women cling longer than men to the love-days of their youth—but she never thought of bringing the brightness of that olden dream to contrast painfully with their calm life now. She passed over her husband's words, and kept silence, musing on her daughter's future.

"He is a rich man, and one of great renown, this Sir Anthony Vandyck," she said at last. "Being the king's painter, he saw our Marie frequently at court: no wonder he thought her beautiful, or that he should learn to adore, as she says he does. I wonder if she loves him?"

"Fret not thyself about that, good-wife, but come and tie up this bundle of herbs for me. There, hang it on the wall, and then sit by me with thy knitting-needles, which I like to watch until I go to sleep. I am so weary, Lettice."

She arranged the cushion under his head: he looked quite old now, far more so than she, though they were nearly equal in years. But he never recovered the long imprisonment which had enfeebled all the springs of life. Lettice watched him as he slept—his pale, withered face, his thin hands, and her undying tenderness enfolded him yet. Dearly she had cherished her children—the two dead boys, the daughter now her sole pride—but this one great love was beyond them all.

Ten years more—ten years, during which the kingdom had been torn from its foundations; and the humble physician and his wife still lived on—safe in their obscurity. The storm had touched them, however; for with the overthrow of kingly power had ceased the pension granted by Charles I. to Patrick Ruthven. They were poor, very poor, and in their poverty was none to aid; for the aged parents were worse than childless. Marie—the young widow of Sir Anthony Vandyck, and soon afterwards the wife of Sir John Pryse—Marie had forsaken them. Still they lived on, needing little; but that little was always supplied. Patrick practised as a wandering physician and herbalist, so far as his declining strength allowed, and now and then they received help from their trusty friend, the leal-hearted Scottish lady who had contrived their marriage in the Tower. Day by day the faithful wife of Patrick Ruthven proved the truth of those truest words: "*I have been young, and now am old, yet never saw I the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread.*"

One day, when the January twilight was fast closing in, Lettice sat waiting for her husband. He had been absent since morning, having journeyed to London with a young boy whose life he had once saved, and who oftentimes faithfully guarded the old physician's failing steps. Lettice waited, and waited, until it grew dark. The slow pulse of age is not easily stirred with the quick fears of youth. Yet she was growing alarmed, when she heard a well-known step, and Patrick Ruthven tottered in.

"My husband, what is this?" cried Lettice, for his aspect was wild and disordered. He trembled violently, and kept continually his hand before his eyes. At last he slowly removed it, and looked fearfully around.

"I think I shall not see it here; I have seen it all the way home—the axe, the block—even the snow on the hedge-side seemed dyed with blood! Oh Lettice, Lettice, it was horrible!"

She, in her seclusion, knew nothing of what had happened on that doomed day, which she had spent calmly sitting in her quiet cottage—the 29th of January, 1649. She thought her husband's mind was wandering, as it well might, to the horrors of his youth and middle age. She tried to soothe him, but in vain. Some great shock had evidently overwhelmed the old man's feeble powers. As he sat in his arm-chair, shudder after shudder came over him. Often he clutched his wife's hand convulsively, or muttered broken exclamations. At last he said, speaking somewhat more connectedly, "I will tell thee all, Lettice. This day I went to London; the streets were crowded with people, thronging, as it were, to some great sight. I asked a soldier if it were so. He laughed, and said there was indeed at Whitehall a rare show—a royal show. I thought it was the king restored, so I said with gladness, 'God bless King Charles!' Then the soldier smote me down. Look, Lettice!" He held up his bruised arm, and his wife turned pale. "Nay, it is nothing; for the people rescued me soon, and one man cried, 'We have blood enough on our heads this day.' So the crowd bore me on with them till we came to Whitehall."

Lettice ever changed countenance at the word, which brought back that great crisis in her life—when she came to the palace to plead for her husband's freedom. She said anxiously, "And what didst thou see there, Patrick?"

"A black scaffold, an axe, a block, sights I knew well!" he answered, shuddering. His wife came closer to him, but could not calm his rising excitement. "Yes," he cried, "it was indeed a royal show—it was the murder of a king!"

There was a dead pause, and then Patrick continued.

"He came forth, stepping from his own palace-window to the scaffold. When he appeared, women shrieked, even men wept. For me—the strength of my youth seemed restored; I lifted my voice in the crowd, crying out, 'I am Patrick Ruthven! That man's father sent my father to the block, slew my two brothers, imprisoned me for seventeen years; yet would I not take life for life. God defend King Charles!' But the people crushed round, and silenced me. There was an awful hush; then I saw the axe shining—saw it fall."

The old man gasped, shivered, and was seized with a sort of convulsion. All night he raved of things long past, of the scenes of blood which had marked his childhood, of those he had witnessed in the Tower. Towards morning these paroxysms ceased, and with ebbing strength there came over him a great calm. He tried to rise, and walked with Lettice's help to their fireside. But he staggered as he moved, and sinking in his arm-chair, said piteously, "I am so weary—so weary!" Then he fell into a quiet slumber.

While he slept, there entered the Scottish lady. She was attired in black, her countenance full of grief and horror. She came hastily to say she was going abroad, to join her unhappy mistress. Her heart seemed bursting with its load of indignant sorrow.

"Look you," cried she, "I never loved the Stuart line: even my husband says that, as a king, the king erred; but I would have given my right hand

to save the life of Charles Stuart. And I wish that I may yet see this vile England flow with blood, to atone for that which rests upon it this day! But, Lettice, you are calm—these horrors touch not you?”

And then mournfully Lettice told of what had befallen her husband.

The lady stepped quickly and noiselessly to look at Dr. Ruthven. He still slept, but over his face had come a great change. The temples had fallen in, there were dark lines round the eyes; yet over all was a sweetness and peace like that of childhood. Lettice almost thought she saw in him the image of the boy Patrick, her playfellow by the Cam. She said so to her friend, who answered nothing, but stood steadfastly gazing a long time. Then she took Lettice's hand, and looked at her solemnly, even with tears. But she did not speak, nor did Lettice.

“I shall come back here to-morrow; my journey may wait a day,” she muttered, and departed.

Lettice Ruthven went to her husband's side, and watched him until he awoke. It was with a quiet smile. “What think you, dear wife, I have been dreaming of the old time at Cambridge. How long is that ago?” She counted, and told him, more than fifty years. “It seems like a day. How happy we were, Lettice—you, and William, and I! How we used to sit by the river-side on summer nights, and play by moonlight among the laurels! I think, when I gain strength enough, we will go and see the old place once more.”

So he talked at intervals, all day referring to incidents which had vanished even from Lettice's memory. For thirty years he had not spoken of these things; and Lettice, while she listened, felt a vague awe stealing over her. Something she remembered to have heard, that at life's close the mind often recurs vividly to childhood, while all the intermediate time grows dim. Could it be so now?

At night Patrick did not seem inclined for rest. He said he would rather stay in his arm-chair by the fireside. There, sometimes talking, sometimes falling into slumber, the old man lay, his wife watching over him continually. Gradually the truth dawned upon her—that on the path they had long trodden together, *his* steps would be the soonest to fail. To the eternal land, now so near unto both, he would be the first to depart.

“It is well!” she murmured, thinking not of herself, but only of his helplessness—as a mother thinks of a child whom she would fain place in a safe home rather than leave in the bitter world alone. “All is best thus. It is but for a little while.” And she ceased not to comfort herself with these words—“A little while—a little while!”

When Patrick woke, his mind had begun to wander. He fancied himself in the old house at Cambridge; he talked to his aged wife as to the girl Lettice whom he had loved. More especially, he seemed to live over again the night when he was taken prisoner.

“I will hide here, but I will not see Lettice—William's Lettice! If I suffer, no one shall know. Hark, how the laurels are shaking! We must keep close. I clasp thee, love—I clasp thee! Why should I fear?”

Thus he continued to talk, but gradually more brokenly, until, just before dawn, he again slept. It was a winter's morning, pale but clear. There was something heavenly in the whiteness of the snow; Lettice looking at it thought of the shining robes—white “such as no fuller on earth

can whiten them"—with which the long-enduring shall be clothed upon, one day. That day seemed near—very near, now.

She heard her husband call her. He had awakened once more, and in his right mind. "Is it morning?" he asked faintly. "I feel so strangely to-day. Lettice, take care of me." She came to him, and laid his head on her breast. Patrick looked up, and smiled. "Dear wife, my comforter and sustainer! I have been happy all my life—I am happy now."

He closed his eyes, and his features sank into an expression of perfect rest. Once or twice he murmured his wife's name, those of his two boys, and another—unuttered for years—the name of *Marie*. Then, and not till then, the cruelly forsaken mother wept.

The old man's breathing grew fainter—the solemn hour was nigh. Lettice said softly, "My husband, let us pray." She knelt beside him, still holding his hands, and prayed. When she arose, his soul was just departing. He whispered smiling, "Come soon!" And Lettice answered, "Yes, love—yes!" It was all the farewell needed for a parting so peaceful and so brief.

Thus Patrick Ruthven died

"You will come abroad with me, my poor Lettice," said the Scottish lady affectionately. But Lettice refused, saying it was not worth while changing her way of life for such a little time.

"Alas, a bitter life yours has been! It seems always the good who suffer!" bitterly said the lady. "How strange seem the inequalities of this world!"

Lettice Ruthven lifted her aged face, solemn yet serene. "Not so: I loved, I spent my whole life for him I loved; I have been happy, and I thank God for all." These were the only words that she would say.

Patrick Ruthven and his wife have long been forgotten; even their very burial place is unknown. But there lives not one true heart—surely not one *woman's* heart—that, in dreaming over their history, would not say, "These two were not unhappy, for they feared God, and loved one another."

THE EDUCATION MOVEMENT.

BY men of all classes in this country the vast importance of the question, "In what way are efficient means to be provided for the education of the people?" is now almost universally recognised. It is seen that this question is interwoven with nearly all others that can engage the attention of the public; that to a want of education are to be attributed much of the crime and pauperism, so destructive to individuals, and so expensive and dangerous to society, that now exist in the land; that by its want baneful superstitions are fed, class prejudices fostered, sectarian differences increased, and the moral and intellectual character of the population lowered and degraded. To an increase in the means of education the statesman looks for better subjects, fewer offences against the laws, and less necessity for criminal legislation; the clergyman for the removal of that dense ignorance that is a constant obstruction to his best efforts. All lovers of their country look to the general spread of sound education as among the most certain means of keeping Britain in her high position among the nations of the earth. While the importance of the subject is thus admitted, there is on all sides a desire expressed that "something should be done;" and at every public meeting, no matter of what class, or party, or sect, the expression of no desire is more certain of a cheer than this. It is true that in numerous cases the feeling is evinced only in words, but in many others it is made more strikingly apparent in works; and everywhere the same sense of the importance of the education question, and the same earnest desire to see it speedily solved, are clearly manifested.

But here the unanimity ends, and those who met heartily on the same broad general grounds part company, each to carry out his own views in his own peculiar way. The constant bearing of education on every great question of the day, and every topic of human interest, here becomes one of the greatest obstacles to its progress. It is seldom or never considered alone; men seem unable to divest themselves of the fears or hopes which its bearing on their own long-cherished opinions excites, and consequently it has been repeatedly mixed up with questions of free trade and finance; of establishment and dissent; of central tyranny and local freedom; of the primitive idea of a state and the practice of legislative expediency. In truth, under the mighty shadow which this great question casts, its own battle has never yet been fairly fought, but a series of uncertain and irre-

gular skirmishes between rival sects and parties have taken place, in which the great issue has never been fairly tried, and the quarrel has often degenerated into one of mere statistics. Nor should it be concealed that the great mass of the people have contented themselves with a kind of stereotyped acquiescence in the general principle that education is a good thing, and it is desirable it should be generally diffused; but when they are asked to move a step further, when a plan is proposed or money sought, then comes either supineness or difference of opinion; little progress is made, and no lasting influence created. It is not to be wondered at that successive governments should have done so little in this matter; that they should have contented themselves with a small beginning; advancing slowly and cautiously, and desisting from any great measure until the real feeling of the country should have been ascertained or expressed, and the animosity of party to some extent cooled down.

We enter on the consideration of this difficult subject in no party or sectarian spirit; we shall endeavour to deal justly and fairly with the views and the practical efforts of all parties; we neither believe, on the one hand, that religious sects are more anxious to make proselytes than to educate the people, nor, on the other, that those who desire to separate religious and secular education desire to bring up a race of infidels and scorners of Christianity; we do not believe that any government in this country would dare, or, if daring, would be able to use education as an instrument of tyranny; nor, on the other hand, do we think that the fear of losing local influence is the reason why many deprecate government interference; and we shall endeavour to consider the question as far as possible without reference to the extraneous matter by which it is encumbered, and almost concealed. We trust that those who peruse this Paper will dispose their minds to the same spirit, and endeavour to forget, in the higher and nobler idea of the education of the people, those feelings of jealousy and mistrust which the discussion of the subject, as hitherto carried on, has had too great a tendency to engender.

What, we must first inquire, is to be understood by NATIONAL EDUCATION? In its popular and generally understood sense, it means such a provision made by the nation (or the legislature, which is the same thing) for education, that no child shall grow up in ignorance. This education, by itself, may be defined as instruction in those branches of knowledge most useful and important to the child, and that religious training best adapted to implant virtuous habits and correct ideas of duty towards God and man. There is another view of the education of children as opposed to school education which is unfortunately seldom brought into prominent notice, but which it is of the utmost consequence that all should bear in mind—this, namely, that no child grows up without being educated; that if not educated in a school or at home, he is educated in the streets; if not instructed by teachers, then by companions older than himself in wickedness; if not educated in virtue, then in vice; and that the latter kind of education is, by the very nature of man, usually more thorough and more efficient of its kind than the former. All mere police regulations cannot prevent it: stop it in one way, and it reappears in another. It can only be diminished, and ultimately superseded, by an extension of school education;

and in what way this can be more effectually done, under existing circumstances, is the great question which all right-thinking men are now so anxious to see satisfactorily answered.

It appears very strange that any doubt should ever have been expressed of the duty incumbent on society to act in this matter with such power and force as the necessities of the case require. The mere instinct of self-preservation might have shown that it was dangerous to remain inactive, and the fact that the agency of individuals, even when combined in societies, did little to mitigate the evil, was sufficient proof that the voice and power of society, as expressed in the law and the government, were the only efficient remedies. The duty, like all others, could be neglected, and was neglected; and as a matter of course was followed by its own punishment, in the shape of those moral diseases that overtake every society in which a large portion of its members are left to grow up in ignorance and crime. Ignorance and vicious training are the parents of all kinds of crime, and criminals destroy wealth instead of producing it, and become a heavy tax on society, both directly and indirectly. No other argument than this—and even this is not the highest that could be employed—seems necessary to show that it is the duty of society to act in this matter—a duty which it cannot shake off; which is not to be considered a voluntary act, but obedience to an unavoidable command. With the practical fruits of ignorance so apparent, it is a mere waste of time to discuss whether the primitive idea of a state justifies such an interference: no man can tell what that idea was, and its discussion may, without regret, be left to the youngest members of the youngest debating society.*

Society, however, should interpose its authority and power only in certain circumstances. If adequate means of education were provided, and sufficiently used by the people—if it were clear that the provision would be permanent—if, in short, the state of education were entirely satisfactory—then society need not interfere, inasmuch as it would have nothing to

* We are not so sanguine as to suppose that the general spread of education will tear up crime root and branch; but it is a fact that criminals are almost exclusively drawn from the uneducated classes. By diminishing the latter, the former would be diminished also. At all events, it is a system utterly unworthy of a great country and of a civilized age, to squander such enormous sums on the punishment, and so little on the prevention of crime. What will the future historian say, and, what is of more consequence, how do the living tax-payers feel, at the recital of such facts as the following? Irrespective altogether of local taxation, we are at this moment paying £2000 every day in the year for prisons and convict establishments at home and in the colonies, and at the same time £350 per day goes to promote the education of the people of England, Wales, and Scotland; the Millbank Penitentiary, opposite the palace of the Archbishop of Canterbury, on the river Thames, takes nearly £1000 a year more for the confinement, watching, and keep of 1300 prisoners; than 284 schools in Lancashire and Cheshire take for educating 40,000 children; while Van Diemen's Land, with a criminal population of about 6000, costs the country more by £600 than the whole education grant to Ireland, under which nearly half a million of children are now being educated; and more than £1 per annum per head is spent on the religious instruction of these same 6000 convicts, while in the heart of Liverpool there are as many people, happily not yet convicts, whose spiritual destitution and ignorance of religion are so great, that a clergyman labouring in the district is forced to say with sad truth, that "*the majority are simply not Christians.*"†

† *Missions at Home; or a Clergyman's Account of a Portion of the Town of Liverpool.* By the Rev. A. Hume, LL.D. P. 12.

do; but if the reverse of this were the truth, if the provision were insufficient in quantity, and often bad in quality—if the use made of it by a large portion of the population were merely nominal, and another large portion never used it at all—if no permanence were visible in the system—if it were seen to be almost entirely dependent on the bounty of the rich, and the care of the religious inhabitants of each locality—a system sinking by the death of its friends—changing with every change in trade, and often fluctuating with sectarian rivalry—if, in short, education were in a very unsatisfactory state, and that it had reached this state amid efforts unprecedentedly great in its favour, it is clear that in such circumstances the interference of society through the law and the government is not only justifiable, but loudly called for.

It is with much regret that we are compelled to say that such circumstances exist in our country at the present time—an opinion to which we have slowly and reluctantly come, but in support of which the proof is overwhelming, as we shall proceed to show.

I. The provision now made for education is insufficient in quantity.

At the last census, in 1841, the population of the United Kingdom was as follows:—

England	14,995,138
Wales	911,608
Scotland	2,620,184
Ireland	8,175,124

Total 26,702,049

The population of England and Wales may be now estimated at about 18,000,000; of Scotland about 3,000,000: in Ireland it is questionable whether, considering the losses from famine and emigration, there has been any increase since 1841. In round numbers, the population of the United Kingdom may be estimated at present as about 30,000,000. About one-fourth of this number may be said to consist of children of an age to attend school; and if every child attended school for ten years—a period not too long, when the time that should be spent in the Infant-School is considered—there ought to exist in the United Kingdom not only an actual provision for, but an actual attendance of, seven and a half millions of children at efficient day-schools. It may be said that this is too high a standard ever to be realized in this country; that many parents will not send their children to school at all, and that many others will take them away long before they have completed ten years; and that, if even half the number were found in attendance, the result would be, on the whole, satisfactory. But no number that falls short of the proportion above stated will be completely efficient; the practices of parents with regard to the education of their children may explain, but cannot justify, a bad system; and in forming an idea of the existing state of things, it is desirable to compare it with an efficient state, even though the latter should be at present ideal and unattainable. But to be on the moderate side, let us take the estimate of one-sixth, adopted by Dr. Hook:* schools, then, ought to exist for 5,000,000.

* On the Means of rendering more Efficient the Education of the People. By W. F. Hook, D.D., Vicar of Leeds. 1846. P. 22.

Is such a number of children in attendance at day-schools? Unfortunately sufficient materials do not exist for a complete answer to this question, and the greater part of the statements from which statistics are made up are of old date, and often of no value. Nevertheless, let us see what results can be obtained from existing statements.* According to the returns of 1833, there were in England and Wales 1,276,947 children in daily-schools. From 1833 to 1849 the government had granted about £425,000 towards the erection of new schools. In these accommodation was provided for 656,021 children. The number of schools built without government aid during the same time cannot be accurately ascertained; but, according to what Dr. Hook calls "a liberal estimate," it is about 100 each year. This would be an aggregate of 1600 new schools, affording accommodation to perhaps 300,000 children. This is clearly an over-estimate; but accepting it in lieu of a better, it would increase the new accommodation provided to that sufficient for about 1,000,000 of children, which, added to the old, would give an aggregate of about two and a quarter millions. This statement must be received with many qualifications: *first*, no allowance is made for schools that may have been given up since 1833, either by being superseded by the new schools or otherwise; *second*, the Earl of Kerry's returns were notoriously incorrect; and *third*, though new provision has been made for about 1,000,000 of scholars, it is almost certain that not half that number are in attendance—a statement founded on the fact, that in 2292 schools assisted by government, accommodation is provided for 563,781, and the average daily attendance is 259,519, or less than one-half. Some of the schools, towards the building of which government has granted money, are now actually closed.† Making allowance for all these circumstances, it may be safely said that at the present moment the number of children attending day-schools in England and Wales does not exceed, if it even reach, 2,000,000. The number of children attending church-

* When the reader observes that throughout this Paper no notice is taken of Sunday-schools, let it not be supposed that we have not a high and just appreciation of their value, and of the zeal and self-denial of their teachers. They are not mentioned in the present Paper, because they are not included in its range. We have to do with ordinary day-schools, which are to be supplemented, not superseded, by Sunday-schools: the latter can never take the place of the former.

† The Rev. F. Watkins, government inspector of schools in York, Durham, and Northumberland, says in his reports for 1848-1849, "On glancing at my list of schools, I can count up thirty-eight in Yorkshire only (that is, nearly one-fifth of the whole number on the list) which are thus hovering between life and death, or which are already extinct as daily-schools. Of those in Northumberland and Durham I cannot speak with any approach to accuracy. But I see no reason why they should be fewer in proportion to the whole number of schools in those counties. And if the same proportion exists in other parts of England, the subject has already obtained an extent and significance which may well entitle it to the early and careful consideration of those who have authority and power to act in this matter." At a meeting held in Manchester on 27th December, 1848, ("Manchester Guardian," 30th December), a report was read by the Rev. Mr. McKerrow, in which it was stated that a very considerable number of day-schools connected with places of worship in Manchester and Salford had been discontinued. Reference was made at the same meeting to other schools in Manchester that had been discontinued, in one of which "the individual employed to sweep out the school, and keep it in a state fit for occupation, could not obtain a single item of payment for the discharge of those very important duties."

schools is, according to the returns of the National Society, 955,865, or in round numbers 1,000,000. If we suppose, what is perhaps an over-estimate, that as many children are found in other schools, we arrive at the same conclusion as stated above.

In Ireland there are in the schools connected with the National Board 480,623 pupils; and if we suppose that half that number attend other schools, the number in Ireland cannot exceed three-quarters of a million.

In Scotland the provision, as stated by Lord Melgund in the House of Commons, 19th June, 1850, was as follows:—

883 Parish Schools.....	74,300 scholars.
200 Supplemental do.	16,800 ...
125 General Assembly do.	15,000 ...
	106,100 ...
816 Free Church Schools	65,000 ...
Other schools, say	150,000 ...
	321,100 ...

Sir George Clerk "believed this was rather an over-estimate than otherwise, and that 300,000 would be nearer the mark."

Thus, even on the most favourable computation, there are not found in the United Kingdom more than 3,071,100 children in attendance at school, or between a ninth and a tenth of the population. The proportion taken as a standard from Prussia was a sixth. The quantity may accordingly be said to be insufficient to the extent of nearly 2,000,000 of children.

These figures, however, do not give an adequate idea of the real state of the case; they give the aggregate of schools for the whole country, but throw no light on the mode in which these schools are distributed. In some districts there is even an excessive supply of schools, while in others there is a fearful deficiency. For example, in England and Wales there are 12,931 parishes or ecclesiastical districts, and of these 1771 have no church-school, while in other districts the provision is quite inadequate; as, for example, St. John's, Liverpool, where "253 boys and half that number of girls have been refused admission lately from want of accommodation;" St. Silas's, Manchester, where "there are abundance of children to fill another school-room if it could be supplied;" at Gateshead, county of Durham, with a population of 16,000, the educational wants are "at present barely half supplied so far as the national church is concerned;" Sunderland "requires more National and Infant Schools, there being above 1000 children uneducated at the present time;" of a parish in Lincolnshire it is said "the state is most deplorable from want of a daily-school—the Sabbath is spent in a most unbecoming manner, and almost every description of sin is practised with impunity;" in St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, London, "it is estimated that there are 2000 poor children needing education—provision is made for one-fourth, and dame-schools for about 100 more, so that more than 1000 are not at school;" a parish in Nottinghamshire, with a population of 1706, "is in a state of almost heathen ignorance—there is not one child educated in the principles of the church;" in Birmingham it is reported that nine more Infant-Schools are required capable of accommodating 150 children each: of a district in Huddersfield it is said "the state is deplorable as regards education; of children between the ages of

five and seventeen, not more than one-half attend any kind of Sunday-school, and of those between four and sixteen, not more than one-eighth part attend any day-school;" of four districts in Leeds the following returns are given—"school-rooms are wanted to accommodate 500 children; an Infant-School is required; a good school and funds to support it are very much wanted; and as it is uncertain how long the schools can be continued, the clergyman does not like to make any return of them." These extracts, which have been made almost at random from the school inquiry of the National Society, might be multiplied to any extent.

Other recent investigations into particular localities show the same results as regards insufficiency of supply. An inquiry was made in Glasgow in 1846 among a population of 40,000, and it was found that not much above one-half of those between the ages of six and sixteen attended school. Another inquiry, already alluded to, was made in 1847 in the district of Vauxhall in Liverpool, containing a population of 13,028, when it was found that the number of children old enough to attend school was 3228, of whom 2092 were receiving no school instruction whatever; while of 5538 parents, 361 fathers and 571 mothers could not read. In the spring of 1849 the statistics of day-schools were collected by the Wesleyans in the Manchester and Bolton districts—a district extending from Clithero and Colne in the north of Lancashire as far south as Stockport in Cheshire; westward to within about twenty miles of Liverpool, and eastward to the borders of Yorkshire. The population was estimated at 1,162,573, one-fifth of whom, or nearly a quarter of a million, were said to be children from three to fourteen years of age. The total number of day-schools, Church, Wesleyan, and others, was said to be 663, and of scholars 62,828, or about one-fourth of the actual number of children of an age to go to school. This return evidently contains many errors of omission, but even making the most ample allowance for these, the result shows a great deficiency. About fourteen years ago the statistics of education in three districts in Westminster were carefully collected by the committee of the London Statistical Society. This report bears throughout marks of the most vigilant personal examination, and though the state of things must have altered during the period that has since elapsed, yet the general conclusions of the committee will, we are afraid, be applicable to a great extent to the present condition of the districts. These conclusions are expressed in the following condensed form:—

"Twelve thousand children of all ages receiving entirely, at the cost of the parent, an education of a very low order; 13,000 children of all ages receiving partly, at the expense of the parents, partly from private benevolence, an education more or less effective, but in all cases of some real value to the child; 3700 children of all ages receiving some little instruction in Sunday-schools, but no regular education; 4000 children of the upper and middle classes educated in superior private schools; 32,700 children of all ages receiving instruction, of whom 26,700 are between five and fifteen years old; and there are not less than 30,000 children between the ages of five and fifteen receiving no education in schools either really or nominally."

Let it not be objected to this exposition of statistics that it is confined to the dark side of the picture. It is true that many places could be

quoted with the cheering remark that "all educational wants are supplied," and that all the children are in attendance at daily-schools. But these places are certainly exceptions to the rule, and our inquiry is concerned less with what has been accomplished than with what remains to be done. When the plague is raging, the physician passes by the healthy, and attends to the sick.

II. *This provision, insufficient in quantity, is often bad in quality.*

It does not necessarily follow because so many children are in attendance at school, that they are being educated there. Lord Brougham said very truly in the House of Lords in April, 1834—"It is an old saying that 'it is not all gold that glitters;' neither is it all education that outwardly looks like it. You may have many schools, but very little shall be taught in them; many children may darken the school-house door, they may talk and buzz there all the day, they may depart to their homes at eventide, and yet during their attendance so little may have been taught to them, as to render it impossible to say that they have been improved further than the being kept out of harm's way." Regarding many of the schools in Westminster, it was said that the children are sent mainly with the view of being kept out of the streets, and in general read out of any book, which they happen to bring with them from home; while many parents give strict injunctions that their children are "not to be worried with learnin'"; and in a report on Newcastle it is stated that "many of the rooms which are called schools, and are included as such in the foregoing tables, are merely receptacles for children that cannot conveniently be taken care of at home, and where instruction is scarcely ever expected or wished for by the parents."* Even among what may be considered the best schools—those, namely, that have received government assistance, and are consequently open to inspection—the amount of instruction given is very limited. For example, during 1848, two inspectors examined schools in various parts of England, containing 29,524 children, of whom 12,084 were unable to do more than read letters and words of one syllable, and only 4500 could read the Scriptures with ease; 2000 had advanced in arithmetic as far as the compound rules; 800 were learning proportion, and thirty-nine algebra.†

The reports of the government inspectors of schools must convince all who will take the trouble to peruse such important and trustworthy documents, that the quality of the education given in a great number of the schools visited by them is very unsatisfactory. In the most recent reports the following among other statements are made:—"I cannot record any favourable impression of the schools (with four exceptions) which I have inspected in Leicestershire: the standard of instruction in the country schools (Northampton) is very low, little else being taught but reading, writing, and arithmetic, and these very imperfectly: the standard of instruction in most of these schools (Lincolnshire) is very low: of four schools which have been inspected (Rutlandshire), I can only record their inefficiency for any practical purposes of education: the schools which I visited in Lancashire did not seem to be in a satisfactory state—they were

* Journal of Statistical Society for 1838.

† Minutes of Committee of Council on Education, 1848-49 and 50, vol. 1. p. 316; vol. II. p. 8.

inadequately supplied with books, the desks were in many cases attached to the sides of the wall, and the lower classes generally left to the care of monitors. Nor can I report more favourably of those in Norfolk and Suffolk, as far as I had an opportunity of judging: the general state of education (Herefordshire) is defective: the schools in Bristol generally are not, I believe, in an efficient state. I have further to report the following schools (in Yorkshire, eight in number) as very inefficient, and, in their present state, utterly worthless for the purposes of education: the state of instruction in these schools (Lancaster, Cumberland, and Westmoreland) is in general very imperfect: and the inspector for Cheshire, Salop, and Staffordshire reports the existence of very bad schools which hinder the commencement of others."

If we come to particular instances, we find that the ignorance of the children in many of the schools is almost incredible. The Rev. Henry Moseley states that in the Windsor National School only two or three of the children in the first class knew the name of the Queen, though her palace was in the immediate vicinity; that in other schools, when asked what was the greatest city in England, the children have named the neighbouring market-town; for the four quarters of the globe they had given the four points of the compass; have said that the Queen of England was also Queen of France; and that the people of Scotland were black! Other inspectors tell us of schools where the boys in the senior classes could not work a simple sum in subtraction; of another, where all the boys in the first class were absent without leave or excuse; of a third, where a monitor described heaven as "a very nice place, where spirits were always flying about in the air and singing Hosanna;" of a fourth, containing eighty-four children, "kept by a mistress, no maps, secular books, or apparatus, and only six children can work sums in simple addition;" of another, "a mere apology for a school; the actual master is ninety-three years old, and has been here seventy-five years; his daughter keeps the school, such as it is, and the population reside two miles off;" and of another, thus described—"Neither master nor mistress was in the school on my arrival. Children in both schools in a great uproar, and very dirty. The discipline is most disorderly. Great deficiency of books, and no apparatus at all. One map of the world. Only twenty-three of the boys out of seventy-five were nine years old. The ventilation wretched. I consider no schools at all would be better than such as this. The clergyman complains that the district is most disheartening; that none care for education; that his scholars insult him when they have left school, and turn out infidels and socialists."

But if such is the quality of the instruction given in these comparatively favoured schools, what must it be in those of a lower kind known as "Dames'-Schools?" More than one-seventh of the total number embraced in the returns of the National Society seem to be schools of this class. Their nature may be thus generally described:—A poor woman in reduced circumstances, a young person in delicate health, a widow left destitute, or an old woman unfit for work of any kind, determines to make a living, or add to the profits of some other occupation, by keeping a school. No time is spent in considering whether the requisite qualifications are possessed or not; little or no expense is incurred in preliminary outlay, and a room is

to some extent prepared for, a school, but still retained for its old use, whether the parlour, kitchen, or bedroom, or occasionally all three in one. Sometimes a shop is kept in connection with the school by those who do not place implicit reliance on their skill as educators. A notice is put up, written or printed, announcing that "a day-school is kept here;" and a few good-natured neighbours send their young children to spend a few hours of each day in the dame's schoolroom. The children find their own books; and, when able, read whatever they may bring, whether it be the Bible or a book of fairy tales. No maps or globes are used; needlework is perhaps well-taught; and the highest effort at teaching arithmetic is put forth when a child is placed in a corner to learn the multiplication table. The children come and go pretty much at "their own sweet will;" they learn little or nothing; and those are fortunate who are removed to some National or British School, to complete, in twelve or eighteen months, the education thus so auspiciously begun. The amount of instruction which the unfortunate children attending dames'-schools receive was perhaps most accurately and concisely stated by one of the dames when questioned on the matter—"It's little they pays me, and it's little I teaches 'em."

If, on the other hand, we consider the teaching force of the country—that is, the number and qualifications of masters and mistresses—we shall find it to be to a great extent non-effective. It is only within the last few years that people have generally admitted that before a teacher was intrusted with the management of a school he ought to be trained to the work. Many of those at present acting as teachers have never been trained at all: they have "taken to schooling" on the failure of other means of subsistence, and many of them possess no qualifications whatever for the office. Indeed, the ranks of the army have not been recruited from a greater variety of sources than have the ranks of teachers. "To open a schule, an' ca' it an Academy," has been in too many instances the last refuge of the destitute. The man of good education trained for the church, the bar, or the medical profession, but who has sunk through misconduct or misfortune; the tradesman who has been unfortunate in business; the commercial clerk with a lost character; the workman who by accident can no longer labour with his hands; the pensioned soldier; and the crowd of women, single and widowed, between whom and starvation teaching is the only barrier, have all assisted in increasing the number of masters and mistresses. In many cases other callings are added; and we find some filling offices in connection with the church, the poor, or the roads; others collecting taxes; others closing school in summer, and becoming cattle-drovers; some keeping public-houses, others keeping turnpike-gates; some registering births, deaths, and marriages; others acting as secretaries to benefit and building societies; one teacher in South Wales described as "porter, barber, and layer-out of the dead in a workhouse;" another, matron of a lying-in hospital; one a publican's wife separated from her husband; and in one district nine were in the receipt of parochial relief.*

This race is, however, passing away, and their places will be taken by others, for whose systematic training provision has been made by the Government and the Education Societies. But for a long time to come

* Minutes of Council and Reports on Wales.

great difficulty will be experienced in inducing well-educated people to embrace teaching as a profession. Its emoluments are so small, that it has no attractions to active and able men. The police force of the country is much better paid than the teachers. In Manchester, for example, according to a return dated April, 1849, the police force numbers 468, and their cost per annum to the inhabitants is £26,758, or about £57 per head, while in the same enlightened city and its neighbourhood there are 106 teachers (male and female) of Church-of-England schools whose salaries average about £49 per annum.* Again, the amount paid in salaries to the teachers of 2309 schools that have been built with government assistance is £170,788 per annum; if each school have on an average two teachers, this will show an average income to each of about £37 per annum, exclusive of course of a free house, which many will have. Dock-labourers in Liverpool get better remuneration than this; and a Lancashire collier would despise such an income.

The description given of the class of students now in training at Normal Schools fully justifies the statement, that though the position of teachers is rapidly improving, yet their ranks are still to some extent recruited on the old plan. In the institution at Battersea there were in January, 1848, eighty persons in training: four of these had no previous occupation, and twenty-seven had already been acting as teachers or assistants; ten had been engaged as master-tradesmen or manufacturers; one had been a surgeon; one a master-mariner; and the remainder had been clerks, shipmen, overlookers, shoemakers, tailors, skilled workmen, gentlemen's servants, and labourers. Again, with regard to the York and Ripon Training-School, it is reported by one of the inspectors, the Rev. F. Watkins, that "the young men who enter the institution are not in general such as are either naturally, or from the condition and habits of their previous lives, well qualified for the office of a schoolmaster. I am well aware that there are striking exceptions to this rule, but the majority is on the other side. Some, and they not the least promising, are inexperienced boys, who, without any peculiar fitness for the duties of a schoolmaster, or much desire for his office, have passed creditably through their respective schools and obtained exhibitions to the Training-College. They are thus induced to be schoolmasters because that vocation seems to be the readiest and most convenient. There are others who have already been at work in the world—tailors, gardeners, shoemakers, some from the loom, others from the plough, from the mine, from service in gentlemen's families, and from various other occupations. Many of these have a desire for the office of schoolmaster; not a few, I believe, a strong liking for its labours; but it may fairly be questioned whether they are likely to succeed in it—whether, in the short time which the demand for schoolmasters on the one hand, and their own exigencies on the other, allow them for instruction at the Training-College, they will become qualified to go forth as intelligent and skilled

* In the same city the value of money, watches, jewelry, &c., stolen from the persons of stupid men by prostitutes, and reported to the police, (a small portion of the whole number of such cases,) was, in 1848, £1868, of which the police recovered £379, leaving a loss of nearly £1500. Now, for the same sum, schools in connection with five churches in Manchester are yearly educating fourteen hundred children! When will men learn to be wise?

teachers of ignorant and undisciplined children." There is a school for the training of mistresses at Warrington, regarding the students of which the Rev. W. H. Brookfield, one of the inspectors, says—"I remember more than one evidently amiable, well-principled, hard-working girl, in whom the milkmaid's profession had been robbed without apparently very much enriching that of a schoolmistress."*

It is not surprising after this that when schoolmistresses come to be examined for certificates by the inspector, he should be informed, in written answers to printed questions, that the most celebrated man in Queen Elizabeth's reign was "Sir Isaac Newton, the prince of poets and astronomers; his chief poetical works were his *Principia*, *Optics*, and *Algebraical Lectures*;" that during the same reign "the admirals were Blake and Nelson; statesman, Percy Hotspur; philosophers, Milton and Pope;" and that the answer to the question, "Which are the most useful metals?" was the following:—"Salt is found in or near Epsom, where there are a great many salt mines!"

But even supposing that all the masters and mistresses now employed were in every respect well qualified, the extent of their labours, and the system under which they have to work, would alone prevent their efforts from being attended with satisfactory results. For example, in schools in Liverpool and Manchester attended by 21,084 children, there are only 247 principal and assistant teachers, or an average to each teacher of nearly ninety pupils. It is evidently impossible that one teacher can educate so many children. What is called "the monitorial system" is accordingly called in to assist—that is, the older and more advanced pupils are made to teach the younger; the school is divided and subdivided, and the little detachments of ignorant children have teachers a little less ignorant than themselves. The master can scarcely be said to teach; he merely directs and regulates, supplies the moving power, and gives the word of command. In no schools will such accuracy in mere manual exercise be found as in those where monitors are employed, but in few has a child less chance of getting any thing like sound instruction. The drilling is perfect: the children rise and sit, march and stand still, clap their hands and stamp their feet, deliver slates, close books, and put past copies with the precision of soldiers; but here the merits of the system may be said to end. Complaints are with justice made by parents, either that their children are taught by other children, or that, instead of being taught, they are made to teach. The master is not to blame: if he has been trained at all, it has most probably been to manage a school on this plan: the managers are not to blame, for they have no funds to pay more teachers; and with such a number of pupils it is difficult to see what other plan has so much chance of success. Besides, from the short time that children attend school, it is hopeless to give them much instruction under any system. Many schools change their pupils almost every year; very few who enter in January remain to Christmas; and that man must have a boundless faith in mere appearances who supposes that a child, after spending a year in learning manual exercises, and lazily saying lessons to drowsy monitors, has been *educated*!

* Minutes of Council, 1849-50; vol. ii. pp. 185, 732.

III. *The extent to which the people avail themselves of the existing means of education is very limited.*

There are hundreds of thousands of children in the country whose parents have no idea of the value of education, and who have no desire that their children should receive it. They do not think education a bad thing or a good thing; they have never thought of it at all, and are utterly indifferent on the subject. Many who do send their children cannot resist the temptation of removing them at a very early age from school, and placing them to work of some kind for which they receive wages. There is no district, whether agricultural, manufacturing, or mining, where this practice is not pursued. Complaint against it is universal by teachers and inspectors, school committees, and clergymen. It was found that in thirty schools in London, and twenty-six in country towns or large villages, out of nearly 10,000 children, three-fourths were under 11 years of age, and only one-eighth were above 12. Again, at a school in Sheffield, attended by 150 boys, the average age of the children in the first and second, or highest classes, is only $7\frac{1}{2}$ years; at other schools in Yorkshire, out of 82 children, only one was 13 years of age—of 37 girls, not one was 10 years old; and in a school of 120, there was only one child of 12 years. These illustrations might be multiplied from every district in England; but it is unnecessary. The evil is generally admitted; and unlike many other unsatisfactory features that we have pointed out, it is increasing—not diminishing. All old teachers bear testimony to this: they have not so many old pupils now as they had years ago; and the evil, it is manifest, will increase with any increased demand for the labour of children. Acts of Parliament have to some extent mitigated the evil, by requiring that all children employed in factories, under a certain age, shall attend school so many hours per day or week; but such acts, to be effectual, should apply to all children employed in any department of labour, whether agricultural, manufacturing, mining, or otherwise. Still, such "education clauses" can only mitigate the evil, for what can a teacher do with a poor child that has been working half the day, and looks on the school as a place of as dreary work as the factory? No wonder that a government inspector of schools in Lancashire should write thus:—"Not only was there a duller, less awakened aspect in a bench of factory children, but there was a greater proportion of pale, sickly faces, and more manifestations of low organization and bad tendencies; and the contrast in the looks of the factory children with those of the other scholars among whom they were found was often quite painful; and it was equally striking and painful in respect to their comparative culture. They stood usually a head and shoulders above the children of equal attainments among whom they were mixed—dirty, ignorant, and dull." "It was a constant complaint of the teachers that the poor factory children, when they came to school in the afternoon, were too fatigued to apply with effect to their learning."

IV. *There is little guarantee for the permanent support of existing schools.*

This is clearly seen in their sources of income. For example, of 2309 schools that received government grants, the income was £208,984; thus made up:—Endowments, £12,769; local subscriptions and collections, £101,068; school fees, £78,217; and from other sources, £16,910. Again, of 22,245 schools, whose statistics are given by the National Society, only

3190 are supported entirely by the payments of the children; 14,266 are in a great measure supported by subscriptions, and the remainder are assisted by endowments. In fact, the great majority of these schools are charity-schools; and the wealthy, or rather the willing, are taxed to support them—not directly, but indirectly through subscriptions and sermons, balls and bazaars, &c. Even by such means money is with great difficulty procured. In many cases the entire burden of making up any deficiency falls on the clergyman, and in others on a few active men, who do not like that any scheme should fail in their hands. Such remarks as the following are accordingly of too common occurrence:—"Several of the best subscribers have recently been removed by death; about £10 per annum is required to make up the loss which has been sustained: the schoolrooms now in use are only lent, and the present proprietor will shortly require them again: the means of keeping up the school depend chiefly on contributions from the rector and family, and in the event of his demise, the school would most probably be given up: the school depends on the voluntary support of three or four persons, together with the clergyman; the available funds are quite insufficient to supply the educational wants—the consequence is, that the National Schools are in debt to a great extent, and many children have to be refused admission: the funds are not sufficient to meet the expenses—the balance is about £60 per annum, falling on the vicar, which causes great perplexity: notice has been given that some of the subscriptions will be discontinued, in consequence of the repeal of the Corn Laws, so that this school will be without support, and the incumbent is afraid it must be discontinued, unless assistance be given: these schools have sustained a great loss by the death of a benevolent individual, and it is feared that the services of both master and mistress cannot be retained: there is a schoolroom shut up, there being no funds for the support of a master: the parochial school is likely to be discontinued at Michaelmas for want of funds—the Infants'-School is supported by one subscriber: there is no school—there was a large Sunday and daily-school supported by three private individuals and penny payments, attended by upwards of forty children, but since the death of two of the parties, this school has been discontinued for want of funds: the day-school was closed in April, 1846, for want of funds, and it is feared it will not be opened again." "On the present plan," says the Rev. W. H. Bellairs, government inspector of schools, "the welfare of a parish, so far as the education of its children is concerned, depends in a great measure upon the purse of the clergyman. He may be wealthy, and if so, able to assist the school in its need; but if poor, he will be unable to afford the requisite funds, for the want of which it will droop and languish." Another inspector, the Rev. F. Watkins, reports that in Yorkshire seven clergymen, whose total aggregate income is £1214 per annum, subscribe yearly altogether £221 to the schools. The inspector of Roman-Catholic schools, Mr. Marshall, says—"I could speak, for instance, of a school in a densely-populated locality, into which not a single layman had once entered during the space of twelve months; and of another maintained solely by the zeal of the resident clergyman, whose very meals were curtailed to supply the necessary funds." Again, the Rev. Mr. Mitchell, another inspector, mentions that from three parishes three landowners draw incomes amounting altogether to £27,000 per annum, and their combined

subscriptions to the school are £32, while two other proprietors draw £3500 per annum, and subscribe nothing. It is not alone to church-schools that such statements apply, but to nearly all public schools not supported by endowments, and to almost popular educational institutions. They can never, in a commercial sense, be made "to pay;" and the features of greatest permanence about them are, that so long as the present system continues, they must be supported by begging and borrowing, by charity sermons and tea-parties, and their managers be constantly devising some new scheme for raising money. Sanguine men preach up the duty of having faith in the liberality of the people, but such a doctrine will not pay a master's salary or the rent of a school, and very few booksellers will supply school-books if their payment is to be by bills drawn on "Mr. Public Liberality," who will very likely refuse to accept them, and who is well known to be often a mere man of straw.

Though this state of things is exceedingly unsatisfactory, yet it is a very decided improvement upon that which existed a quarter or half of a century ago. At the close of last century the educational aspect of England and Wales was dreary in the extreme. Seldom among the poorer classes was the desire for education manifested; and though there existed many endowed and grammar-schools, yet they were almost, in every instance, managed in such a way as to be beyond the reach of the children of the poor man.* The higher classes had their tutors, the middle classes all but monopolized the public schools, and the majority of the population grew up in that ignorance of which they were unconscious, and which those above them in society considered it dangerous to remove. To such an extent was this the case, that in a very rough estimate made in 1795, the number of charity-schools in Great Britain and Ireland was stated to be 1856, and the number of pupils 43,479—a number less by thirty thousand than are now found in the church-schools of Lancashire alone. There was no inducement to the poor in England to strive for education. The great wars of the first French Revolution were then beginning; the demand for soldiers and sailors was great, and a new recruit or a pressed seaman was never asked if he had been at school. The cotton manufacture was extending with marvellous rapidity, and the workpeople required in the new factories were seldom, if ever, expected to be able to read and write.

* The number and revenues of these schools are very great, and it is a question whether the first step in improving education should not be a thorough reformation of these schools, and a strict enforcement in all cases where the trust has been abused of the wills of the founders. At present there is a grammar-school in Blackburn in Lancashire, where the teacher receives a considerable salary, but in which no children except his own are taught. The trustees and the public consider the remedy to be the appointment of a new master, but they have no power, it appears, to dismiss the present master. Equally glaring abuses were exposed in the Reports of the Charity Commissioners, which, it is to be hoped, have since been removed. The entire revenue of the education charities of the country was estimated by Lord Brougham in 1834 at more than half a million sterling per annum. The income of the free grammar-school in Birmingham is estimated at £7000 a year; and in Lancashire there are about 250 endowed schools, of which the endowments of about 200 are under £60 per annum. In the same county the total salaries of the head-masters of seven grammar-schools, irrespective of other sources of emolument, are £1300 per annum.

The demand that sprang up for the labour of children threw another obstacle, that now seems insurmountable, in the way of education, and to supply the masses that speedily became congregated in large towns, the old educational resources, when they existed at all, were found utterly insufficient. The attention of men was directed to far different subjects than the education of the people. While the continent of Europe was one vast military camp, and the ocean covered with hostile fleets; while the inhabitants of our island lived in almost daily expectation of foreign invasion, and the fruits of their industry were all but mortgaged to meet the expense of ruinous wars, it would have appeared strange if men could talk calmly about plans for extending education. But the subject was considered, not by men in high places, but by quiet, unobtrusive philanthropists. The awful deeds that an ignorant people, let loose from the bonds of society, could perpetrate were fearfully manifested in France, and the right education of the people was looked to as the most effectual barrier against such horrible scenes. "The monitorial system" was, about 1800, introduced by Dr. Andrew Bell and Joseph Lancaster; and as it was professed that by it large numbers of children could be taught at little expense, it soon found favour in the country. The labours of these men soon drew around them numbers of friends and coadjutors,* and the result was the establishment of the two great education societies, of whose nature and history, and of the efforts to which their labours gave rise, it is now necessary we should give some account.

During the time when the Roman Catholic was, all over Christendom, the established form of Christianity, the direction of such education as it was considered necessary to give the people was entirely vested in its priesthood. The idea on which this state of things was founded survived the Reformation; and the inseparable connection between the school and the church, and the right of the clergy to watch over and direct all public schools, were not only claimed, but admitted and acted on. When the parish schools of Scotland were established in 1696, no dissenting voice was raised against the law that placed them under the care and direction of the clergy. It was done as a matter of course; and when, both in England and Scotland, secessions took place from the Established Church, the same idea was acted on, and a school was usually considered as a necessary adjunct to church or chapel. The obvious results followed: the same doctrines that were taught by the minister were taught by the schoolmaster—the same divisions that estranged the churches estranged the schools—and the seed was widely sown of that sectarianism in school education which is now unhappily the greatest obstacle to the establishment of a really national system of education in this country.

Bell was connected with the Church of England, Lancaster with the Society of Friends: the supporters of the former were principally Churchmen, and of the latter chiefly Dissenters and liberal Churchmen. In the schools established by the former, the authorized version of the Scriptures

* It was when Lancaster had an interview with George III., in 1805, that his majesty gave expression to the memorable wish "that every poor child in my dominions may be able to read his Bible"—a wish not realized during his reign; but let us hope that the reign of his grand-daughter will not close without its realization.

was read, the church catechism taught, and the children required to attend the Established Church on Sundays; in those of the latter no catechism was taught, but the authorized version of the Scriptures was read, and the children required to attend *some* place of worship on Sundays. By the latter was established, in 1807, at a meeting presided over by Lord Brougham, an "Institution for promoting the education of the labouring and manufacturing classes of society of every religious persuasion; and for the purpose of making manifest the extent of its objects, the title of the society shall be, 'THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN SCHOOL SOCIETY:'" by the former was established, in 1811, "THE NATIONAL SOCIETY for promoting the education of the poor in the principles of the Established Church throughout England and Wales." The former was therefore, it will be seen, principally for Protestant Dissenters; the latter for members of the Church of England; while the Roman Catholics would naturally object to using those schools where a different version of the Scriptures from their own was read.

The leading objects of these two societies are similar; the difference being almost exclusively in the nature of the religious instruction. They do not undertake the herculean task of educating the people; they simply profess to promote it—their operations are more passive than active: if a district applies, on good grounds, for assistance, it is granted; if it does not apply, the society does not interfere. Both societies have Central Schools for the children of the poor in the immediate neighbourhood; establishments in conjunction with these for training teachers; and both give assistance and advice, and supply teachers, school-books, maps, &c. to such localities as make application, and agree to conduct the schools on the principles adopted by the society making the grant.

The Central and Training-Schools of the British and Foreign School Society are situated in the Borough Road, London. According to the last Report, (May, 1850,) 1353 children (897 boys and 456 girls) had been admitted into the Central Schools during the year, making the total number admitted since the commencement 32,236 boys and 18,750 girls. The number of students who had been in the Central Training-Schools during the year was 142 males and 132 females. The committee express their regret that increasing difficulty is experienced in obtaining young men who are suitable candidates for the work of instruction. Many apply to be received, but comparatively few are found to possess that union of intelligence, energy, and piety which, combined with taste for teaching, and the ability to exercise moral influence over the young, is essential to success. This society has also recently established a branch Training-School in Bristol. Schools founded on the principles of this society, and usually conducted by teachers trained at the Borough Road, have been established all over the country, as well as in several of our colonies, and in various foreign countries. No complete account of the numbers attending these has yet been published; but in 1850 there were in and within ten miles of London 210, attended by 30,623 scholars—being an increase over the previous year of seven schools and 463 scholars; and in 1849 there were opened in England and Wales seventy-two new schools, affording accommodation to upwards of 7000 pupils. The society employs agents or inspectors in different parts of the country, who inspect schools, meet

committees, obtain aid for the parent society, and hold public meetings, at which the obligations of the community to provide instruction for the poor and ignorant are enforced. Four hundred towns and villages were visited for these purposes during the past year, and forty public meetings were held. About a hundred grants of school material—that is, books, maps, &c.—are made each year to schools not only in our island, but in the East and West Indies, Africa, Australia, and some of the islands in the South Seas. When a sum of money was placed at the disposal of the government to promote education, and a share of it was offered to this society, many objections were urged by sincere and conscientious Dissenters against its reception. It was considered a direct departure from the voluntary principle to receive state money for education purposes, and many evils were anticipated if the society accepted such aid. The majority of the society, however, decided on accepting the proffered aid; and some among the minority established another society, called the “Voluntary School Association,” similar in all respects, except that of rejecting state assistance, to the old institution from whence it sprang. This association has only existed two or three years, and it has now a Central and Training-School in London. But the evils anticipated did not come; the society received £5000 from government towards the erection of a Normal School, and for several years past have received £750 per annum from the same source—an amount very little less than the total yearly sum derived from auxiliary societies in all parts of the country. Schools in connection with the society have also received grants: complete statistics of 121 of these are given in the Minutes of the Committee of Council on Education, from which it appears that the amount given has been £25,803, that school accommodation has been provided for 40,783 children, and that 19,745 are now in attendance. The committee of the society state that the visits of the government inspectors “have been welcomed both in the model and local schools; the strictest regard to the principles of the society has always been observed by them, and in no one case, so far as the committee are aware, has the slightest disposition been shown to interfere with the management, or to intrench on the independence, either of the local schools or of the society.”

The National Society (established in 1811) has now in active operation five training institutions for teachers, in which about 400 young men and women are under training each year. The Central Schools are numerously attended. From its connection with the Church of England, the resources of this society are much greater than the British and Foreign. On several occasions a letter has issued from the crown, as head of the church, authorizing collections in all the Established Churches of England and Wales in aid of the funds of the National Society. The first of these was issued in 1823, and realized £28,000, which, with dividends and other profits on investment, was increased to £32,709; one was issued in 1846, which produced £27,167; and another in 1849, in which it was stated that during the five years immediately preceding, the training institutions had sent out 553 trained masters and 489 trained mistresses; and during the same time the society had granted about £140,000 in aid of building, enlarging, or otherwise improving schoolrooms and teachers' residences. From other sources the society, in consequence of its connection with the church, has received

pecuniary assistance; the university of Cambridge made a donation of £1750, and the master and fellows of Trinity College in that university have made a donation of 100 guineas, and subscribe 10 guineas annually besides: from the university and several colleges in Oxford, donations amounting in all to £3273; and the present archbishops and bishops of the church have made donations to the extent of £1800, and subscribe altogether about £100 annually. The total amount of grants made by this society towards building new schools, &c., from 1811 to 1847, was £292,467.

The National Society, however, confines itself to *promoting* the establishment of schools: it does not directly establish and support them. This duty is undertaken by the district and diocesan Boards of Education, of which there are nearly 300 in England and Wales in union with the National Society. In almost every one of the dioceses there has been established a Training-School, with the assistance of the National Society and the government, and managed by the diocesan Boards. In 1847 the number of these was nineteen, and the establishment of other five was contemplated.

To form a just estimate of the labours and results of these two societies, it is necessary that we should bear in mind the difficulties, pecuniary and otherwise, against which, from the beginning of their career down to the present time, they have had constantly to struggle. By whom have they been supported? Not by the mass of the people, for whose benefit they were designed—not by the majority of the wealthy or the great, but by the liberality and the unbought and unpaid exertions of a few. For example, the yearly assistance received from five of the largest towns in England—namely, Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Birmingham, and Bristol—by the British and Foreign School Society is under £200, and by the National Society under £300. While these societies have been pursuing a career of quiet and extensive usefulness, educating thousands of poor children, bringing up a race of intelligent and efficient teachers, stretching forth their arms in all directions to aid and assist with money and with counsel the ill-supported efforts of those labouring to plant schools among the ignorant and the poor—while cries of help have reached them on every side from districts where the people are perishing from lack of knowledge, these societies have found themselves, from want of adequate means, often scarcely able to support their own establishments, and too often obliged to refuse applications for assistance from sheer inability to give it. Time after time, and in report after report, have appeals been made to the public for aid; sometimes answered, sometimes not, according to the state of trade and the nature of the questions agitating the public mind. Legacies, donations, and subscriptions constitute, as every one must know, a most uncertain annual revenue, and the public soon weary of incessant appeals for the same object. These statements are fully borne out by the most recent Reports of the societies. On 1st January, 1849, the British and Foreign School Society owed the treasurer £142, and on 31st December the debt had increased to £957, the total receipts for the year having been £13,420; a statement that fully bears out a remark of the committee, that “the financial position of the society is *not* satisfactory.” In the report for 1849, of the National Society, it is said—“During the course of last year your committee issued an appeal, stating clearly the financial difficulties of

the society, and putting forth the claims which it had on the sympathies of the friends of church education. Though many of the answers have been most liberal and encouraging, yet the amount hitherto received is not sufficient to justify your committee in resuming their grants for school building, except on a limited scale, and they would urge upon the members of the church the necessity of a great effort to enable them to return to the promoters of schools a favourable answer to their pressing applications for assistance."*

But difficulties of another nature have existed. The indifference of parents to the education of their children is greater than is generally supposed; the time that they will allow them to attend is very short; and the amount they can afford to pay is very small. Again: great difficulty is experienced not only in obtaining suitable persons to attend the Training-Schools, but in retaining them for such a length of time as to make the training efficient. In such circumstances many imperfectly-trained teachers have been sent forth; the monitorial system has been adopted to a great extent; the teaching has been poor; the attendance of the children short and irregular; and the salaries of the teachers have in too many cases been made excessively small. That the promoters of these societies could have changed at once the feelings of the people with regard to education, or induced efficient persons, by the prospect of high salaries, to become teachers, or converted, in the course of a few months, a number of imperfectly-educated though well-disposed men and women into good school-masters and mistresses, or given a sound education to boys and girls who were removed from school just when they had become most susceptible of educational influences—these were things simply impossible. But that amid such influences so much should have been done, so many new schools built, such a large amount of interest excited on the subject, and so much valuable instruction given, are results highly creditable to both societies, and ought to produce a general concurrence in the sentiment that their promoters "have deserved well of their country."

Among other efforts on a great scale that have been made to forward education in England and Wales, may be mentioned the following:—It is stated that since 1843 the Congregationalists have expended upwards of £130,000 on the building of schools, exclusive of the annual expense of maintaining them, and have established two Normal Schools. The Wesleyan body has also been very active; in many places government grants have been accepted and new schools established. The total number of Wesleyan day-schools returned to the Education Committee in 1850 was 291, attended by 38,177 pupils. In 1836, a society with similar objects to those of the British and Foreign and National School Societies was established in London under the name of the "Home and Colonial Infant and Juvenile School Society." It has arrangements for receiving and training sixty teachers, and its central school is attended by about 300 children.

* There are gentlemen, so sincere, that in their inmost hearts they believe what they say, who allege that these financial difficulties are favourable rather than otherwise, as they keep up the activity and zeal of the promoters and the people—that, in short, it is well for public institutions always to be in debt. This is both an absurd and a dangerous principle, which these gentlemen are too honest to reduce to practice in their own private affairs.

Upwards of a thousand teachers have been trained in this establishment since 1836, principally for Infant-Schools.

Though the attention of the legislature was repeatedly called to the subject of education, and several bills were introduced, yet nothing was done for many years except the appointment of committees of inquiry and the production of reports. The difficulties that surrounded the question were great; the parties opposed to legislative interference, and to any plan in which the supremacy of the church was not acknowledged, were both numerous and strong, and bill after bill was rejected or withdrawn. In those days, when national education was not so popular as now, and when its friends were certain of obloquy and misrepresentation, no man was more active or unwearied in its advocacy than the present Lord Brougham. We find him presiding at the meeting to establish the British and Foreign School Society; find him afterward, in conjunction with the present Marquis of Lansdowne and others, founding the first Infant-School established in London; his name stands first among those who founded Mechanics' Institutions; and he was a tower of strength to the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge; while on all occasions, in and out of Parliament, his great energy, vast acquirements, splendid talents, and fearless eloquence, were all devoted to an enforcement of the claims of the people to the blessings of education. Whatever opinions may now be entertained of this great man, yet in days to come, when the trifles and the triflers of the present shall have been forgotten, and every child in the country be receiving sound and useful instruction, Lord Brougham will be remembered as the mightiest of that band who, in dark and evil times, unweariedly prepared the ground and sowed the seeds of that harvest that other hands will gather in.

In the first Parliament after the passing of the Reform Bill, (16th August, 1833,) the following vote was introduced into the House of Commons by Lord Althorp, then Chancellor of the Exchequer:—"That a sum not exceeding £20,000 be granted to his majesty, to be issued in aid of private subscriptions for the erection of school-houses for the education of the children of the poorer classes in Great Britain to the 31st March, 1834; and that the said sum be issued and paid without any fee or other deduction whatsoever."

The Chancellor of the Exchequer said, in making this proposition to the committee—"I wish to explain the grounds upon which the government have felt it right to bring forward such a vote. Great complaints have been made from time to time as to the inefficient means which exist for supplying an education to the poorer classes. I am well aware that the circumstance of the government advancing money and assisting an object of this kind has a tendency to check private charity, and that such interference is in general mischievous rather than advantageous. But there is one thing in which private subscriptions are frequently deficient—and that is, the first setting a school on foot; and we have thought that it would not be an improper expenditure of the public money to grant the sum of £20,000, to be applied in the present year to assist in building school-houses. This money will be placed at the disposal of the Treasury; but it is the intention of the Treasury, in appropriating it, to take the recommendation of the two societies established in this country—the National

Society, and the British School or Lancasterian Society. I hope I need not say—for I trust the principles of the government are sufficiently well known—that in making this proposed arrangement we shall not be actuated by any motive of partiality, but that we shall act indifferently towards all parties, and with liberality where assistance is really required."

The vote was opposed by Sir R. H. Inglis, on the ground that it was the beginning of a new system upon which no opinion whatever had been expressed by the House, and that he could support no plan of National Education which was not based on the principles of the Established Church. Mr. Joseph Hume also objected. He thought it was the duty of the government not to begin in this piecemeal way, but to come forward with a general system of education upon a plan by which each district of the country shall pay for the support of its own schools. The amount proposed to be granted he considered so inadequate to the wants of the country, that it would only lead to quarrelling in the applications for it: those most loud in their complaints, and most earnest in their applications, would succeed in obtaining grants from the Treasury, while other parties really more deserving would not obtain any thing. However, in a house of seventy-six, the vote was affirmed by a majority of twenty-four. The money was distributed by the Treasury in the manner proposed for about five years, when this duty was transferred to a Committee of Education selected from the Privy-Council. The amount was then raised to £30,000, at which it remained for four years; it was then made £40,000 for each of the years 1843 and 1844; raised to £75,000 in 1845; to £100,000 in 1846; and to £125,000 in 1848, at which amount it now remains.

The principle on which, as stated by Lord Althorp, the money was to be appropriated was more passive than active: like the two great societies, it encouraged and promoted schools without establishing them, though, unlike these societies, it had no Training or Model Schools. The effect was to some extent similar to that anticipated by Mr. Hume: the money was given where the district was richest, and it was least wanted; and not given where the district was poorest, and it was most wanted. Again: the mode of distribution adopted by the Treasury, and to a great extent followed by the Committee of Council, has greatly contributed to increase the sectarianism of schools and to place the education of the people on a denominational instead of a territorial basis. For such results the country, and not the government, is to blame. It is easy to say that the government ought to have introduced a great, comprehensive, and impartial measure; but it is no less easy to predict that such a measure would never have passed a House of Commons where all sects of Dissenters would have combined against it, and where it was sure of the opposition of honourable members like the representative of Oxford University, who declared even of Lord Althorp's insignificant proposal, that "the greatest fault he had to find with the vote was, that the money was to be distributed in a perfectly liberal and impartial manner!" It is quite clear that any great scheme of education must first be proposed by the country: no government will originate it.

Apart from these drawbacks, we believe that the administration, by successive governments, both Whig and Tory, of this education vote has been both wise and economical; that the measures they have adopted

have had a most beneficial tendency; and that they have been, on the whole, well calculated to meet and remedy existing evil and defects. A brief description of the nature and extent of these measures is necessary, in order that a clear idea may be gained of the present educational machinery of the country. In the estimates for 1850, the expenditure of the committee of council during this year was calculated at £145,700. The whole of this sum did not require to be voted, as there was a balance unappropriated from the former year sufficient to meet the difference between the regular grant (£125,000) and the estimate expenditure. The various items were thus set down:—

1. Grants for Building Schools, &c.....	£40,000
2. Books and Apparatus.....	4,000
3. Teachers, Apprentices, &c.....	78,050
4. Kneller Hall Training-School.....	6,500
5. Inspectors and Examiners.....	17,150
	£145,700

1. THE GRANTS FOR BUILDING SCHOOLS from 1833 to 1849 amounted altogether to £470,840; the number of schools was 3782, and in them accommodation was provided for 709,000 children. Of this sum about £400,000 were appropriated to England, £27,000 to Wales, £41,000 to Scotland, and £2500 to the islands of Man, Guernsey, and Jersey. To entitle the various districts to receive these grants, a sum of perhaps two millions of pounds sterling must have been raised by local subscription during these sixteen years.* About four-fifths of the government grants have been received by the Church of England—not because any undue preference has been given to it by the government, but because, in many instances, Dissenters have refused to accept the aid of the state.

2. THE GRANTS OF BOOKS, APPARATUS, &c. have only recently been made. These are sold to schools at considerably less than one-half of the published prices.

3. THE GRANTS TO TEACHERS AND APPRENTICES have been in force since the adoption of the celebrated Minutes of 1846. It was seen that among the evils of the present plan were the low salaries of teachers; their want of proper training; and the intrusting of the principal share of the work of instruction to monitors, who had no special qualifications for the task, whose stay in the school was very uncertain, and who were not looking forward to teaching as a profession. To remedy these evils, examinations of teachers are now held yearly by the inspectors; and such teachers as pass the examinations with credit receive a first, second, or third-class certificate, which entitles them to a yearly augmentation of salary of from £15 to £30. The trustees or managers of schools with which such teachers are connected are bound to provide a yearly salary equal at least to double the amount of the grant, and also to provide a house rent free. The number of these certificated teachers is 681, of whom 482 are connected with church-schools in England and Wales. Again, to supersede the old

* Let no one be startled by this large amount into the supposition that it must have been enough, or that it is a great monument of the liberality of the people. It is only half the amount that the people pay in one year as duty on tobacco, for the inestimable privileges (the birthright of every Briton of course) of smoking and snuffing!

monitorial system by one vastly more efficient, it is provided that pupils not under thirteen years of age, selected by the managers of the schools, and approved by the inspectors, may be apprenticed for a period of five years, provided the teacher is qualified to give them the requisite instruction. These apprentices are examined yearly, and if the examination is satisfactory, they are paid by the government sums varying from £10 the first, to £20 the fifth year. The teachers to whom these pupils are apprenticed are bound to give them instruction for one and a half hour on each of five days in the week; and for this they are paid £5 per annum for one apprentice, £9 for two, £12 for three, and £3 for every one above that number. The number of these apprentices is 3581; being 2424 boys and 1157 girls. It is further provided that such of these as distinguish themselves above the rest shall receive an exhibition of from £20 to £25 to some Normal School, where they may complete their training as teachers. By these judicious arrangements, there can be no doubt that the teachers trained under them will be far more efficient than any this country has yet possessed, and that the old monitorial system will ultimately become extinct. Grants are also made to the managers of Training-Schools for such of the students as may receive certificates during the period of their training.

4. KNELLAR HALL is a Training-School established by the government for training 100 masters for schools of pauper and criminal children.

5. THE INSPECTION OF SCHOOLS is perhaps the most important feature in the system. The number of inspectors is twenty-one: two for Scotland; two for Dissenters' schools, and those not connected with any religious denomination; one for Roman Catholic; and the remainder for Church-of-England schools. The duties of these inspectors are extensive and arduous; by them both normal and elementary schools are inspected, and they have to examine all apprentices and teachers applying for certificates; they have to confer with school managers, to point out defects, suggest improvements, and give information and advice: few of them travel in the discharge of these duties less than 8000 miles per annum; and each has to present a yearly report, to be laid before Parliament, regarding the state of the schools in his district. These reports are able and impartial documents, and contain a vast amount of most important information. This system of inspection has been of great service. Its beneficial influence on the teachers can scarcely be over-estimated: in every district the visit of the inspector is looked forward to with great interest; and in not a few places where a young teacher, brought perhaps from a Training-School in a large town, and placed amid a rude and ignorant population, with no friend or visitor, save perhaps the parish minister, is yet turned from despondency by the knowledge that a government inspector will visit his school, and the results of his labours be impartially stated in a document to be laid before the highest authorities in the land.*

* It would appear that since the adoption of the Minutes of 1846, the duties of the inspectors are so much increased by the examinations of teachers and apprentices, that much less time than formerly can be given to elementary schools. One of the inspectors honestly says of many schools in his district, "I know little more than if they were in Central Africa;" and another suggests the appointment of sub-inspectors. The latter is an important suggestion, as by them much of the examination of the elementary schools might be done, and the time of the head inspectors left free for more important duties.

In 1881 a scheme of national education was adopted for Ireland, and the sum of £100,000 per annum was voted by the House of Commons for its support. The present Lord Stanley was then secretary for Ireland, and in his letter of instructions it was stated that the money was to be appropriated to the following purposes:—1. Granting aid for the erection of schools; 2. Paying inspectors for visiting and reporting upon schools; 3. Granting gratuities to teachers; 4. Establishing and maintaining a Model School in Dublin, and training teachers for country schools; 5. Editing and printing such books of moral and literary education as may be approved of for the use of the schools, and supplying them and school necessities at not lower than half price. With regard to religious education, the commissioners were informed that “while the interests of religion are not to be overlooked, the most scrupulous care should be taken not to interfere with the peculiar tenets of any description of Christian pupils.” The commissioners were to require “that the schools be kept open for a certain number of hours on four or five days of the week, at the discretion of the commissioners, for moral and literary education only; and that the remaining one or two days in the week be set apart for giving separately such religious education to the children as may be approved of by the clergy of their respective persuasions. They will also permit and encourage the clergy to give religious instruction to the children of their respective persuasions, either before or after the ordinary school hours, on the other days of the week.” The commissioners were to consist of representatives, lay and clerical, from the various religious bodies in Ireland. The system has been wrought with great prudence, wisdom, and energy, and has been most successful. The commissioners have now 4321 schools, attended by 480,623 pupils; and 253 schools are now being erected, which, when finished, will provide accommodation for 24,433 additional pupils. The number of teachers trained and supported during the last year at the public expense was 278: 192 male and 86 female. Of these 13 belonged to the Established Church; 52 were Presbyterians; and 213 Catholics. The payments to teachers are about £60,000 per annum; 5 head and 34 district inspectors cost annually about £10,000; the yearly expense of the Training-Schools is about £7000; and the remainder of the grant is expended in the building of school-houses, the maintenance of agricultural schools, the purchase of books, &c. &c. These agricultural schools have only recently been established, but they form a most important feature in the plan. The principal is at Glasnevin, near Dublin, which is now attended by about 48 students, and attached to it is a model farm of 128 acres, where, says the last Report, “all the national teachers, who, to the number of 200, are yearly trained by us, have an opportunity of seeing reduced to practice those principles of improved agriculture which the agriculturist in his daily lectures explains to them.” This plan of education for Ireland has met very fierce opposition, principally from the supporters of the Established Church; but its value and success may be estimated from the fact, that in the House of Commons an annual motion for a change is annually rejected.

Turning now to Scotland, we find a system which, with all its faults, is decidedly superior to that of England. In the year 1696, the Earl of Tulibardine appeared as commissioner for King William III. at a parliament of Scotland held in Edinburgh. After giving a melancholy account of the

exchequer, stating that the supplies were short, the troops in arrear, and ill provided with arms and ammunition, and the forts and garrisons much out of repair, he exhorted the parliament "to give as large as you can, and in the most equal and easy manner for the country," giving at the same time inducement to make the supplies large by saying, "I am allowed to give encouragement to universities and schools, which last are wanting in too many places; especially in the Highlands." The parliament voted the necessary supplies, and also passed the memorable act, which, after declaring "how prejudicial the want of schools in many places has been, and how beneficial the establishing and settling thereof will be to this church and kingdom," "statutes and ordains that there be a school settled and established, and a schoolmaster appointed to every paroch not already provided, by advice of the heritors and minister of the paroch." The heritors were to provide a commodious house for a school, and "settle and modifie a salary to a master," which was to be not less than one, and not more than two hundred merks yearly, and to tax themselves and their tenants for the payment of the said salary. On refusing to do so, the commissioners of the shire, or any five of them, were authorized to do the same.

There is about this old act establishing the Scotch parish schools a boldness and a thoroughness not usually observable in modern legislation. It is remarkable not only for what it declares, but for what it omits. There is not a word about religious instruction, the great stumbling-block at the present day, and local taxes are compelled to be laid with a precision from which there is no escape. It does not, like some of the acts passed in modern days, *permitt* localities to levy taxes for useful and often necessary purposes: but it *compels* them to do that which is to "be beneficial to this church and kingdom;" and it would be to the interest of the country if the spirit in which our present legislators consider this education question were to be assimilated to that which animated the Scots parliament of 1696.

We have already seen that the parish schools of Scotland are not now suited to the wants of the country. Since 1843, the Established Church has been in a minority, and it is manifestly unjust that both teachers and managers of these schools should be selected from a minority of those who are compelled by law to maintain them. Again: it is impossible that the present parish system can in all cases meet the wants of the population. In rural districts it may, in towns it cannot; a statement that a single day's observation of Edinburgh, Glasgow, or Dundee, would at once corroborate. If the system is efficient, how is it that in the shires of Edinburgh, Lanark, and Forfar, the government have given £27,588 to establish 115 new schools for the accommodation of 22,364 children? How is it that half the children in Glasgow are not at school, and that so many of those forlorn-hopes of education called "Ragged Schools" exist in Edinburgh and Aberdeen? And above all, how is it that, as was stated to Sir Robert Peel at Glasgow in 1837, while the population of Scotland has increased from one to two and a half millions, the number of parish teachers has scarcely increased at all? Without entering into other reasons that could be stated, it is quite evident that a change is necessary; and that a change will be made, is no less evident from the fact, that Lord Melgund's bill for a reorganization of the system was lost in the present session of Parliament by a minority of only 6 in a house of 194.

The general idea, therefore, that we carry away from all these statements regarding the state of education, is, that in England and Wales the societies, sects, and parties now labouring to forward education have neither sufficient power nor funds to do the work effectually; that their efforts are to a great extent purely of a denominational kind, and consequently never reach the hundreds of thousands of those who belong to no religious body;* that their ideas of religious education, while they effectually prevent co-operation, lead in many cases to an unwise competition, by which schools are unequally distributed, and many good efforts rendered quite fruitless; that the government, placed between the claims of the Church and the jealousy of the Dissenters, and unsupported by any strong or unanimous feeling in the country, are obliged to work the existing machinery as they best may, and that, as a necessary consequence of all this, one-half of the population are either growing up in a state of utter ignorance, or receiving instruction that is of little value; that in Ireland a liberal and comprehensive system is ably and impartially administered, requiring only that more power and resources should be given to the commissioners to render it thoroughly efficient; and that in Scotland the nation has outgrown an old and a respected system, and demands that it should be altered.

In almost every country on the continent the government have assumed control over, if not the complete direction of, public education. In some countries, as in Russia, the power is not widely or systematically exercised; while in others, as in Prussia and Holland, the education is directed with remarkable care and skill. While the government is intrusted by the law with a controlling power, that power seems to exist and act principally as a check on, and rectifier of, abuses and irregularities. The inhabitants of each locality are usually the establishers, managers, and supporters of the schools; they must carry them on according to the provisions of the law, and admit the inspectors of the government; while in many cases money assistance is granted in aid of the produce of local taxation, provision for the same being made in the yearly budgets of the respective countries. In several of the states the attendance of the children is compulsory; and if a child is found who is neither attending the public school nor receiving private instruction, its parents are subject to a fine, unless they can give a satisfactory reason for the absence of the child. The religious education is conducted in such a manner that the children of all religious denominations may attend. The regulations under which this desirable result is obtained seem similar to those observed in the National Schools in Ireland. In Holland, for example, the law requires "that the scholars be not left without instruction in the doctrinal creed of the religious community to which they belong; but that part of the instruction shall not be exacted from the schoolmaster." "In all the Protestant schools of Prussia," says Horace Mann in the report of his educational tour, "Luther's Catechism

* People generally have no idea that there is perhaps as much heathenism in some parts of England as there is of Christianity in some of the South-Sea Islands. In Liverpool, Dr. Hume and his assistants, in prosecuting their inquiries into the religious condition of one of the poorest districts, found that many persons did not know whether they belonged to the Church, or were Catholics or Dissenters; and it was only by tracing back their pedigrees for two generations that any light was thrown on the subject.

is regularly taught; and in all the Roman-Catholic schools the catechism of that communion. When the schools are mixed, they have combined literary with separate religious instruction; and here all the doctrines of the respective denominations are taught early and most assiduously." The proportion of the population attending schools on the continent is stated to be—Prussia, one-sixth; Bavaria, one-seventh; Holland, one-eighth; Belgium, one-ninth; the empire of Austria, about one-tenth; the proportion in our own country being, on the most favourable computation, about one-ninth.

The establishment and maintenance of schools were always leading objects with the English settlers in America, and the consequence has been the founding of a system which reaches even to the lowest classes; which prevents any child born in the states where it prevails from growing up in ignorance; and which has become so interwoven with the institutions and soil of the country, that its permanence has been effectually secured. In every state in the Union, with the exception of three, (and in these three, out of a population of nearly 2,000,000, one-third are slaves,) provision is made by law to a greater or less extent for public education. In the New England, or the oldest states, the system is seen in its fullest development, while even in the newest it is made a prominent object of care: thus in Texas, one of the most recently-admitted states, there is already a sum of 17,000 dollars* in the treasury to the credit of the school or about one-fifth of the average annual expenses of the state. In the state of Wisconsin, there are already 2,000,000 acres of land set apart for the support of schools. To this there will be added the proceeds of all lands that may hereafter be granted to the state by Congress for educational purposes; all moneys and the clear proceeds of all property that may accrue to the state by forfeiture or escheat; all moneys that may be paid as an equivalent for exemption from military duty; the clear proceeds of all fines that may be collected in the several counties for any breach of the penal laws; 5 per cent. of the net proceeds of all sales of United States lands in the state; and all moneys arising from any grant to the state where the purposes of such grant are not specified. In the act establishing the territorial government of Minnesota, passed by Congress in March, 1849, it was provided that certain sections of land should be assessed in every township for public schools; and in the twelve land states—that is, states where the federal government has now land on sale—containing an area of about 600,000 square miles, more than 10,000,000 acres have already been appropriated to the support of common schools; and as the average price at which land was sold was about a dollar and a third per acre, this is equal to an investment of nearly £3,000,000 sterling for the support of schools. In twelve of the oldest northern states, which contained, in 1840, a population of about eight and a half millions, the amount of capital invested for school purposes is sixteen and a half millions of dollars, or nearly two dollars for each inhabitant. This is exclusive altogether of the sums raised by local taxation, which in four of the northern states, with a population of 6,000,000, amounts to about 2,000,000 dollars per annum. The salaries paid to teachers, and the expenses of schools

* An American dollar is about 4s. 2d. of our money.

generally, do not appear to be very much more than in our own country, as the average wages per month of male teachers in the state of Massachusetts—where perhaps the system is most efficiently carried out—is stated to be thirty-three, and female teachers fourteen, dollars per month.

Though the system is to some extent varied in the various states, yet in all it appears to be a combination of local taxation and direction, with state assistance and control. Each state in which common schools are established has usually an officer, styled either School-Commissioner, Secretary to the Board of Education, or Superintendent of Common Schools, and receiving a salary varying from 600 to 2000 dollars per annum, whose duty appears to be to a great extent similar to that of the inspectors of schools in this country. The law usually provides that the inhabitants of any township shall have power to rate themselves for the support of schools; and according to the amount raised, so is the assistance from government regulated. There seems to be no necessity for compulsion—for in Pennsylvania, out of 1306 school-districts into which the state is divided, 1153, or about nine-tenths, contribute to the support of schools; and in Rhode Island, where, according to the revised law of 1846, each town agreed to raise by tax one-third as much as they receive from the state, many of the towns raised a much larger sum. The religious instruction is in all cases free from sectarianism: the law existing in New York state may serve as an example:—"No school shall be entitled to a portion of the school moneys in which the religious sectarian doctrine or tenet of any particular Christians, or other religious doctrine, shall be taught, inculcated, or practised."

These schools are perfectly free. "A child would be as much astonished," says Horace Mann, late Education Secretary for Massachusetts, "at being asked to pay any sum, however small, for attending our common schools, as he would be if payment were demanded of him for walking in the public streets, for breathing the common air, or enjoying the warmth of the unappropriable sun." Among the drawbacks to the American system may be mentioned the excessive employment in some states of female teachers, and the short time during which the schools are open each year. In Vermont, for example, 68 per cent. of the teachers are females; and in Massachusetts there are 5510 female, and only 2424 male teachers. Again; the schools are usually classified as summer and winter—the former having always the least attendance. In New Hampshire the winter schools are open, on the average, only for about ten weeks, and the summer eight and a half during the year. In Vermont the average time each year that the schools are open is twenty-five weeks, and in Pennsylvania about four months and a quarter.*

We cannot give these systems, whether in Europe or America, the same amount of unqualified praise which by many is lavished on them. Even the slight sketch that has been given will show that they are not without defects; and a comparison of their practical results, as evinced in national character and conduct, will show that, so far as these are influenced by education, such schemes of instruction are not decidedly superior to our own after all. The two greatest lessons that foreign plans should teach us

* American Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge for 1856, p. 323, et seq.

—that a national system would be far superior to the present haphazard plans pursued in our country; and that the difficulty as regards religious education felt by us has in other countries been successfully overcome. It may be said that the circumstances of each country are different: that in America there is no Established Church, and that on the continent dissent is not so prevalent as in England. But it must be remembered that so far as the people, not the clergy, are concerned, the elements are the same; and if in the United States—where there are 29 religious sects, the least numerous of which has 21 churches and 3000 communicants—it is possible to adopt a system of religious instruction in harmony with the free institutions of the country, and acquiesced in by all sects, it is certainly not impossible in Britain.

In reference to this question of religious education, there appears to be a vast amount of misapprehension arising from the want of a distinction between *education* and *instruction*. We do not suppose that there is any section of the community who desire an education that should not be religious; indeed, a non-religious education is impossible in this country, and a non-religious educator an abstraction. Religious education is virtually the drawing out of the religious principle in man; the cultivation, day by day, and hour by hour, of feelings of reverence and veneration, of obedience to God and love to our fellow-creatures:—religious instruction is the knowledge of a creed and a catechism, and the duties derived therefrom: the former is the result of an influence, acting on the child's heart and mind; the latter of a lesson, acting on his memory; the education is the compass, the instruction the chart. It is perfectly clear that this religious education will be good, bad, or indifferent, according to the religious character and intellectual ability of the teacher. If he is a true Christian in every sense of the word, with the requisite experience and talent, the children under his care will be religiously educated; but if he is not so, the reverse will be the case, no matter what may be the orders of the School Committee, and no matter though the Bible is read and a catechism taught in the school every day.

On the other hand, the feeling of parents on the subject is not so strong as is generally represented. The question is seldom raised with regard to the education of the rich,* and why should it be made such a difficulty in the education of the poor? The rich man sends his son to the school where he will be most effectually taught, not to that where the greatest time and attention are devoted to creeds and catechisms; the poor man has properly the same feelings, and will often send his children to a school not connected with the religious body to which he may belong, if that school is decidedly of a superior kind. The Rev. J. C. Wigram, secretary to the National Society in 1834, told a committee of the House of Commons during that year, that "with respect to nine-tenths of the people who send their children to us, if our schools were to become inefficient, and other schools could teach reading and writing better, the parents, without at all thinking of the religious knowledge they get, would send them to the others." Again: in the British and Foreign Schools, children of all religious deno-

* Will those gentlemen, Sir R. H. Inglis and others, who denounce "as godless" every scheme of education which they may happen to disapprove, describe the religious education which the nobility of England receive at Oxford and Cambridge, and give a true account of its godly effects?

minations are found. Last year there were in five such schools in the counties of Kent, Buckingham, Lincoln, and Lancaster, 1106 children, thus classified:—Church of England, 326; Roman Catholic, 73; Methodist, 360; Independents, 147; Baptists, 134; other Dissenters, 66. In the Shakspeare's Walk School in London, intended for the children of the poor in the neighbourhood of Wapping and the Docks, there have been admitted during twenty-eight years 8023 children, of which number the parents of 3000 were of the Church of England; of 2015 were Roman Catholics; and of 3008 Dissenters. In this school the authorized version of the Scriptures is read, and "the moral principles enacted in the word of God are carefully and impressively inculcated;" but no catechism is taught. In Ireland the number of children of each sect attending the schools of the National Board is a tolerably fair reflex of the population of the country; while in Scotland, where differences exist less in matters of doctrine than of discipline, the solution of the question by itself presents fewer difficulties; but, on the other hand, it is complicated by the tests applied both to the universities and schools.

The great principle to which all that has been written tends, and to the adoption of which many of the most learned and pious men have come, is, that the religious instruction which cannot, consistently with religious freedom, be imparted generally to a school attended by children of all religious denominations, should be imparted particularly to each by the clergymen of their respective persuasions; and that, while the state or society at large can, without infringing any principle of justice or equality, maintain and direct the general education given to all, it is equally just and fitting that the special instruction should be directed by the heads of the various religious bodies. The people at large are, we believe, favourable to this principle, and "the leaders of public opinion" are gradually adopting it. Its success in Ireland, and its success even when partially carried out in England, are too manifest to admit any doubts of its practicability.

Another principle, on which there will be less difference of opinion, and which will ultimately be adopted, is, that any legal provision for education must have a territorial basis—that is that it must be made and supported by *localities*, each providing means by local taxation, for its own wants, while the government, without interfering with local freedom, shall exercise a controlling power, and give assistance to poorer districts. The objections that by some may be urged to such a system apply with equal force to the present government grant, which is obtained from the general taxation of the country, and of which each man, whatever may be his opinions, is obliged to pay his share. Again: the indifference of parents in many cases to the education of their children is so great, and the evils resulting from children being allowed to grow up in ignorance and vice are so severely felt by society, as would appear to justify the adoption of some system of compulsory attendance at schools.

An association has been formed in Lancashire for the purpose of establishing in that country a general system of secular education supported by local rates. Of course such an association can do nothing in the practical work of education until an act of Parliament has been obtained, which, in the present state of feeling, both in the legislature and the country, it

would be vain to expect. But such a plan, it is evident, must ultimately be adopted; and while we agree with the leading principles of the association, we are afraid that its supporters have not given sufficient consideration to its bearing on the existing educational machinery of the country. Any new scheme, to be practicable, must not be a separate and independent system, but an amalgamation of the plans now in active operation. It will never do to leave out of account the fact, that during the last sixteen years school accommodation has been provided for about 1,000,000 of scholars; that many schools of various kinds have sprung up, and are springing up every year; that many of these are not attended by half the number they can accommodate; and that, if local taxes are to be imposed, they must be applied not only to the establishment of new schools, but to the support of the old, now struggling against many difficulties, and which, with all their shortcomings, have done good service to the country.

In this Paper we have no specific plan to propose: we have endeavoured to give a fair and complete account of the existing state of things, and to shadow forth the principles on which a practicable and an impartial plan ought to be based. Until a general agreement on these principles has been come to, it is idle to enter into details. The country is not yet sufficiently prepared for the adoption of a great scheme, but it very soon will be; and we trust our hope is neither vain nor baseless—that the reign of Queen Victoria will not close before some such great and general plan shall be in successful operation—a plan that will shed more lustre on her reign than the defeat of the Spanish Armada, or the works of Shakspeare and Bacon, have shed upon that of Queen Elizabeth.

ANTARCTIC EXPLORATIONS.

FROM the earliest periods of geographical discovery down to the present century, a high degree of mystery has attached to the southern regions of the globe. Long after the seas of the northern hemisphere had been navigated and explored by enterprising adventurers, the ocean south of the equator was regarded with the exaggerated dread which ever attends a low state of knowledge. It was there that nature kept some of her profoundest secrets; and during several generations, man shrank from the attempt to penetrate them. Not to mention the vague speculations of Ptolemy and others of the ancient philosophers, we may commence with the incident recorded by Arabian writers, that in 1147, about the time of the second Crusade, eight individuals sailed to discover the limits of the "Sea of Darkness," as the Atlantic was then called. They touched at an island on the way, from the natives of which they heard rumours of a "dense gloom" to the southward, and were so terrified at the prospect, that they abandoned the voyage. Two Genoese made a similar attempt in 1291, and were never afterward heard of. In maps of this period Africa is made to terminate north of the equator; a curious one preserved in the library at Turin exhibits the outlines of the then known parts of the world, and an explanatory note, stating, "Besides these three parts of the world, there is beyond the ocean a *fourth*, which the extreme heat of the sun prohibits our being acquainted with, and on the confines of which is the country of the fabulous antipodes." In the maps by Picigano, about 1367, Africa is seen similarly defrauded of its fair proportions; but—and the fact is remarkable—these maps exhibit a western continent named Antilia, which is supposed to represent South America: the same outlines also occur in Andrea Bianco's map of 1436.

The fifteenth century gave birth to a more inquiring and adventurous spirit. Encouraged by Don Henry, Portuguese navigators doubled Cape Bojador in 1418, just after the battle of Agincourt, and crept timidly down towards the supposed uninhabitable torrid zone. In 1433, the feat was repeated by Gilianez of Lagos; and within the next twenty years, several expeditions had visited Guinea and the Gold Coast. At length, in 1486, while numbers in England were mourning the field of Bosworth and the last of the Plantagenets, Bartholomew Diaz, a knight of King John's household, sailed with two caravels of fifty tons each, and a small store-ship, to attempt further discoveries. He touched on the coast of Africa,

and set up a stone pillar at a point beyond the limit of any former voyage, and then sailing boldly across the ocean, saw land no more until he was forty leagues to the eastward of its southern extremity—a dense mist, peculiar to that latitude at certain seasons, had concealed it from his sight. He had reached what is now known as Algoa Bay. The crew were unwilling to proceed; but Diaz prevailed on them to sail twenty-five leagues farther, where the coast was seen still trending to the eastward. On returning, he saw the end of the land—a view that gladdened and rewarded him for his labour and anxieties; and set up a pillar on the shore to establish the Portuguese claim to the discovery. He had now found the route from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean, then, however, regarded with terror, from the violent storms which almost constantly prevailed. It was from these that Diaz called the remote promontory “Il Cabo dos Tormentos,” a designation which it was not long to retain, for, on the return of the adventurers to Lisbon, in December, 1487, as related by Camoens—

“At Lisboa’s court they told their dread escape,
And from her raging tempests, named the Cape.
Thou southmost Point, the joyful king exclaim’d,
Cape of Good Hope be thou for ever named.”

In October, 1492, Columbus led the way to tropical America: thus within a short period two great routes were opened to the mysterious southern regions. Vasco de Gama’s voyage followed; with a small fleet he rounded the Cape on which such hopes were built, and reached India. According to the accounts given, it was no easy task. “The waves,” says the narrator, “rose like mountains in height, his ships were heaved up to the clouds, and now appeared as precipitated by circling whirlpools to the bed of the ocean. The winds were piercing cold, and so boisterous, that the pilot’s voice could seldom be heard, while a dismal and almost continual darkness, which at that tempestuous season involves those seas, added greatly to the danger. Sometimes the gale drove them to the southward, at other times they were obliged to stand on the tack, and yield to its fury, preserving what they had gained with the greatest difficulty. During any gloomy interval of the storm, the sailors, wearied out with fatigue, and abandoned to despair, surrounded Gama, begging he would not devote himself and crew to so dreadful a death. They exclaimed that the gale could no longer be weathered; that every one must be buried in the waves if they continued to proceed. The firmness of the admiral could not be shaken, and a formidable conspiracy was immediately formed against him; but of this desperate proceeding he was informed by his brother Paulo. The conspirators and all the pilots were immediately put in irons; while Gama, assisted by his brother, and the few who remained steadfast in their duty, stood night and day to the helm. Providence rewarded his heroism, and at length, on Wednesday, the 20th of November, all the squadron doubled this tremendous promontory.”

Several of the companions of Columbus figure prominently in the history of coasting voyages along the American continent. Vincent Yanez Pinzon was the first to cross the line in the western seas; he discovered Brazil a few months before it was seen by Cabral. In the previous year, 1499, Hojeda had sailed to make discoveries with Amerigo Vespucci as pilot, and to the latter must perhaps be accorded the merit of the earliest

antarctic explorations. He had made two voyages in the Spanish service; his third, undertaken in May, 1501, with "the daring project of advancing as near as possible to the antarctic pole," was under the auspices of Emmanuel, King of Portugal. The party were embarked in three small vessels, and after sixty-seven days' sailing, saw the coast of Brazil. "This long run," says Vespucci, "we made in great distress, continually beaten by rain and tempests, attended for six weeks with so thick a darkness, that we all gave ourselves for lost. Our pilots were at their wits' end, not knowing in what part of the world we were. But the skill I possessed in astronomy and cosmography helped me to direct our course, and my success increased the crews' confidence in me, as a very extraordinary person." They coasted along, landing occasionally, and staying a month at anchor to refresh, and losing some of the crew, who were eaten by the natives, until, as recorded, "we had passed the tropic of Capricorn, and brought the north-pole star below the horizon. We then began to regulate our course by the stars of the southern hemisphere, which we found larger and brighter than those of the northern;" and Vespucci boasts that he was the first since Adam and Eve to view the constellation of the Southern Cross. In April, 1502, they had reached the latitude of 52 degrees south. "Here," he continues, "the sea ran so high, that the whole crew expected to perish, it being now winter in those parts, and the nights more than fifteen hours long. On the first day of April, I discovered a Terra Australis, which we coasted for twenty leagues. We found it all a bold shore, without seeing any port or inhabitants. Here we found it so cold, that none of us could endure it, and the fogs so thick, that we could not see from the one ship to the other. The captain, alarmed at the dangers the ships ran in those seas, resolved to return towards the equator; and lucky it was he did so, for on the two following days the storm was so violent, that had we continued our intended course, in all probability the squadron had been lost in thick fogs during those long nights." In September of the same year, Vespucci was again at Lisbon; when he turned back, he was probably somewhere between the Falkland Islands and the mainland; and had he persevered towards the pole, the southern cape of the new, as well as of the old continent, would have been discovered by the Portuguese.

The next expedition was conducted by Juan Diaz de Solis, one of the most able navigators of that day: he sailed in 1514, and on coming to the great estuary of the Rio de la Plata, or *mar dulce*, as he named it, he thought he had reached the much-desired passage to the western ocean. He ascended the river for some distance; but his voyage came to an unhappy termination: one day, while on shore, he was captured with five of his crew, and eaten by the natives. From his abilities, we may conclude that had this catastrophe not occurred, he would have succeeded in the object of his search.

Balboa's discovery of the great South Sea from "a peak in Darien," in 1513, the same year that Flodden Field was fought, had excited the adventurous spirits of that adventurous age with eager desires to find a passage from the one ocean to the other: hence the numerous but abortive coasting voyages in the Gulf of Mexico and to the southward. The expedition under Magellan, which sailed from San Lucar in September, 1519, when Luther was setting Germany in a blaze with the fire of the Reformation, had the

same object: he was appointed commander of a fleet of five vessels, the largest not more than 120 tons burden. On arriving in Port St. Julian, after the then usually tedious voyage across the Atlantic, a consultation was held as to their means and prospects: nearly every voice was raised against proceeding: some feared the length of the voyage, others dreaded being abandoned far from their native country. Magellan, however, determined to winter in the port, and gave orders for the provisions to be issued und r allowance; "whereupon," according to Herrera, "the people, on account of the great cold, begged him that since the country was found to extend itself towards the antarctic, without showing a hope of finding the cape of this land, nor any strait; and as the winter was setting in severe, and some men dead for want, that he would increase the allowance, or return back; alleging that it was not the king's intention that they should seek out what was impossible, and that it was enough to have got where none had ever been; adding, that, going farther towards the pole, some furious wind might drive them where they should not get away, and all perish."

"Magalhaens, who was a ready man, and presently hit on a remedy for whatever incident occurred, said that he was very ready to die, or to fulfil what he had promised. He said that the king had ordered him the voyage which was to be performed; and that, at all events, he was to sail till he found the end of that land, or some strait, which they could not fail of doing; and though wintering seemed to be attended with difficulties, there could be none, when the spring set in, to proceed forward, discovering the coasts of the continent under the antarctic pole, being assured that they must come to a place where a day lasted three months: that he was astonished that men, and Spaniards, could have so much sluggishness." The brave leader ended by avowing his determination to die rather "than shamefully to return back;" and by the force of his example and encouraging words, succeeded in repressing the discontent for a time.

While lying here, several of the natives came down to the anchorage: their stature was such, that the Spaniards regarded them as giants, and from their rude contrivances for shoes, named them Patagones, or *clumsy-hoofed*; an appellation which they still retain. Exploring parties were sent out from time to time to examine the inlets along the coast: one of these parties lost their vessel, and before they could regain the port, endured so great hardships from want of food and severity of the climate, as to be scarcely recognisable in their wretched and emaciated condition. Discontent again broke out: some of the ringleaders were condemned to be left on shore—a miserable fate: a mutinous captain was stabbed, and another condemned to be hanged with a youth of his crew: "and because they had no executioner, the boy, to save his own life, accepted of the office, and hung his master, and quartered him." Refractoriness on the part of the crews was one of the greatest obstacles which the leaders of early voyages had to contend against.

The fleet put to sea a second time in October, 1520, and shortly afterward came to the mouth of a great strait, which ran so far into the land, as flattered all on board must be the wished-for passage. Considering the question as settled, the pilots demanded to return to Spain for larger and better-furnished vessels wherewith to enter on the unknown navigation; but Magellan replied, "that if even he thought they could be reduced to

the necessity of eating the hides which were on the yards, he would go on to discover what he had promised the emperor; for he trusted God would assist them, and bring them to a good conclusion." One of the vessels was wrecked, the crew of another abandoned the enterprise, so that but three ships were left to explore the strait. Magellan, however, bore up against the difficulties of an intricate navigation. "While sailing along," says Herrera, "they observed the land here was very ragged and cold; and because they saw in the night many fires, it was named Terra del Fuego." At length, "on the 27th November, he sailed into the great South Sea, giving infinite thanks to God that he had permitted him to find what was so much desired, and that he was the first who had found the passage so much sought after. Whereby the memory of this excellent captain shall be eternally celebrated."

Although Magellan had been anticipated by Balboa in embarking on the waters of the ocean, to which he gave the name of Pacific, he was the first European to navigate it with ships. By a singular fatality, he chose a track on which, during more than 3000 miles, he saw no other land than two insignificant islets, while his crew were dispirited and half-starved:

"Waste and wild
The view! On the same sunshine o'er the waves
The murmuring mariners, with languid eye,
E'en till the heart is sick, gaze day by day."

Their chief, as is well known, did not live to reap the fruit of his labours, having been killed in a battle with the natives of one of the Philippine Islands, and but one of his vessels returned to Europe. This voyage was the more remarkable, as being the first circumnavigation of the globe, and the first occasion of seamen finding the loss of a day in their reckoning; a fact which caused much surprise at that time, and baffled the learned in their attempts to account for it.

Pigafetta, a contemporary historian, says of this voyage, "These were mariners who surely merited an eternal memory, more justly than the Argonauts of old. The ship, too, undoubtedly deserved far better to be placed among the stars than their ship Argo: for this, our wonderful ship, taking her departure from the Straits of Gibraltar, and sailing southwards through the great ocean towards the Antarctic Pole, and then turning west, followed that course so long, that, passing round, she came into the east, and thence again into the west, not by sailing back, but proceeding constantly forward; so compassing about the globe of the world, until she marvellously regained her native country, Spain, and the port from which she departed, Seville."

Several other expeditions followed, undertaken by adventurers on their own account, or with the sanction of the governmental authorities. Loaysa was sent out with a fleet by Spain, in 1526, to lay claim to the Moluccas; and, according to some accounts, Huces, one of his captains, was driven so far to the southward, that he saw the end of the land. But so much disaster, misery, and privation attended lengthened voyages at that early period, that no other important expedition sailed until the famous one under Drake in 1577. The time had come for Englishmen to exhibit their skill and hardihood in distant navigation, and the circumstances were such as to favour and stimulate their manifestation.

Pope Alexander VI. had decided by a bull that a line drawn from the north pole to the south, 100 leagues west of the Azores, should be the dividing line between the possessions of the Spaniards and the Portuguese, to whom all the new discoveries were to belong; a decision which produced the remark from the King of France, "Since the Kings of Spain and Portugal divide the whole world between them, I wish that they would show me the will of our father Adam, that I might see in what terms he has constituted them sole heirs." Supported by such authority, the two powers often came into conflict; and the jealous and arrogant spirit displayed by Spain towards other competitors tended to provoke a formidable rivalry on the part of such a people as the English, animated by an ardent spirit of enterprise. To prevent others from following on their tracks, the Spaniards for a long time kept their maps and charts studiously secret—a mean and selfish policy, in which they were afterward imitated by the Dutch with respect to their eastern possessions, and also by the Hudson's Bay Company regarding theirs in the north.

Drake sailed from Plymouth in December, 1577, with a fleet of five vessels, the largest 100 tons burden. In August of the following year he entered the Straits of Magellan, greatly to the surprise and disappointment of the Spaniards, who, until then, had believed that no stranger would venture on or succeed in so hazardous an enterprise. He effected the passage in seventeen days: on reaching the western mouth, the fleet was separated by a tempest, and Drake was left with only two vessels to prosecute his voyage. The foul weather, however, was the cause of an interesting incident:—"I remember," says Sir R. Hawkins in his narrative, "that Sir Francis Drake told me, that having shot the Straits, a storme took him first at north-west, and after vered about to south-west, which continued with him many dayes, with that extremitie, that he could not open any sayle, and that at the end of the storme he found himselfe in fiftie degrees, which was sufficient testimony and proof that he was beaten round about the Straits, for the least height of the Straits is in fiftie-two degrees and fiftie minutes, in which stand the two entrances or mouths. And moreover, he said, that standing about when the winde changed, he was not well able to double the southermost iland, and so anchored under the lee of it; and going ashoare, carried a compasse with him, and seeking out the southermost part of the iland, cast himselfe downe upon the uttermost point groveling, and so reached out his body over it. Presently he imbarcked, and then recounted unto his people that he had beene upon the southermost knowne land in the world, and more further to the southwards upon it than any of them, yea or any man as yet knowne." Here the gallant captain saw "the Atlantic Ocean and the South Sea meet in a large and free scope;" he was detained by the storm fifty-one days, and occupied himself in observing the manners of the natives, to whose islands he gave the name of Elizabethides. His further exploits do not fall within our purpose; suffice it, that he was the first Englishman who sailed round the world, and completed the voyage in two years and ten months.

The first attempts of the English to sail round the Cape of Good Hope were made in 1591 with three vessels, one of which only, Sir James Lancaster's, reached India. Shortly afterward, when Philip of Spain invaded Holland, the Dutch resolved to attack the Spanish possessions in America,

and in 1598 sent out Oliver Van Noort and an English pilot named Mellish with four vessels: they were the pioneers of that commercial nation in the southern regions. Another fleet of five ships sailed from Rotterdam in the same year: one of the captains, Sebald de Weert, discovered a group of islands, which for a long time bore his name; they are now better known as the Falklands. Old Purchas relates that Theodore Gerards, (Gerritz,) "one of that fleet, was carried by tempest, as they write, to 64 degrees south, in which height the country was mountainous, and covered with snow, looking like Norway. It seemed to extend to the Islands of Salomon." This mountainous land is now supposed to be the South Shetlands, which were rediscovered some 200 years after the event above recorded. The Hollanders were not slow in pushing their trade into the new countries; the Dutch East India Company despatched a fleet under Spilberg, and claimed the monopoly of trade to India by the Cape of Good Hope and the Straits of Magellan, a restriction unfavourable to other merchants, by whom it was complained of. The States-General, to resolve the difficulty, and promote discovery, declared that the discoverer of a new passage to India should be rewarded with the profit of the first four voyages. The opportunity was not neglected: Le Maire, a sagacious and wealthy merchant of Amsterdam, who had studied the subject, came to the conclusion that such a passage existed, and took measures to verify his opinion. Two ships, the *Unity* and the *Horn*, were privately equipped, and sent out under command of William Schouten and Le Maire's son, in 1615; in November they anchored in Port Desire for refreshment and repairs, and while here the *Horn* was accidentally burnt. They resumed their voyage in January, 1616, the year in which Baffin's Bay was discovered, and "on the 24th, in the forenoon, saw land a-starboard, about a league's distance, stretching out east and south, with very high hills, all covered with ice; and then other land bearing east from it, high and rugged as the former. They guessed the lands they had in these two prospects lay about eight leagues asunder, and that there might be a good passage between them, because of a pretty brisk current that ran southward along by them. They saw an incredible number of penguins, and such large shoals of whales, that they were forced to proceed with great caution, for fear they should run their ships upon them."

"The 25th, in the forenoon, they got close up by the east land; this they called States Land, and to that which lay west they gave the name of Maurice Land. In the evening, having a south-west wind, they steered southwards, meeting with mighty waves, that came rolling along before the wind, and the depth of the water to the leeward from them, which appeared by some very evident signs, gave them a full assurance that the great South Sea was now before them, into which they had almost made their way by a passage of their own discovering. The 29th, they saw land again; this was the high hilly land, covered with snow, that lay southward from the Magellanic Straits, ending in a sharp point, which they called Cape Horn, and now they gathered full assurance that the way was open into the South Sea. The 12th of February they plainly discovered the Magellanic Straits lying east of them; and therefore, now being secure of their happy new discovery, they rendered thanks to good fortune in a cup of wine, which went three times round the company." If the accounts concerning Huoes

and Drake are to be depended on, Cape Horn had been twice before discovered in the course of the preceding century.

Le Maire's name was given to the newly discovered strait, and thus the utmost southern point of the American continent was made known, and an open passage found from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. An enterprise so well considered, and successfully carried out, should have had a satisfactory termination. But on the arrival of the *Unity* at Bantam in October, the president of the Dutch East India Company confiscated the vessel and her cargo, declaring Schouten and his companions to be unlawful traders, and bade them seek redress in Holland. Spilberg's ships were then about to sail on their homeward voyage, and several of the discomfited adventurers took passage by them. Le Maire died from vexation after they had been two weeks at sea; and Schouten reached Holland in July, 1617, having accomplished his journey round the world in two years and eighteen days, and failed to obtain redress for the injustice of which he had been the victim. His voyage affords an instance of sagacious thought finding its confirmation in experience.

Another Spanish expedition under the Nodals, accompanied by Dutch pilots, sailed in 1618 to verify Schouten's discoveries: it returned, after surveying the coasts of Terra del Fuego. And in 1623, the Nassau fleet, composed of eleven Dutch ships of war, arrived in the same latitudes: the commander, Jaques le Hermite, found that several passages existed by which the Pacific could be reached without doubling the Horn or passing through the Straits—a fact confirmed by the late surveying voyage of Captain King in the *Beagle*. One of Hermite's vessels went as high as 60°, and rounded the Cape without once seeing it.

Meantime Pedro Fernandez de Quiros, in a memorial to the viceroy of Peru, had requested permission to "plough up the waters of the unknown sea, and to seek out the undiscovered lands around the antarctic pole, the centre of that horizon."

"With De Quiros to the south
Still urge the way, if yet some continent
Stretch to its dusky pole, with nations spread,
Forests, and hills, and streams."

The north, he shows, was known up to the 70th degree of latitude, while "of the south part is discovered to 55 degrees only, passing the Strait of Magalhaens; and to 35 degrees, in which is the Cape of Good Hope; or 40 degrees and a little more, to which ships go in doubling it. Now are wanting the rest which remain from these, and from this parallel and to the west, from a lower latitude, to 90 degrees, to know if it is land or water, or what part there is of both." It was supposed, from the voyages that had been made to the Philippines and other islands of the Pacific, that a great land existed towards the pole, "the antipodes to the greater part of Europe, Africa, and Asia, where from 20 degrees to 60 degrees, God has made men so useful." Quiros sailed from Lima in 1605, in company with Torres: he discovered twenty-three islands, among which his Sagittaria and Encarnacion are believed to be Tahiti and Pitcairn's Island. And so confident was he that a greater extent of land would be found, that on his return, in his communication to Philip II., he declared, "in the southern parts lies hid a quarter of the globe."

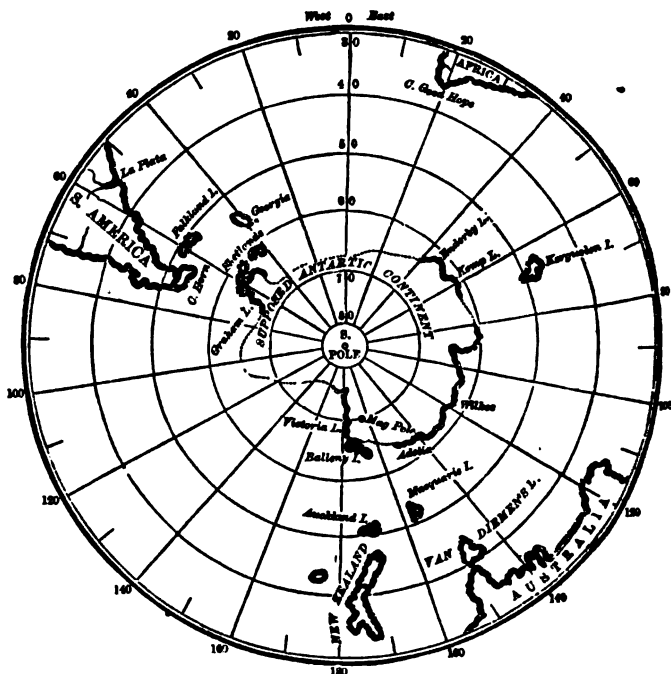
In 1606, Torres saw another great land, now known as Australia, which, with some show of probability, might have been the continent imagined by his companion. Within the next twenty-five years, the north and west shores of that vast island were surveyed by Dutch navigators, and there is reason to believe that it had been visited by the Spaniards and Portuguese nearly a century earlier, as it is laid down in maps drawn about the year 1550, which are preserved in the British Museum; but in accordance with the jealous policy of those people, the knowledge of it was kept secret.

For some time this new discovery was supposed to be the great south land; and in 1642, Van Diemen, the governor of Batavia, sent Tasman to make explorations. In this voyage the geography of the region was determined; the extreme southern portion of the land was sailed round, and named after the governor, and its disconnection with an Austral continent conclusively proved. Tasman afterward discovered New Zealand; and, possessed with the ideas of the period, he imagined that this remote island stretched away, and united with the Staten Land of Schouten and Le Maire at Terra del Fuego, and hoped it was "part of the unknown south continent." As an acknowledgment of Tasman's services by the States-General, the large island was named New Holland.

Those daring sea-rovers, the Buccaneers, while pushing their lawless cruises, for greater part of the seventeenth century, wherever the hope of plunder led them, contributed materially, though indirectly, to extend the limits of geographical research. Dampier and Wafer were among the party who marched across the Isthmus of Panama; and embarking in several canoes which they had stolen, rowed out to sea, and made prize of a vessel lying at anchor. Emboldened by success, they attacked and took larger ships, and in these traversed the Pacific Ocean. One of their captures was turned adrift as useless, with seven hundred pigs of metal on board, which they supposed to be lead; afterward, when they came to make bullets from a lump which they had kept, the lead proved to be silver. Desirous of re-entering the Atlantic, they stretched boldly to the southwards till they met with ice, and doubled Cape Horn; and inspired so much confidence by their resolute perseverance, that a voyage round South America came to be regarded with diminished apprehension. Dampier was afterward appointed to the command of a vessel fitted out by the government of William III., in which he made further discoveries in New Holland and other southern countries. The war which broke out between England and Spain in 1739, led to Anson's famous voyage, which, though in many respects unfortunate, widened the boundaries of geographical knowledge. The wreck of one of the squadron, the *Wager*, on the coast of Terra del Fuego, although it gave the survivors an intimate knowledge of the country, will always be remembered as a most melancholy incident in the annals of disaster. "Nothing can be imagined," says the historian of the expedition, "more savage and gloomy than the whole aspect of this coast." In doubling the Cape, "we had a continual succession of such tempestuous weather, as surprised the oldest and most experienced mariners on board, and obliged them to confess that what they had hitherto called storms were inconsiderable gales compared with the violence of these winds, which raised such short, and, at the same time, such mountainous waves, as greatly surpassed in danger all seas known in any other part of the globe."

And he laments that "the squadron would be separated never to unite again, and that this day of our passage would be the last cheerful day that the greatest part of us would ever live to enjoy."

Up to this period, and for some time afterward, the idea of a great southern continent was still entertained: philosophers argued in favour of it, for without a mass of land at the antipodes to counterbalance the preponderance in the north, the inequality of weight would cause the earth to rotate in the opposite direction! Among the maps published in "Purchas's Pilgrims" is one which represents South America as terminating at the Strait of Magellan, by which it is separated from a huge continent, larger apparently than any other division of the world, and named *Terra Australis Incognita*; and that which accompanies Dampier's narrative contains the same delineation, but in a less exaggerated form. Every newly-discovered



island was supposed to be an outlying portion of the antarctic land, until, one after the other, their southern extremities were explored. After all—so difficult is it to give up a long-cherished belief—arguments were still adduced to show that the connection might exist in the shape of a chain of islands: Africa and America were probably connected in that way, and these again with the Terra Incognita. The essential differences of natural phenomena, as observed in the north and in the south, were

also matter for speculation, and not a little error was mixed up with the truth. Acosta's treatise affords numerous instances. "Many in Europe," he writes, "demand of what forme and fashion heaven is in the southerne part; for that there is no certaintie found in ancient books, who, although they grant there is a heaven on this other part of the world, yet come they not to any knowledge of the form thereof." Ice was met with in lower latitudes than in the north; the seasons were less genial; the climate of Staten Land and Terra del Fuego would bear no comparison with that of countries lying in a similar latitude in the opposite zone. One reason assigned for the difference was, that the sun remained eight days longer in the northern than in the southern hemisphere, and that the north was nearer to the sun during winter. These, with many other absurd notions, were, however, to disappear before the increasing intelligence of the period to which we are now approaching.

In 1764, Commodore Byron, who had been wrecked in the *Wager*, sailed with two armed vessels "to make discoveries of countries hitherto unknown;" for, as stated in his instructions, "there was reason to believe that lands or islands of great extent, hitherto unvisited by any European power, may be found in the Atlantic Ocean between the Cape of Good Hope and the Magellanic Strait, within the latitudes convenient for navigation." This voyage lasted twenty-two months, without enlarging the limits of southern exploration. The expedition by Wallis and Carteret in the *Dolphin* and *Swallow* followed in 1766. The ships were four months in passing the straits; and having been separated in a gale, did not meet again during the cruise. Carteret rediscovered Pitcairn's Island, and Wallis Tahiti. The latter was unable to account for the natives being somewhat acquainted with the use of iron, but the prior discovery by Quiros furnishes a sufficient explanation. Bougainville's second voyage was also undertaken at the same time.

We come now to the voyages of Captain Cook: these had a definite scientific object. Astronomers were desirous that the transit of Venus over the sun's disk, which took place in 1769, should be observed on the other side of the world as well as in Europe; the determination of some highly important astronomical questions depended on it. Wallis, who had just returned, recommended a bay in Tahiti as a suitable locality for the purpose. A strong collier-ship, the *Endeavour*, was selected; and in August, 1768, Cook sailed. Banks and Solander were on board as naturalists. They were thirty-four days in beating round the Horn; and after observing the transit, steered for New Zealand, and disproved Tasman's supposition as to the connection of those islands with the southern continent. The eastern coast of New Holland was afterward surveyed, from the spot where the Dutch navigator left off, to Torres's Straits, an extent of more than 2000 miles. Cook landed and took possession of the country, giving it the name of New South Wales, and returned to England in 1770, after an absence of two years and eleven months.

A French expedition went out shortly afterward, commanded by the unfortunate Marion, who was eaten by the New Zealanders. One of his lieutenants, Kerguelen, discovered land in 50° 5' south in February, 1772, and hastened back to France with glowing accounts of an antarctic con-

tinent. This was the most southerly land then known in the Atlantic. Cook touched at it during his third voyage in 1776, and called it Desolation Island; but it is generally known by the name of its first discoverer.

Although Cook had shown that New Zealand was not united to the *Terra Australis Incognita*, it was still thought that a continent would be found. An expedition to search for it was sanctioned by the government; and Cook went out a second time with two vessels, the *Resolution* and *Adventure*, the latter commanded by Captain Furneaux, who had held the post of lieutenant under Wallis. To make the voyage as complete as possible, a number of scientific men and skilled artists were attached to the vessels, and every means taken to promote the health of the crews. They sailed in July, 1772; and in January of the following year were in $67^{\circ} 15'$ south latitude, where further progress was stopped by ice, and for the first time the aurora australis was observed. After a run of 11,000 miles, without once seeing land, Cook anchored at New Zealand to refit, from whence he again advanced towards the antarctic pole, in such a direction as to take advantage of the currents setting from west to east. On the 29th January, 1774, when in latitude $71^{\circ} 10'$ south, longitude $106^{\circ} 54'$ west, a point far beyond all those previously attained, he was stopped once more by ice, extending, as he believed, to the pole; yet from the number of birds flying about the ship, he judged there must be land behind the ice: and he "who had ambition not only to go farther than any one had gone before, but as far as it was possible for man to go," was compelled to renounce his hope of penetrating nearer to the south. He subsequently traversed the whole of the Southern Pacific, the first time the feat had ever been accomplished; rounded Cape Horn with "more calms than storms;" surveyed the islands of Terra del Fuego; and started on a high latitude to cross the South Atlantic in January, 1775. On the 14th land was seen; and on the 17th the great navigator landed to take possession, although he did not think "that any one would ever be benefited by the discovery." He named it Isle of Georgia, and describes it as "savage and horrible. The wild rocks raised their lofty summits till they were lost in the clouds, and the valleys lay covered with everlasting snow. Not a tree was to be seen, not a shrub even big enough to make a toothpick."

"Who would have thought," he adds, "that an island of no greater extent than this, situated between the latitude of 54° and 55° , should in the very height of summer be in a manner wholly covered many fathoms deep with frozen snow?" Although he saw much ice, he concluded that a greater extent of land was required for its formation than here seen, and he hoped to discover a continent. Yet he says, "I must confess the disappointment I now met with did not affect me much; for to judge of the bulk by the sample, it would not be worth the discovery."

In this part of his cruise Cook had no intention of going higher than 60 degrees, unless induced to do so by real signs of land. On the 30th, when in latitude $59^{\circ} 13' 30''$ south, islands were seen, which he called Sandwich Land and Southern Thule, "because it is the most southern land that has ever yet been discovered." The great navigator shrewdly conjectured that a greater expanse of land existed nearer the pole, and that it projected most towards the north in the region of the South Atlantic and Indian Oceans, as more ice was always found there than in the South

Pacific. Yet he declared himself "bold enough to say that no man will ever venture farther than I have done, and that the lands which lie to the south will never be explored. . . . Lands doomed by nature to perpetual frigidness; never to feel the warmth of the sun's rays; whose horrible and savage aspect I have not words to describe."

Subsequent events have proved that in these respects Cook was simply mistaken. Not so in his explorations. His determination of positions and accuracy of surveys are beyond all praise: few persons have rendered greater services to the science of geography. He was, besides, the first to prove that remote expeditions did not necessarily involve waste of life; for on returning to England in 1775, after a voyage of three years and eighteen days, he brought back the whole of his crew in health, with the exception of four lost by casualties. After this, publishers left the *Terra Australis Incognita* out of their maps.

A contemporary of Cook's, Alexander Dalrymple, afterward hydrographer to the Admiralty, had long entertained a belief in the existence of an antarctic continent, and frequently importuned the government to send him out with an expedition to colonize the probable country. He drew up a singular code of laws by which the settlement was to be governed: women were to have equal privileges with men; all lawyers were to be subjected to perpetual imprisonment; bachelors and maids to be taxed; none but copper money; and accounts of the government expenses to be submitted to the public every Sunday. Had this project been realized within the antarctic circle, Dalrymple would have proved himself a colonizer of no common order.

After Cook's second voyage, no further advance was made in antarctic exploration until within the first quarter of the present century. In 1818, Captain Smith, while on a course from Monte Video to Valparaiso, saw a long line of coast, as it appeared to him, in latitude 62°. He reported the fact to the commander of the *Andromache*, then lying in the port to which he was bound, who sent an officer to survey the land. It was found to consist of a group of twelve principal islands, surrounded by countless rocks and rocky islets, which are now known as the South Shetlands, of which Gerritz caught a glimpse in 1599. In 1820, Weddell discovered the South Orkneys; and in 1821, Bellinghausen, a Russian in command of the *Vostok*, penetrated as far as 69 degrees—the first time that the antarctic circle had been crossed since Cook's voyage. Powell and Palmer, two Englishmen, also made some explorations about this period. In 1822, an expedition sailed from the Downs which reminds one of the enterprises of former days in the small size of the vessels, a brig and cutter; the one 160 tons, the other 65. They were commanded by Weddell and Brisbane, and were provisioned for a sealing voyage of two years. In the first part of their cruise they proved the non-existence of the supposed continent connecting Sandwich Land and the South Shetlands; and on the 18th February, 1823, were in latitude 72° 24', where not a particle of ice was to be seen; and on the 20th, in 74° 15', 214 miles beyond Cook's farthest. Here, although the sea continued open, and Weddell believed that no more land lay to the south to prevent access to the pole, he judged it most prudent, from the lateness of the season, to return. On anchoring at South Georgia in March,

he describes the sight of that desolate land as a gladness to their eyes after their lengthened and daring cruise.

The trade to this island, which began soon after Cook's report concerning it was published, has shown how fallacious were his predictions. In the course of a few years, it furnished more than a million of seal-skins and 20,000 tons of oil to the London market; and Kerguelen Island has proved not less profitable. Mr. Weddell states that "during the time these two islands have been resorted to for the purposes of trade, more than 2000 tons of shipping, and from 200 to 300 seamen, have been employed annually in the traffic." From the South Shetlands also, in 1821 and 1822, 940 tons of oil and 320,000 seal-skins were obtained.

In 1829, the South Shetlands were visited by the *Chanticleer* surveying-ship: in common with all the other lands of the Antarctic Ocean, they were found to be volcanic; some of them rising to a height of between 6000 and 7000 feet. Lieutenant Kendal describes them as "the most dreary aspect of barrenness ever beheld." No vegetation was to be seen except a few lichens; but penguins, pintados, and sea-leopards were numerous. The ship was moored in a small cove in Deception Island for several weeks, and an observatory built on the shore, while the boats were employed in the survey. The volcanic force was still active; 150 jets of steam could be seen from the *Chanticleer's* anchorage. Surveying in such latitudes is, as Lieutenant Kendal says, "cheerless work. The fogs were so frequent, that for the first ten days we saw neither sun nor star; and it was, withal, so raw and cold, that I do not recollect having suffered more at any time in the arctic regions, even at the lowest range of the thermometer."

Within the twelve following years are comprised the greatest achievements in antarctic research: Messrs. Enderby sent out a brig and cutter, the *Tula* and *Lively*, under Captain Biscoe, on a sealing voyage in July, 1830. In the course of December he discovered an island in latitude $58^{\circ} 25'$, longitude $26^{\circ} 55'$, which he describes as "terrific, being nothing more than a complete rock, covered with ice, snow, and heavy clouds, so that it was difficult to distinguish one from the other." In January, 1831, he crossed Cook's track of 1773, and found the field ice in precisely the position where that celebrated explorer had left it; signs of land had been for some time visible, and on the 27th a considerable extent of coast was seen in latitude $65^{\circ} 57'$, longitude $47^{\circ} 20'$ east. In the night an aurora australis appeared "at times rolling," to quote Biscoe's words, "as it were, over our heads in the form of beautiful columns, then as suddenly changing like the fringe of a curtain, and again shooting across the hemisphere like a serpent; frequently appearing not many yards above our heads, and decidedly within our atmosphere. It was by much the most magnificent phenomenon of the kind that I ever witnessed; and although the vessel was in considerable danger, running with a smart breeze, and much beset, the people could scarcely be kept from looking at the heavens instead of attending to the course."

Great efforts were made to reach the land, which lies on the antarctic circle, but the opposition of ice and currents was too powerful to be overcome. The health of the crew suffered from cold and exposure; and in April, while on the passage to Van Diemen's Land, two men died, and the others were so weak, that with the exception of the three officers, only one

men and a boy were able to do duty. Undeterred by these casualties, Biscoe sailed again for the south in January, 1832, taking a south-easterly course, which, in the following month, in latitude $67^{\circ} 1'$, longitude $71^{\circ} 48'$ west, brought him to an island, the westernmost of a chain lying off a high main coast now known as Graham's Land. He landed on the 21st February, and took possession in the name of his majesty William IV.

From this group, sometimes called Biscoe's Range, the discoverer touched at the South Shetlands, where he narrowly escaped shipwreck, and sailed for St. Catherine's in Brasil, on which route the *Lively* was lost on one of the Falkland Islands. His voyage is remarkable as having comprised the circumnavigation of the south pole, and two cruises within the antarctic circle, as well as for the new lands which it brought to light. It affords another instructive instance of what may be accomplished by proper skill and courage with comparatively small means.

Another sealing expedition, a schooner and cutter in charge of Captain Balleny, was sent out by Messrs. Enderby in July, 1838. This was also successful in discovering land, a group of five islands, now called Balleny Isles, one of which rises with a splendid peak 12,000 feet above the sea-level. The vessels encountered much severe weather; and on the 24th March, at midnight, during the return voyage, the cutter burned a blue light, which was answered from the schooner; but the heavy sea prevented communication. The next morning the little cutter was nowhere to be seen: she had perished with all her crew; and it was not without much difficulty that Balleny saved his vessel from a similar fate, and reached London in September, 1839.

In 1837, the French government sent out an expedition under Rear-Admiral D'Urville, an eminent explorer, who had already made three voyages round the world. Two corvettes, the *Astrolabe* and *Zélée*, sailed from Toulon, and, by the end of the year, had followed Weddell's track in the antarctic seas until they were stopped by the ice between the 63d and 64th parallels. On three occasions an entrance was forced into it, but they were driven back each time, and forced to return. Louis-Philippe's Land, however, was discovered, and some positions of the shores beyond Bransfield Straits determined. After a lengthened cruise in Polynesia and the Indian Archipelago, D'Urville resolved to make another attempt to get to the south, and touched at Hobart Town in a distressed condition, having lost three officers and thirteen men by dysentery. He sailed January 1, 1840, his special aim being to approach or reach the magnetic or terrestrial pole. The terrestrial meridian from Hobart Town to the pole coincides in a remarkable degree with the magnetic meridian, and by steering on the former, D'Urville hoped to arrive at both the poles he was searching for by the same route. On the 21st he was surrounded by numerous ice islands, and saw a lofty line of coast covered with snow stretching from south-west to north-west, apparently without limit. With some difficulty a landing was effected, and possession taken in the name of France: it was called La Terre Adélie, after the wife of the discoverer. Two days afterward, the vessels were separated by a terrific storm: they, however, weathered through, and met again on the 28th in an open sea towards the north, from whence they steered a south-westerly course to complete a series of magnetic observations—keeping a look-out for land

in that direction. On this route a ship was seen, which afterward proved to be the *Porpoise*, one of the American squadron: the vessels passed without communicating; and in February, 1840, D'Urville returned to Hobart Town. The subsequent fate of this persevering navigator was truly melancholy: after having escaped all the dangers of a sailor's life during thirty years, he was burnt to death, with his wife and son, in the railway train between Paris and Versailles, in 1842.

The United States' Exploring Expedition, the first that ever left that country for a scientific purpose, sailed in August, 1838. It comprised two sloops of war, the *Vincennes* and *Peacock*, the brig *Porpoise*, a store-ship, and two tenders. With respect to researches in the antarctic seas, Lieutenant Wilkes, the commander, was instructed to follow, as others had previously done, Weddell's track, and afterward to explore as far as Cook's *æ plus ultra*, neglecting no opportunity of pushing to the south as might be compatible with the safety of the vessels. The *Porpoise* and *Seagull* tender sailed from Orange Harbour, on the west of Terra del Fuego, in February, 1839, for the first southern cruise, and explored in the vicinity of the South Shetlands. The *Peacock* and *Flying-Fish* followed, and penetrated as far as 70 degrees, when the approach of winter compelled their return. Off Cape Horn the *Seagull* separated from her consort, and was never afterward heard of. The second cruise was made from Sydney with four of the ships: they sailed December 29, two days before D'Urville. Lieutenant Wilkes chose the meridian of Macquarie Island, designing, after a long stretch to the south, to turn westward, and beat round the circle to Enderby Land, and make a dash towards the pole whenever practicable. On the 16th January, in latitude 66 degrees, he landed on what was taken for an island, but which subsequent researches gave reason to suppose was a floating mass of ice. To make the exploration as effective as possible, the ships separated. They were, however, so ill adapted for navigation among ice, that although great exertions were used to widen the search, one after another they were compelled to abandon the enterprise, after having incurred extreme distress and danger. The *Vincennes* was the last to return: on the 30th January, Lieutenant Wilkes entered a bay, which he named Piner's Bay, in latitude 66° 45', and designated the country as the Antarctic continent. The accumulations of floating ice prevented his reaching shore, and he was then unaware that this was the Adélie Land of D'Urville. The French admiral had landed there a week previously, and taken possession. The American squadron returned to the United States in June, 1842.

The last and most memorable voyage to the south is that by Captain (now Sir James) Ross, whose labours in arctic research will be well remembered. Its scientific results were highly important, and it settled the question of a *terra australis*: such a land may now find a place in maps: the dreams of theorists are verified. This voyage more immediately originated in a recommendation by the British Association in 1838, a period when the desirability of establishing the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism was strongly felt. Observatories were to be erected in different latitudes and in different zones of the earth, and much importance was attached to the filling up of the deficiencies of our knowledge of terrestrial

magnetism "in the high southern latitudes between the meridians of New Holland and Cape Horn." The laws which regulated the movement of the needle were supposed to be extremely simple, operating in cycles, dependent on climatic or other and unknown causes. The simplicity, however, was apparent only: on investigation, the effects proved to be most complex, and the causes altogether unapproachable. Formerly, the variation alone was the phenomenon which received attention; now the dip and intensity were to be taken account of; and this, by a little contrivance, could be done at sea almost as well as on land. The inconstant nature of the phenomena had also to be considered, their relations to each other, their times and changes, and other incidents—all were essential in researches into the cause and effect of magnetism.

According to the report, so little was known of the magnetic lines of direction in the antarctic seas, "that the true position of the south magnetic pole could scarcely even be conjectured from the data already known;" and it would be of high importance to determine whether the magnetic phenomena observed during the voyage were simultaneous with similar phenomena in Europe or other parts of the world. On these points Sir James Ross's instructions were express and explicit: he was to notice in the South Atlantic the point where he crossed the curve or line of least magnetic intensity; to ascertain the depth of the ocean whenever practicable, and the temperature and the specific gravity of the water at different distances below the surface; the strength and direction of currents and tides; periodical movement of the barometer; comparative brightness of stars; refraction, both terrestrial and celestial; and to swing pendulums in special localities, whereby to prove the figure of the earth. After refitting at Van Diemen's Land, he was to "proceed direct to the southward, in order to determine the position of the magnetic pole, and even to attain to it if possible, which it is hoped will be one of the remarkable and creditable results of this expedition," one calculated to "engross the attention of the scientific men of all Europe."

It may perhaps assist towards a just appreciation of the results of this comprehensive voyage, to state briefly the three peculiarities of magnetic phenomena. There is within the polar circle of each hemisphere a point at which the dipping-needle points straight downwards—this is the *magnetic pole*. Midway between these two points, a line or curve may be traced all round the globe, on which the dipping-needle remains perfectly horizontal; this, through the greater part of its course, varies but slightly from a great circle whose plane is inclined about 12 degrees from the terrestrial equator; and, by analogy, it has been called the magnetic equator. Then, as is commonly known, the compass-needle takes a direction in different latitudes at times more or less oblique to the geographical meridian. The vertical plane hereby produced is called the magnetic meridian, and the angle which it forms with the terrestrial meridian on any part of the earth is termed the declination or variation of the needle. The amount is not constant in all seasons for the same place; and in the course of a single day, slight periodical changes occur, dependent apparently on the sun's height above the horizon. But the absolute changes take place more slowly, at intervals of years; and navigators generally follow the compass, as though the local declination were

always the same, correcting it, however, occasionally by astronomical observation. By this following of the compass the lines might be laid down; near the magnetic equator they are almost parallel or perpendicular to it, but, departing from it, they assume a progressive contour or flexion, all finally converging and terminating in the two points where the dipping-needle becomes vertical. The third element of magnetic force is the law of its intensity at different places; this is indicated by oscillations, more or less rapid, of the respective needles, as measures of density are judged of by vibrations of a pendulum. Experience teaches that the intensity increases generally from the equator to the poles; but the progress of the increase, whether of dip or variation, is not regular—inequalities appear; effects have been noted in some localities which have not been witnessed in others. From this fact, the existence of a principal magnetic force attaching as a result to the whole mass of the globe has been inferred, whose general effects are modified locally by secondary magnetic forces, having their centres of action distributed at slight depths below the surface of the earth, in portions or districts probably affected by perturbations of the interior equilibrium.

Two vessels were fitted out, the *Erebus* of 350 tons, and the *Terror*; the latter having been repaired after returning from Back's hazardous voyage towards Repulse Bay. Ross and Crozier were the commanders, with sixty-four persons in each ship. They left Chatham on the 16th September, 1839, and on the 5th of October were off the Lizard, the last point of England which they were to see for several years. "It is not easy," says Sir J. Ross, "to describe the joy and light-heartedness we all felt as we passed the entrance of the Channel, bounding before a favourable breeze over the blue waves of the ocean, fairly embarked in the enterprise we had all so long desired to commence." Scientific labours were immediately organized and carried out: the measured height of waves in the Bay of Biscay was 36 feet; at Madeira the height of the mountain was determined; magnetic observations were taken, and repeated afterward at the Cape de Verdes. On November 20, "the hourly register of the height of the barometer, and the temperature of the air and surface of the ocean, was substituted for the three-hourly observations hitherto recorded, chiefly for the purpose of marking the progress of barometric depression in approaching, and reascension in receding from, the equator; a phenomenon represented as being of the greatest and most universal influence, as it is, in fact, no other than a direct measure of the moving force by which the great currents of the trade-winds are produced; so that the measure of its amount, and the laws of its geographical distribution, lie at the root of the theory of these winds.

In the course of the following month another interesting fact was observed—the line of no dip. "We had watched," writes the captain, "the progressive diminution of the dip of the needle; and steering a course as nearly south as the wind permitted, in order to cross the line of no dip at right angles, we found the change so rapid as to be ascertained with great precision; so much so, that the signal for our being on the exact point of no dip, where the needles, being equally poised between the northern and southern magnetic systems, assumed a perfectly horizontal position, was being hoisted from both ships at the same instant of time. Nothing could

be more satisfactory than the perfect accordance of our observations in a determination of so much importance: nor could it fail to be of more than ordinary interest to me to witness the needle thus affected; having some years previously, when at the north magnetic pole, seen it in a directly vertical position: nor was it unnatural, when we saw the south pole of the needle beginning to point below the horizon, to indulge the hope that ere long we might be permitted again to see it in a similar position at the south magnetic pole of the earth." Shortly afterward, the curve of least magnetic intensity was crossed: this point is found on each meridian of the earth; in sailing from the equator towards each pole, there is a point where the influence, having gradually increased from *nil*, becomes most perceptible—these points form a curve round the world, and being variable, their exact determination becomes of much importance to science.

After touching at the Cape, and landing a party with materials and instruments for the establishment of a magnetic observatory, as had previously been done at St. Helena, the ships proceeded to Kerguelen's Island, in approaching which they encountered the tempestuous weather so characteristic of high southerly latitudes. They remained here until the 20th July, pursuing diligently their magnetical, meteorological, geological, botanical, and other researches. Abundance of coal was found, a fact which in these days of ocean steam navigation may perhaps be turned to good account. The plants are much less numerous than in higher latitudes in the north: Parry met with sixty-seven species at Melville Island, and forty-five have been discovered at Spitzbergen, while Kerguelen Island produces but eighteen. Among these there is one which deserves especial mention—the Kerguelen cabbage, first noticed during Cook's stay at the island. Captain Ross remarks—"To a crew long confined to salt provisions, or indeed to human beings under any circumstances, this is a most important vegetable, for it possesses all the essentially good qualities of its English namesake, while, from its containing a great abundance of essential oil, it never produces heartburn, or any of those disagreeable sensations which our pot-herbs are apt to do. It abounds near the sea, and ascends the hills to their summits. The leaves form heads of the size of a good cabbage lettuce, generally terminating an ascending or prostrate stalk, and the spike of flowers borne on a leafy stem, rises from below the head, and is often two feet high. The root tastes like horse-radish, and the young leaves or hearts resemble in flavour coarse mustard and cress. For 130 days our crews required no fresh vegetable but this, which was for nine weeks regularly served out with the salt beef or pork, during which time there was no sickness on board."

Out of the sixty-eight days that the vessel lay in Christmas Harbour, forty-five were so windy, with such violent gusts, as frequently to blow them over on their beam-ends; and any of the party who happened to be on shore on such occasions were obliged to lie down, to avoid being blown into the sea; and rain or snow fell every day but three. Severe gales attended them on their way to Van Diemen's Land, where, at Hobart Town, a third party was landed with instruments for a magnetic observatory. While lying here, Sir J. Ross heard of the French and American exploring expeditions, both of which had made discoveries to the south as far as 67 degrees of latitude; and to avoid entering on the scene of his labours by

the same track, he departed from his original intention, and chose the meridian of 170 degrees east, being that on which Balleny had sailed up to 69 degrees.

On November 12, 1840, the summer season of that side of the world, the vessels, having been fully refitted, were found to be more efficient than when they left England, and the party sailed in search of new lands in unknown seas. They touched at the Auckland Islands, and remained until December 17, occupied with magnetic observations. On leaving this anchorage, every heart beat high with proud expectations of future success, for now the real voyage was begun. Christmas-day, which, though only four days after the midsummer day of those latitudes, was cold, wet, and snowy: it was, however, celebrated in the old English style. On the 27th the first icebergs were seen, in latitude $63^{\circ}20'$ south. "Unlike the icebergs of the arctic seas, they presented very little variety of form, but were generally of large size, and very solid appearance; bounded by perpendicular cliffs on all sides, their tabular summits varied from 120 to 180 feet in height, and several of them more than two miles in circumference." Three days afterward, they crossed the track of the Russian navigator Bellinghausen, in latitude $64^{\circ}38'$ south, longitude $173^{\circ}10'$ east: soundings taken here gave a depth of 1560 fathoms. The 1st of January, 1841, found them on the outskirts of the pack or belt of ice which more or less densely engirdles the antarctic regions, as though nature here interposed

———"the storm rampant of her sanctuary:
The insuperable boundary, raised to guard
Her mysteries from the eye of man profane."

The good cheer of New-Year's Day was not forgotten, and a suit of warm clothing was served out gratis to every one of the crews. On the 5th they beat into the main pack, and when fairly entered, found it lighter and more open than it appeared from the outside. Penguins, albatrosses, petrels, and seals crowded about the vessels, and followed them in their winding courses among the hummocks and floes. They got through the pack, which was here 200 miles wide, in four days; and on the 10th—one of those singular phenomena peculiar to the frozen latitudes—"not a particle of ice could be seen in any direction from the mast-head." The dip was 85 degrees, an amount which marked their proximity to the magnetic pole, to which the ships were now directly steered. But on the next morning, land, with lofty mountains, was seen ahead: one of these, 10,000 feet high, was named Mount Sabine; and later in the same day the latitude was found to be $71^{\circ}15'$, the highest point reached by Cook in 1774. "It was," observes Ross, "a beautifully clear evening, and we had a most enchanting view of the two magnificent ranges of mountains, whose lofty peaks, perfectly covered with eternal snow, rose to elevations varying from seven to ten thousand feet above the level of the ocean. The glaciers that filled their intervening valleys, and which descended from near the mountain summits, projected in many places several miles into the sea, and terminated in lofty perpendicular cliffs. In a few places the rocks broke through their icy covering, by which alone we could be assured that land formed the nucleus of this, to appearance, enormous iceberg." It need hardly be said that the various heights and headlands within view were duly named after eminent individuals in England.

On the 12th, advantage was taken of fine weather to effect a landing: when about three miles from the shore, a boat put off from each ship with the captains and several of the officers. "We found," says Sir J. Ross, "the shores of the mainland completely covered with ice projecting into the sea, and the heavy surf along its edge forbade any attempt to land upon it; a strong tide carried us rapidly along between this ice-bound coast and the islands among heavy masses of ice, so that our situation was for some time most critical; for all the exertions our people could use were insufficient to stem the tide. But taking advantage of a narrow opening that appeared in the ice, the boats were pushed through it, and we got into an eddy under the lee of the largest of the islands, and landed on a beach of large loose stones and stranded masses of ice. The weather had now put on a most threatening appearance, the breeze was freshening fast, and the anxious circumstances under which we were placed, together with the recall flag flying at the ship's mast-head, which I had ordered Lieutenant Bird to hoist if necessary, compelled us to hasten our operations.

"The ceremony of taking possession of these newly discovered lands in the name of our most gracious sovereign Queen Victoria was immediately proceeded with; and on planting the flag of our country amid the hearty cheers of our party, we drank to the health, long life, and happiness of her majesty and his royal highness Prince Albert. The island was named Possession Island. It is situated in latitude $71^{\circ} 56'$ and longitude $171^{\circ} 7'$ east, composed entirely of igneous rocks, and only accessible on its western side. We saw not the smallest appearance of vegetation, but inconceivable myriads of penguins completely and densely covered the whole surface of the island, along the ledges of the precipices, and even to the summits of the hills, attacking us vigorously as we waded through their ranks, and pecking at us with their sharp beaks, disputing possession: which, together with their loud coarse notes, and the insupportable stench from the deep bed of guano, which had been forming for ages, and which may at some period be valuable to the agriculturists of our Australian colonies, made us glad to get away again, after having loaded our boats with geological specimens and penguins. . . . After a long and heavy pull, we regained our ships only so short a time before so thick a fog came on, with a strong northerly breeze, that to have been a few minutes later would have rendered our return to the ships impossible."

A heavy gale came on, but in the rolling sea which it produced, indications were gained of a large space of open water to windward, in the direction most desired by the explorers. While beating about, to prevent losing ground, other portions of land were seen; and on the 17th, when the weather cleared, mountain ranges were discovered at a distance of 100 miles, so great is the refractive power of the atmosphere in icy regions. On the 21st, the dip was $87^{\circ} 39'$, denoting a considerable approach towards the magnetic pole; and some vexation was felt that the barrier of land ice stood in the way of a direct course to the interesting spot; the alternative was, to beat up and seek a westerly route. On one occasion, while thus engaged, "it was," to quote the narrative, "the most beautiful night we had seen in these latitudes, the sky perfectly clear and serene. At midnight, when the sun was skimming along the southern horizon at an altitude of about 2 degrees, the sky overhead was remarked to be of a most intense indigo

blue, becoming paler in proportion to the distance from the zenith." The 22d was a notable day: the ships were in latitude $74^{\circ} 20'$, higher than had ever been reached by any former navigator; an event which naturally called forth much rejoicing. The dip had increased to $88^{\circ} 10'$ on the 25th, leaving the presumption that the pole was not more than about 200 miles distant. Two days later, formal possession was again taken of an island, to which the name of Franklin Island was given, in latitude $76^{\circ} 8'$ south, longitude $168^{\circ} 12'$ east. It is about twelve miles long and six broad, devoid of all appearance of vegetation; even the hardy mosses and lichens were absent, from which, and other instances, Sir J. Ross considers "that the vegetable kingdom has no representative in antarctic lands." It is the very sublimity of barrenness; and who, on reading the description, will not recall the lines—

"But here—above, around, below,
On mountain or in glen,
Nor tree, nor shrub, nor plant, nor flower,
Nor aught of vegetative power,
The weary eye may ken.
For all is rocks at random thrown,
Black waves, bare crags, and banks of stone,
As if were here denied
The summer sun, the spring's sweet dew,
That clothe with many a varied hue
The bleakest mountain side?"

Early on the 28th the vessels stood towards the high land seen the day before: "it proved to be a mountain 12,400 feet of elevation above the level of the sea, emitting flame and smoke in great profusion; at first the smoke appeared like snow-drift, but as we drew nearer, its true character became manifest.

"The discovery of an active volcano in so high a southern latitude cannot but be esteemed a circumstance of high geological importance and interest, and contribute to throw some further light on the physical construction of our globe. I named it Mount Erebus; and an extinct volcano to the eastward, little inferior in height, being by measurement 10,900 feet high, was named Mount Terror."

Later in the same day the latitude was found to be $76^{\circ} 6'$, and the vessels were to the southward of the magnetic pole, the approach to which was impeded by land ice. Standing in for the land under all sail, "we perceived a low white line extending from its eastern extreme point as far as the eye could discern to the eastward. It presented an extraordinary appearance, gradually increasing in height as we got nearer to it, and proving at length to be a perpendicular cliff of ice, between 150 and 200 feet above the level of the sea, perfectly flat and level at the top, and without any fissures or promontories on its even seaward face." Far in the rear a range of mountains was seen, which were named the Parry Mountains, in honour of the eminent arctic explorer. They are the most southerly land as yet known on the globe. The sight of this barrier was a great disappointment to all on board, for they had anticipated being able to push their researches far beyond the 80th degree; but, as Sir J. Ross observes, they "might, with equal chance of success, try to sail through the cliffs of Dover as penetrate such a mass." They coasted along this icy wall to the eastward; and on

the 2d February had increased the latitude to $78^{\circ} 4'$, the highest point ever reached; on the 9th they stood closer in, to a bay where the cliff, being low, enabled them to look down upon it from the mast-head. "It appeared to be quite smooth, and conveyed to the mind the idea of an immense plain of frosted silver: gigantic icicles depended from every projecting point of its perpendicular face." Although in a season answering to the month of August in England, the temperature was not higher than 12 degrees, and did not rise above 14 degrees at noon; and so much young ice was formed during the nights, as to threaten a sudden stoppage to the exploration, which, however, was continued until the 13th, in hopes of coming to the end of the icy barrier, or to find some passage through it to the southward. But these expectations were not to be realized. After sailing along the frozen cliff for 450 miles, the vessels bore up to the westward, to make another attempt to reach the magnetic pole before the season finally closed. Unlike the bergs of the northern regions, which are dismembered by the action of the sea, "this extraordinary barrier, of probably more than 1000 feet in thickness, crushes the undulations of the waves, and disregards their violence: it is a mighty and wonderful object, far beyond any thing we could have thought or conceived."

By the 17th it became apparent that the endeavour was useless: a secure harbour was then sought for, in which the vessels might winter, and from which parties could be sent overland in the spring to visit the burning mountain, whose frequent eruptions afforded a magnificent spectacle, and to discover the great centre of magnetic attraction. But after a hard struggle to reach an island through sixteen miles of intervening land ice, this attempt was also abandoned, not without much regret on the part of the commander, who had indulged the hope of planting the British flag on the southern magnetic pole, as he formerly had on the northern. Still there was much satisfaction in knowing that they had penetrated farther towards the south than any other explorers, however adventurous, and that they had traced the coast of a great unknown continent from the 70th to the 79th degree of latitude. They were then in latitude $76^{\circ} 12'$ south, longitude 164° east, the dip $88^{\circ} 40'$, and "were therefore only 160 miles from the [magnetic] pole."

On the 25th, as Ross relates, "we had a good view of the coast. The whole of the land being perfectly free from cloud or haze, the lofty range of mountains appeared projected upon the clear sky beyond them, beautifully defined; and although of a spotless white, without the smallest patch of exposed rock throughout its whole extent to relieve it, yet the irregularities of the surface, the numerous conical protuberances and inferior eminences, and the deeply-marked valleys, occasioned many varieties of light and shade, that destroyed the monotonous glare of a perfectly white surface, but to which it is so very difficult to give expression either by the pencil or description. It was a most interesting scene to us, as it was truly the best view we had of the northern shore and mountains of Victoria Land, and of which the western extremity was by no means the least remarkable feature."

The nights were lengthening; stars became visible; every thing betokened the rapid approach of winter. Ross, however, determined on ascertaining whether any connection existed between the new-found continent and the

Balleny Isles, and bore up for this purpose. On the evening of the 28th the party had their last sight of Victoria Land, and the first of the aurora australis, which differs from the northern lights "in the greater length of the vertical beams, and the frequency and suddenness of its appearances and disappearances—more like flashes of light: it was again also perfectly colourless, had considerable lateral flitting motion, and formed an irregular arch about 30 degrees high, whose centre bore west."

On the 2d March land was seen which had the appearance of two islands; if not part of the group discovered by Balleny in 1839, it was considered they might eventually prove to be mountains. Here Sir J. Ross takes some pains to distinguish between the English, French, and American explorations, and to show the propriety of not laying down a chain of islands as the coast of a continent. He believes that the priority of discovery between the meridians of 47 degrees and 163 degrees of east longitude belongs to the English. On the 4th March the ships recrossed the antarctic circle, having been to the southward of it for sixty-three days; and until the 7th the party were searching for the land which Lieutenant Wilkes thought he had discovered; but soundings were taken in 600 fathoms, in the very centre of the position assigned to the land on the chart, and Ross is of opinion that the American commander was deceived by ice-islands or fog-banks. On the last-mentioned day they were for several hours in a position of extreme danger: it fell calm, and under the dead set of the waves the ships were slowly drifted down to a range of huge icebergs, against which the sea broke with appalling violence. Every eye was transfixed with the tremendous spectacle, and destruction appeared inevitable: thus were they driven for eight hours, until within half a mile of the bergs, when a gentle air stirred, the heavy ships yielded slowly to its influence; it freshened to a breeze, and before dark, to the heartfelt thankfulness of all, they were far from danger. On the 6th April they anchored once more at Hobart Town, all hands well, after an absence of five months.

In July of the same year, 1841, the ships sailed again for a second voyage to the southward: after touching at New Zealand, they took an easterly course, and having thereby gained twelve hours, it became necessary, on crossing the 180th degree, and entering on west longitude, to lose a day, so as to make the date correspond with that in England. "We had, therefore," says Captain Ross, "two Thursdays and two 25th days of November in succession; so that, after crossing the meridian, and having made the alteration of a day, instead of being twelve hours in advance, we became so much in arrear of the time in England, which would gradually diminish as we pursued our easterly course, until on our return we should find them in exact accordance." On the 4th December, soundings were taken in 1050 fathoms; the temperature of the water at that depth was 40 degrees—thirteen degrees lower than at the surface. A current was found setting to the south-east at the rate of fifteen miles a day; a similar stream had been noticed at Kerguelen Island, and there is reason to believe that it circulates continually round the Antarctic Ocean in a stream about 10 degrees wide on either side of the fiftieth parallel of latitude. A few days afterward a thick fog afforded an opportunity of testing the relative value of sound-signals, and the effects were as extraordinary as those observed in

the north. "The bell was most distinct and the gong very little inferior, when the musket was scarcely audible; but I was much surprised," remarks the captain, "on hailing through a speaking trumpet, to receive an immediate and so clear an answer from the officer of the watch of the *Terror* that we might have carried on a conversation." On the 16th, having reached the meridian of $146^{\circ} 43'$ west, the ships' heads were directed to the south, this being the most favourable line for observation on the magnetic intensity, and the one on which land was most likely to be met with. Having passed the outskirts of the pack, the main body was entered on the 19th, through which their progress was slow and toilsome; the party, however, managed to spend Christmas-day cheerfully, notwithstanding their imprisonment. Sometimes they were obliged to moor the vessels on either side of a large floe, and drift with it, to prevent collision. "It seldom happened that a piece exceeding a quarter of a mile in circumference was met with, thus presenting a striking difference of character in the pack of the Antarctic from that of the Arctic Sea, where floes of several miles in diameter are of common occurrence, and sometimes 'fields,' as they are termed, whose boundary is beyond the reach of vision from a ship's mast-head. The cause of this is explained by the circumstance of the ice of the southern regions being so much more exposed to violent agitations of the ocean, whereas the northern sea is one of comparative tranquillity."

The antarctic circle was crossed on the 1st day of 1842, the anniversary of the crossing on the former voyage, but 1400 miles more to the west. Here the ice was met with in a lower latitude, and during several days ground was lost by a current drifting the ships to the northwards. While beset, the crews were frequently employed in catching seal, or collecting such specimens of natural history as came in their way, many of which are now to be seen in the British Museum. What the land lacks in vegetable life, is made up by the teeming and varied animal life in the ocean; from the minute infusoria, in inconceivable myriads, up to the huge whale and sea-elephant, multitudinous gradations exist, the grand circle of existence ever maintained by the lesser serving as food for the larger. The penguins were found extremely difficult to kill when required to be preserved unmutilated; at last prussic acid was resorted to, and a table-spoonful of this destroyed them in less than a minute. Thus it continued until the 19th, alternately hunting, drifting, hauling, making fast, hawsers snapping, and efforts to stem the opposing current. On this day, while the ships were endeavouring to keep company by signs during a thick fog, a gale came on from the north: "the sea," as Sir J. Ross describes, "quickly rising to a fearful height, breaking over the loftiest bergs, we were unable any longer to hold our ground, but were driven into the heavy pack under our lee. Soon after midnight, our ships were involved in an ocean of rolling fragments of ice, hard as floating rocks of granite, which were dashed against them by the waves with so much violence, that their masts quivered as if they would fall at every successive blow; and the destruction of the ships seemed inevitable from the tremendous shocks they received. By backing and filling the sails, we endeavoured to avoid collision with the larger masses; but this was not always possible. In the early part of the storm the rudder of the *Erebus* was so much damaged as to be no longer of any use; and about the same time I was informed by signal that the *Terror's*

was completely destroyed, and nearly torn away from the stern-post. We had hoped that, as we drifted deeper into the pack, we should get beyond the reach of the tempest; but in this we were mistaken. Hour passed away after hour without the least mitigation of the awful circumstances in which we were placed. Indeed, there seemed to be but little probability of our ships holding together much longer, so frequent and violent were the shocks they sustained. The loud crashing noise of the straining and working of the timbers and decks, as she was driven against some of the heavier pieces, which all the activity and exertions of our people could not prevent, was sufficient to fill the stoutest heart—that was not supported by trust in Him who controls all events—with dismay; and I should commit an act of injustice to my companions if I did not express my admiration of their conduct on this trying occasion, throughout a period of twenty-eight hours, during any one of which there appeared to be very little hope that we should live to see another: the coolness, steady obedience, and untiring exertions of each individual were every way worthy of British seamen.

“The storm reached its height at two P. M., when the barometer stood at 28.40 inches, and after that time began to rise. Although we had been forced many miles deeper into the pack, we could not perceive that the swell had at all subsided, our ships still rolling and groaning amidst the heavy fragments of crushing bergs, over which the ocean rolled its mountainous waves, throwing huge masses one upon another, and then again burying them deep beneath its foaming waters, dashing and grinding them together with fearful violence. The awful grandeur of such a scene can neither be imagined nor described, far less can the feelings of those who witnessed it be understood. Each of us secured our hold, waiting the issue with resignation to the will of Him who alone could preserve us and bring us safely through this extreme danger; watching with breathless anxiety the effect of each succeeding collision, and the vibrations of the tottering masts, expecting every moment to see them give way, without our having the power to make an effort to save them.

“Although the force of the wind had somewhat abated by four P. M., yet the squalls came on with unabated violence, laying the ship over on her broadside, and threatening to blow the storm-sails to pieces; fortunately they were quite new, or they never could have withstood such terrific gusts. At this time the *Terror* was so close to us, that when she rose to the top of one wave, the *Erebus* was on the top of that next to leeward of her; the deep chasm between them filled with heavy-rolling masses; and as the ships descended into the hollow between the waves, the main-top-sail-yard of each could be seen just level with the crest of the intervening wave from the deck of the other. From this, some idea may be formed of the height of the waves, as well as of the perilous situation of the ships. The night now began to draw in, and cast its gloomy mantle over the appalling scene, rendering our condition, if possible, more hopeless and helpless than before; but at midnight the snow, which had been falling thickly for several hours, cleared away as the wind suddenly shifted to the westward, and the swell began to subside; and although the shocks our ships still sustained were such that must have destroyed any ordinary vessel in less than five minutes, yet they were feeble compared with those to which we

and been exposed, and our minds became more at ease for their ultimate safety."

On the morning of the 21st, Captain Ross was enabled to visit the *Terror* in a boat. He found the rudder broken to pieces, and other damage; yet so well fortified were the vessels, and their holds so well stowed, that the bottoms remained sound. During the calm which followed, the rudders were hoisted on board, and carpenters and armourers worked busily at their repair: a new one was made for the *Terror*. While waiting for the ice to open, the latitude was taken, $66^{\circ} 39'$, the same which they had passed three weeks before, in addition to which the five best weeks of the season had been lost by fighting through the pack. By the 24th both rudders were hung and secured; and, still moored to a floe, the vessels drifted before the wind slowly to the southward. They were not far from the spot where Cook had found a clear sea, so different is the situation of the pack in different years. At length, on February 2d, after a struggle of fifty-six days, they cleared the ice, the pack where they crossed it being 1000 miles wide. Passing the outer barrier through a line of threatening breakers was not accomplished without much difficulty, and, to the great joy of all on board, the vessels were once more in open water. On the 20th, although not more than thirty miles to east of the point from which they turned back in the former year, no ice was visible; but the wind blowing from the south over the accumulated ice in that direction was piercing cold—so much so, that a small fish washed against the ice accumulated on the *Terror's* bow was at once frozen fast. On the 23d, they were off the great icy barrier in latitude $78^{\circ} 9' 30''$ south, longitude $161^{\circ} 27'$ west; and from its being comparatively low, they hoped to get round its eastern end, but soon saw it trending to the northwards. Young ice now formed so rapidly, that they were obliged to retreat, the result of this voyage being the attainment of a somewhat higher latitude than in the previous year, and an examination of the barrier 10 degrees more to the east. The vessels recrossed the antarctic circle on March 6th, after passing sixty-four days within it, and bore up for the Falkland Islands. A week later, when all further danger from the ice was considered to be at an end, a chain of bergs was seen, and preparations were made to lie to. "Just at this moment," writes Sir J. Ross, "the *Terror* was observed running down upon us, under her topsail and foresail; and as it was impossible for her to clear both the berg and the *Erebus*, collision was inevitable. We instantly hove all aback to diminish the violence of the shock; but the concussion, when she struck us, was such as to throw almost every one off his feet: our bowsprit, fore-topmast, and other smaller spars, were carried away; and the ships, hanging together, entangled by their rigging, and dashing against each other with fearful violence, were falling down upon the weather-face of the lofty berg under our lee, against which the waves were breaking and foaming to near the summit of its perpendicular cliffs. Sometimes the *Terror* rose high above us, almost exposing her keel to view, and again descended as we in our turn rose to the top of the wave, threatening to bury her beneath us; whilst the crashing of the breaking upper-works and boats increased the horror of the scene. Providentially the vessels gradually forged past each other, and separated before we drifted down among the foaming breakers; and we had the gratification of seeing our consort

clear the end of the berg, and of feeling that she was safe. But she left us completely disabled: the wreck of the spars so encumbered the lower yards, that we were unable to make sail so as to get headway on the ship; nor had we room to wear round, being by this time so close to the berg, that the waves, when they struck against it, threw back their sprays into the ship. The only way left to us to extricate ourselves from this awful and appalling situation, was by resorting to the hazardous expedient of a stern-board, which nothing could justify during such a gale, and with so high a sea running, but to avert the danger which every moment threatened us of being dashed to pieces. The heavy rolling of the vessel, and the probability of the masts giving way each time the lower yard-arms struck against the cliffs, which were towering high above our mast-heads, rendered it a service of extreme danger to loose the mainsail; but no sooner was the order given, than the daring spirit of the British seaman manifested itself—the men ran up the rigging with as much alacrity as on any ordinary occasion; and although more than once driven off the yard, they, after a short time, succeeded in loosing the sail. Amidst the roar of the wind and sea, it was difficult both to hear and to execute the orders that were given, so that it was three-quarters of an hour before we could get the yards braced by, and the maintack hauled on board sharp aback—an expedient that perhaps had never before been resorted to by seamen in such weather: but it had the desired effect: the ship gathered sternway, plunging her stern into the sea, washing away the gig and quarter-boats, and with her lower yard-arms scraping the rugged face of the berg, we in a few minutes reached its western termination; the ‘undertow,’ as it is called, or the reaction of the water from the vertical cliffs, alone preventing us being driven to atoms against it. No sooner had we cleared it, than another was seen directly astern of us, against which we were running; and the difficulty now was to get the ship’s head turned round, and pointed fairly through the two bergs, the breadth of the intervening space not exceeding three times her own breadth. This, however, we happily accomplished; and in a few minutes after getting before the wind, she dashed through the narrow channel, between two perpendicular walls of ice, and the foaming breakers which stretched across it, and the next moment we were in smooth water under its lee.”

One of the objects of this cruise was to visit, if possible, the focus of greater magnetic intensity as laid down in theory: the spot was reached on the 18th March, in latitude 60° south, longitude 125° west; and from the observations then taken, Sir J. Ross inclines to the belief that it will be found in a position not far removed from the south magnetic pole. After this interesting operation, the vessel bore up for Cape Horn, running more than 150 miles daily before the strong westerly gales. They were off the Diego Ramirez rocks, when one of the quartermasters fell from the mainyard into the sea. “The life-buoy being instantly let go, he swam to and got upon it with apparent ease, so that,” to pursue the narrative, “we now considered him safe. Although there was too high a sea running for any boat to live, yet Mr. Oakley and Mr. Abernethy, with their accustomed boldness and humanity, were in one of the cutters ready to make the attempt. I was obliged to order them out of the boat, for the sea was at this time breaking over the ship in such a manner as

to make it evident that the cutter would have instantly filled, whilst, by making a short tack, we could fetch to windward of the buoy, and pick him up without any difficulty. We therefore made all sail on the ship, and stood towards him: but just as we got within 200 yards, the wind headed, and obliged us to pass to leeward, so near, however, as to assure us of being able to fetch well to windward after a short board. He was seated firmly on the buoy, with his arm round the pole, but had not lashed himself to it with the cords provided for that purpose, probably from being stunned or stupified by striking against the ship's side as he fell overboard. In a quarter of an hour we again stood towards him, with the buoy broad upon our lee-bow; but, to our inexpressible grief, our unfortunate shipmate had disappeared from it. We dropped down upon it so exactly, that we could take hold of it with a boat-hook; and had he been able to have held on four or five minutes longer than he did, his life would have been saved—but it pleased God to order it otherwise."

The gloom produced by this melancholy event was somewhat dissipated on the following day by the sight of a brig, the only vessel except their own which the explorers had seen for four months. Those alone who have passed long weeks on the ocean solitudes can appreciate the pleasurable feeling which even a distant view of the presence of humanity inspires. While in this latitude, several sealed bottles were thrown overboard, to ascertain the set of the current in the vicinity of Cape Horn; one of them was afterward picked up near Port Philip, Australia, in September, 1845, on which it has been observed "that the motion of the bottle must have been eastward; and assuming that it had newly reached the strand when discovered, it had passed from the vicinity of Cape Horn to Port Philip, a distance of 9000 miles, in three years and a half. But it could not be supposed that its course was exactly straight; and if we add a thousand miles for *détours*, it follows that the current which carried it moved at the rate of eight miles per day." Some of the bottles were ballasted with different quantities of sand, so as to ascertain as nearly as possible the effect of current as well as of wind: those which swam deepest it was supposed would be the truest indicators of streams.

The vessels anchored in Berkeley Sound, Falkland Islands, on the 6th April, where active measures were at once taken for their effectual repair. Astronomical and magnetic observatories were erected on shore, and a regular system of readings taken; hunting-parties were sent out to kill wild cattle and birds, and all hands regaled for a time on fresh beef. They sailed again on September 4, for Martin's Cove, Hermite Island, to conduct a series of magnetic experiments. On the 19th Cape Horn was in sight, on which Sir J. Ross remarks—"The poetical descriptions that former navigators have given of this celebrated and dreaded promontory occasioned us to feel a degree of disappointment when we first saw it; for although it stands prominently forward, a bold, almost perpendicular headland, in whose outline it requires but little imaginative power to detect the resemblance of a 'sleeping lion, facing and braving the southern tempests,' yet it is part only of a small island; and its elevation, not exceeding 500 or 600 feet, conveys to the mind nothing of grandeur. But the day was beautifully fine, so that it is probable we saw this cape of terror and tempests under some disadvantage. We passed it at the distance of

about a mile and a half, which was as near as we could approach it with prudence, by reason of the dangerous rocks which lie off to the east and west, and whose black points were rendered conspicuous by the white foam of the breakers, among which numerous seals were sporting. There was some snow on the summit of the cape, and its sides were clothed with a brownish-coloured vegetation; beyond it, the shores of the island consisted of black vertical cliffs.

While lying in Martin's Cove, hundreds of young trees were collected, to be transplanted in Falkland Islands, which were totally devoid of arborescent vegetation. The ships left Berkeley Sound once more on the 17th December for the third voyage to the circumpolar latitudes, taking the meridian of 55 degrees west. On the 28th the land discovered by D'Urville was seen, and the party became entangled among a group of small low isles, called the Danger Islets, to the southernmost of which they gave the name of Darwin. "We observed here," says Ross, "a very great number of the largest-sized black whales, so tame, that they allowed the ship sometimes almost to touch them before they would get out of the way—so that any number of ships might procure a cargo of oil in a short time. Thus within ten days after leaving the Falkland Islands we had discovered not only new land, but a valuable whale-fishery, well worthy the attention of our enterprising merchants, less than 600 miles from one of our own possessions." Several other islands were discovered, on one of which, named Cockburn Island, a landing was effected; it presented the usual volcanic appearance, but was interesting as affording specimens of the most southerly vegetation yet met with beyond the 60th degree of latitude. Nineteen species were found, consisting of mosses, lichens, and algae—seven of them being peculiar to the island. Among the most remarkable was a magnificent sea-weed, which grows in long flat sheets bordered by a fringe. Singular as the fact may appear, sunshine is not congenial to the vegetation of that frozen land; the only soil is a stony bank composed of fallen fragments from the rocks above, in which the plants fix their roots and flourish during moist and cloudy weather; but as soon as the sun appears for a few hours, the scanty moisture is so speedily evaporated, that they "become crisp and parched, and crumble into pieces when an attempt is made to remove them."

For some days after this the ships were closely beset, and exposed to much danger from pressure between the ice and the land. The navigation proved of the most harassing nature: in latitude 65° 13', where Weddell had seen a clear sea, they found a dense, impenetrable pack. The antarctic circle was crossed March 1, 1843, and the serious difficulties and delays the party had met with can be judged of from this fact; for it was within a day or two of this date that they had crossed it on returning from their two former voyages. On the 3d soundings were taken, and showed no bottom at 4000 fathoms; and two days later, when in latitude 71° 30' south, longitude 14° 51' west, no further hope remaining of penetrating successfully to the southward so late in the season, the ships' heads were turned in the direction of the Cape of Good Hope, all parties disappointed at the result of the voyage, so fruitless in comparison with the two former. In September the vessels arrived at Woolwich, after having been in commission four years and five months.

The interesting physical facts and results brought to light by this voyage have added materially to the resources of science and philosophy. Among the more noteworthy is the discovery that the ocean which envelops our globe is divided into three thermal basins—two polar, one equatorial. The bottom is occupied by a fluid layer more or less deep, of one uniform temperature, 39·5. On the equator, and in the intertropical regions where the warmth of the sun penetrates sensibly, the temperature of 39·5 is not reached at a less depth than 1200 fathoms below the surface; on the parallel of 45 degrees, it is found at half this depth; and at 56° 14' it is the same above and below. Thus in the last-mentioned latitude a circular zone exists of constant and uniform temperature. Sir J. Ross crossed it six times in six different longitudes, and always with the same result—the approach to it was invariably indicated by the thermometer; and he considers it as a sort of neutral girdle between the two basins, and as establishing the fact of the actual mean temperature of the mass of water, unaffected by the interior heat of the earth. South of the line the surface becomes colder, and in latitude 70 degrees, a thermometer must be sunk 750 fathoms to reach the temperature of 39·5.

“This circle of mean temperature of the southern ocean,” as Sir J. Ross observes, “is a standard point in nature, which, if determined with very great accuracy, would afford to philosophers of future ages the means of ascertaining if the globe we inhabit shall have undergone any change of temperature, and to what amount, during the interval.”

From this voyage we learn also that the pressure of the atmosphere at the level of the sea is not the same in every part of the globe. Barometrical observations show that this pressure increases gradually from the equator to about the 30th parallel, from which it as gradually sinks up to the pole, and falls below the mean of the equator: generally stated, we may say that, south of Cape Horn, the mercury stands an inch lower than in other regions. This difference of pressure is assigned as a mechanical cause of ocean currents, of which the most powerful issue from the south polar seas; or it may be that the greater quantity of fixed ice, or the greater expanse of water in those parts, admits of a more powerful generation and propagation of streams than in the north; and to this cause we may perhaps refer the presence of icebergs 10 degrees lower in the antarctic than in the arctic regions.

Our knowledge of climatic phenomena is also enlarged: Sandwich Land, in the same latitude as the north of Scotland, is always deeply buried in ice and snow, which the summer fails to melt; Yorkshire and South Georgia are about the same parallels, yet the only vegetation of the latter is a few lichens and mosses; while Iceland, which lies 10 degrees nearer to the northern pole, has 870 species of plants. Hermite Island is the most southerly land on which trees grow.

There is much similarity between the northern and southern elliptic magnetic curves, as also in their progression or “movement of translation.” This movement in the antarctic regions is generally from east to west, and at the rate of 50 degrees of longitude in 250 years. In the arctic regions it is from west to east; the phenomenon in either case being discoverable by the shifting of the points of convergence. The same uniformity does not occur in the isothermals, or lines of equal heat: those in the south,

owing doubtless to the greater extent of ocean, are more nearly coincident with the parallels of latitude than those in the north; the principal deviation being where the great polar current pours into the Pacific.

Complete as Sir J. Ross's voyage was, it did not satisfy the whole demands of magnetic theorists. The sea beyond the 60th parallel, from opposite the Cape of Good Hope to the southern extremity of Australia, had not been visited; and without this, the curves of magnetism could not be produced on the maps. In compliance with the desires expressed for the filling up of this space, the *Pagoda*, a merchant vessel, was selected at the Cape, and placed in charge of Lieutenant Moore, who had been out in the *Terror*, assisted by Lieutenant Clerk. They sailed January 9, 1845, and crossed the antarctic circle on the 8th February, and on the 10th reached their farthest latitude south, 68° 10'. Nothing occurred beyond the ordinary incidents of navigation among ice: the series of magnetic observations was faithfully registered; and on April 1, after being eighty-two days at sea, and a voyage of 7300 miles, the vessel anchored in King George's Sound, Australia. Some phenomena of antarctic storms which had been observed by Sir J. Ross were also observed on board the *Pagoda*. "Nothing," says the account of the voyage, "in the meteorology of those inclement regions is more remarkable than the accurate coincidence of the depression of the barometer, and the increased force of the wind. The numerous, indeed hourly observations made on board the *Pagoda*, were expressed in tabular charts, in which this coincidence was beautifully exemplified. In the succession of gales we have encountered, it obtained so uniformly, that this instrument was confidently relied on as a certain indicator of the coming storm. A sudden, rapid fall preceded the rising of the wind; it was lowest just before the gale reached its utmost height, and rose again as it broke. Those storms, though of extreme violence, never exceeded twelve hours in duration, and invariably blew from the south or east. As they subsided, the column of mercury rose rapidly, and to a higher elevation than before."

Such are the results of exploration carried on during a period of four centuries: the knowledge has been slowly gathered, but it will now remain a lasting testimony to the triumphs of intellect. Whether the new whale-fishery established at the Auckland Islands will lead to further discoveries beyond those already achieved, is a question for the future to determine. Human enterprise has learned many of the secrets of that region of mighty contrasts, and will doubtless, when opportunity offers, pursue the investigation. Meantime the wintry solitudes of the far south will be undisturbed by the presence of man; the penguin and the seal will still haunt the desolate shores; the shriek of the petrel and scream of the albatross will mingle with the dash and roar of continual storms and the crash of wave-beaten ice; the towering volcano will shoot aloft its columns of fire high into the gelid air; the hills of snow and ice will grow and spread; frost and flame will do their work, till, in the wondrous cycle of terrestrial change, the polar lands shall again share in the abundance and beauty which now overspread the sun-gladdened zones.

THE QUEEN OF SPADES.

I.

THERE was high play one night in St. Petersburg at the quarters of Lieutenant Naroumoff, an officer in the Imperial Horse-Guards. A long winter's night had slipped away without any one being aware of it, and it was five o'clock in the morning when supper was announced. The winners sat down to it with excellent appetite, while the losers gazed vacantly upon their empty plates. By degrees, however, and the champagne lending its aid, conversation flowed, and became general.

"What have you done to-night, Sourine?" inquired the master of the house of one of his friends.

"Lost, as usual," was the reply. "I haven't the slightest chance. I always back the colour, and always lose."

"What! haven't you put down once on the red this evening? Well, your firmness surprises me."

"How are you, Hermann, after all this?" asked another, addressing a young officer of engineers. "You haven't touched a card, or put down a single stake, and yet you have remained looking on till five in the morning."

"The game interests me," said Hermann coldly; "but I feel no desire to risk the necessary in order to win the superfluous."

"Hermann is a German—he is close; that's the whole secret," cried Prince Paul Tomskei; "but I can tell you a person more extraordinary than he, and that is my grandmother, the Countess Anna Fedotovna."

"What about her?" demanded his friends.

"Have you never remarked," replied Tomskei, "that she never plays?"

"A woman," said Naroumoff, "who is upwards of eighty years of age, and doesn't play, is certainly a phenomenon."

"You don't know the reason?"

"No: has she any reason?"

"You shall hear. About sixty years ago my grandmother went to Paris, where she was all the rage. Every one crowded to see the Muscovite Venus, as she was called. The Duke de Richelieu was violently in love with her, and my grandmother says that her severity nearly made him blow out his brains. In those days all the women played at faro. One evening, at court, she lost a large sum upon honour to the Duke of Orleans.

When she came home, my grandmother took off her patches and her hoop, and in this tragic costume went to my grandfather, to tell him of her misfortune, and ask for the money to put it right. My grandfather was a sort of steward to his wife, and stood generally in awe of her; but the sum she named frightened him from his propriety. He flew into a passion, began at once to reckon, and proved to my grandmother that in the course of six months she had spent half a million of roubles. He told her plainly that his villages and governments of Moscow and Saratoff were not at Paris; that the money was not to be had; and finally, that she must do without it. Her indignation was excessive: she replied by a box on the ear; and from that night forward they had separate rooms. Next day she returned to the charge. For the first time in her life she condescended to reason and explain; but it was in vain that she attempted to show her husband that there are two sorts of debts—and that a prince cannot be treated like a coachmaker. Her eloquence was all thrown away: my grandfather was inflexible, and my grandmother was at her wits' end to know what to do. Luckily she remembered that she knew a man whom at that time was very celebrated. This was the Comte de St. Germain, of whom many marvellous stories were told; who gave himself out for a kind of Wandering Jew—the possessor of the Elixir of Life and the Philosopher's Stone. By some he was looked upon as a charlatan, while others set him down for a spy: but whatever he was, notwithstanding his mysterious mode of life, he mixed in the best society, and was in reality a very amiable man. To this day my grandmother preserves a strong affection for him, and her temper is always ruffled when he is not spoken of with respect. It struck her that he might have it in his power to advance her the money of which she stood in want, and she despatched a note asking him to call upon her. St. Germain immediately came to her hotel, where he found her in despair. In two words she explained her case to him, relating her misfortune and her husband's cruelty, and adding that she had no hope left save in his friendship and kindness.

"After a few moments' reflection, the count said, 'I could easily advance you the money you require, but I know that you would never be easy until you had paid me, and I do not wish that you should extricate yourself from one embarrassment to involve yourself in another. There is another way of getting out of this difficulty—win the money back again!'

"But, my dear count," replied my grandmother, 'I have already told you that I haven't another pistole left.'

"There is no occasion for money," returned St. Germain; 'only listen to me.'

"He then whispered a secret to her which every one of you, I am sure, would give a good deal to know."

All the young officers listened attentively to Tomski, who stopped to light his pipe, and then continued—"The same evening my grandmother went to Versailles, and played at the queen's table, where the Duke of Orleans kept the bank. She invented some excuse for not immediately acquitting herself of her debt, and then began to play. She chose three cards: she won on the first; doubled her stake on the second; doubled that again on the third; and finally carried off an immense sum, which enabled her to pay the duke, and still be a great winner."

"It was all luck!" said one of the young officers.

"What a strange story!" exclaimed Hermann.

"They were marked cards!" observed a third.

"I am not of that opinion," gravely answered Tomski.

"The deuse!" cried Naroumoff, "you have a grandmother who knows three winning cards, and haven't yet got her to tell you which they are!"

"Ah, there's the devil of it!" replied Tomski. "She had four sons, one of whom was my father. Three of them were determined gamblers, and neither of them could win the secret from her, though it would have done them a great deal of good, and me also. But listen to what my uncle, Count Ivan Illitch, told me—I have his word of honour for the truth of the story. Tchaplitzki—you know who I mean; he who died in extreme want after having spent millions?—well, once, when he was a very young man, he lost three hundred thousand roubles at play with Zoritch. He was in despair. My grandmother, who was seldom indulgent to the faults of youth, made—I know not why—an exception in favour of Tchaplitzki. She gave him three cards to play, one after the other, exacting from him his word of honour never to play again in his life. Tchaplitzki promised, and then went to Zoritch and asked for his revenge. He put fifty thousand roubles on the first card—won; and doubled his stake; and at the third coup, repeated my grandmother's luck. But there's six o'clock striking; it is time to go to bed."

Every one emptied his glass, and the party broke up.

II.

The old Countess Anna Fedotovna was seated before a glass in her dressing-room. Three waiting-maids surrounded her: one offered a pot of rouge, another a box of black pins, a third held an enormous lace-cap with flame-coloured ribbons. The countess had no longer the pretension to beauty, but she preserved all the habits of her youth, dressed in the fashion of fifty years before, and gave to her toilet all the time and ceremony bestowed upon it by a *petite maitresse* of the last century. Her *demoiselle de compagnie* sat working in the recess of a window.

"Good-morning, grandmamma," said a young officer, entering the room. "Good-morning, Mademoiselle Lise. Grandmamma, I have a request to make."

"What is it, Paul?"

"Will you allow me to present one of my friends to you, and ask you also for an invitation for him to your ball?"

"Bring him to the ball: you can present him then. Did you go yesterday to the Princess Dolgorouski's?"

"Of course. It was delightful! We danced till daylight. Mademoiselle Eletzki was charming."

"Upon my word, my dear, you are not difficult to please. If you speak of beauty, you ought to see her grandmother, the Princess Daria Petrovna. But tell me, the Princess Daria Petrovna must be getting old, I fancy?"

"What do you mean by old?" exclaimed Tomski hastily: "she has been dead these seven years!"

The demoiselle de compagnie raised her head, and made a sign to the young officer. He then recollected that it was an understood thing always to conceal from the countess the death of any of her contemporaries. He bit his lips; but the countess did not appear to take the news of the death of her most intimate friend much to heart, for she replied, "Dead is she? I had never heard of it. We were appointed maids of honour on the same day; and when we were presented, the empress"— And here the old countess related for the hundredth time an anecdote of her youth.

"Paul," said she when she had finished, "assist me to rise. Lisanka, where is my snuff-box?" And, followed by her three *femmes de chambre*, she hobbled off behind a large screen to complete her toilet. Tomski remained tête-à-tête with the demoiselle de compagnie.

"Who is the gentleman whom you wish to present to madame?" asked Lisabeta Ivanovna in a low voice.

"Naroumoff. Do you know him?"

"No. Is he an officer?"

"Yes.

"In the Engineers?"

"No: in the Horse-Guards. What made you think he was in the Engineers?"

The demoiselle de compagnie smiled, but did not answer.

"Paul," cried the countess from behind her screen, "send me a new romance—no matter what, provided it is not in the taste of the present day."

"What kind of one would you like, grandmamma?"

"A romance in which the hero strangles neither his father nor mother, and with no drowned people in it. Nothing frightens me so much as drowned people."

"I don't know where I can get you such a romance as you wish for. Would you like to have a Russian one?"

"What! are there such things as Russian romances? Well, send me one: don't forget it."

"I will not fail. Adieu, grandmamma: I am in a great hurry. Adieu, Lisabeta Ivanovna. What made you suppose that Naroumoff was in the Engineers?" And with these words Prince Paul Tomski quitted the apartment.

Lisabeta Ivanovna, left alone, resumed her tapestry-work, and seated herself again in the recess of the window. Immediately a young officer appeared in the street at the corner of one of the opposite houses. The demoiselle de compagnie blushed up to the eyes the moment she saw him; she bent her head down, and almost concealed it in her work. At that moment the countess entered full dressed.

"Lisanka," she said, "desire them to bring the carriage round; we will take a drive." Lisabeta rose, and began to put away her tapestry.

"What is the matter?" exclaimed the old lady. "Are you deaf? Tell them immediately to bring the carriage!"

"I am going," replied the demoiselle de compagnie as she hastened into the antechamber. A servant entered bringing some books from Prince Paul.

"Many thanks," said the countess. "Lisanka! Lisanka! Where has she gone in such a hurry?"

"I was going to dress, madame," she replied, returning.

"There's no time for that. Here, take the first volume of this romance, and read to me."

The demoiselle de compagnie took the book, and read a few lines.

"Louder!" said the countess. "What is the matter with you to-day? Are you hoarse? Stay: put that footstool nearer. That will do—go on." Lisabeta read two or three pages, and the countess began to yawn.

"Put down that stupid book," said she; "it is wretched trash. Send it back to Prince Paul, with many thanks. Where on earth is this carriage? Is it never coming?"

"It is at the door," replied Lisabeta, looking out of the window.

"Well, and you are not dressed! Must I always be kept waiting? It is perfectly unbearable." Lisabeta ran to her chamber, but she had hardly been two minutes there before the countess rang with all her might. Her three *femmes de chambre* entered by one door, and a valet by another.

"Nobody hears me, it seems!" vociferated the old lady, "Go and tell Lisabeta Ivanovna that I am waiting for her." While she was speaking, Lisabeta entered the room in her bonnet and walking-dress.

"So, mademoiselle," said the countess, "you are come at last! What sort of a dress have you got on? What's the meaning of this? What kind of weather is it? It is cold and windy, I think."

"No, your excellency," said the valet de chambre; "it is very fine, and there is no wind."

"You don't know what you are talking about! Open the *vasistas*!—I said so: a frightful wind, and icy cold. Let the horses be put up. Lisanka, *ma petite*, we will not go out: it was scarcely worth while to make yourself so smart."

"What a life!" murmured the demoiselle de compagnie under her breath.

In truth, Lisabeta Ivanovna was a most unfortunate person. "It is bitter," says Dante, "to eat the bread of a stranger;" but of all the bread eaten on sufferance, the worst is that which is swallowed by the poor demoiselle de compagnie of an old lady of quality. The countess, however, was not harsh or ill-disposed, but she had all the caprices of a woman spoiled by the world. She was avaricious, proud, and egotistical, as those are who have ceased to play an active part in society. Passively, however, she still mixed in it, never failing to attend a single ball, where, painted to the eyes, and dressed up in the antique fashion, she sat in a corner, and seemed stuck there like a scarecrow. Every one who entered made her a profound bow, and, that ceremony over, thought no more of her. She received every one at her house, observing the most rigorous etiquette, but was unable to recollect the names of more than half her guests. Her numerous servants, grown fat and lazy in her antechambers, did almost just as they pleased; and every thing in the house was at rack and manger, as if death had already taken possession of it. Lisabeta Ivanovna's life was one continued torment. She made the tea, and was reproached with the pilfered sugar; she read novels to the countess, and was made responsible for all the absurdities of the authors; she accompanied the noble lady in all her drives, and the faults of the rough pavement and bad weather were visited upon her. Her very slender salary was irregularly paid, and yet she was expected to dress herself in the height of the fashion. In society her

position was equally painful; every one knew who she was, and no one distinguished her. At the balls she danced, but only when a *crê-deur* was wanted. The ladies called her aside when they wanted to arrange any part of their dress. Lisabeta was not devoid of pride, and felt deeply the misfortune of her position. She longed impatiently for some one who would break her chains; but the young men of fashion, prudent in the midst of their flirtations, took care not to commit themselves, though Lisabeta was ten times prettier and more amiable than hundreds of the young ladies to whom they paid their addresses. Often, when the gayety of the countess's parties was at its height, she used to quit the luxury and *cau* of the saloons for the retirement of her own little chamber, which contained for all its furniture only an old screen, a patched carpet, a painted wooden bedstead, and a few of the commonest necessities. There she went at her ease, while mirth and pleasure reigned below.

One morning, about two days after the party at Naroumoff's, Lisabeta was seated, as usual, at work near the window, when, accidentally turning her eyes towards the street, she saw a young officer of engineers standing quite still with his eyes fixed upon her. She cast her eyes down, and resumed her work attentively; but in the course of a few minutes, again mechanically raising them, she saw the officer still in the same position. Not being in the habit of paying attention to such demonstrations, she once more went on with her work, and for two hours she never stirred. Being then called away to dinner, she was obliged to rise, and on doing so, perceived that the young officer had never changed his attitude. This seemed very strange to her. When dinner was over, she drew near the window with a certain feeling of emotion, but the stranger was no longer there, and she ceased to think of him.

Two days afterward, just as she was following the countess into her carriage, she again saw him planted before the door, his face half-hidden by the fur collar of his cloak, but his black eyes sparkling visibly. Lisabeta felt afraid, she scarcely knew why, and seated herself, trembling, in the carriage. When she returned home, she ran to the window with a beating heart: the officer was in the old place, fixing upon her earnest and ardent glances. She instantly drew back, but burning with curiosity, and experiencing for the first time in her life a sentiment of a strange nature.

From that time not a day passed without the young man coming beneath her window. A kind of mute acquaintance at last sprang up between them. While seated at her work, she felt that he was present, and every time she raised her head she looked at him more steadfastly. The officer seemed full of gratitude for this innocent favour, and with the quick glance of youth she saw that the colour mounted in his pale cheeks whenever their eyes met. At the end of a week she had learned even to smile upon him.

On the occasion when Tomski asked his grandmother's permission to present one of his friends to her, the poor young girl's heart beat strongly; but when she learned that Naroumoff was in the Horse-Guards, she deeply repented having compromised her secret by making it known to one so thoughtless as Prince Paul.

Hermann was the son of a German established in Russia, who, dying, had left him a small capital. Firmly resolved to preserve his independ-

ence, he had made a resolution not to touch his income, but to live on his pay, without allowing himself the slightest indulgence. He was ambitious, but reserved, and under a calm exterior concealed violent passions and inordinate longings; but he was always master of himself, and kept aloof from the follies of his companions. Thus, though at heart a gamester, he had never touched a card, because he felt (as he said to himself) that he must not sacrifice the necessary to acquire the superfluous; and yet he passed night after night at the play-table, watching the fluctuations of the game with an anxiety as feverish as if his whole fate was involved in the result.

The anecdote of the three cards of the Comte de St. Germain had strongly impressed his imagination, and he could do nothing but think of it. "Suppose," said he to himself, "I could get the old countess to tell me her secret! Oh, if she would only tell me the three winning cards! I must get myself presented, pay my court to her, and win her confidence: but in the mean time she is eighty-seven years old, and may die this week, even to-morrow. Besides, can there be any truth in the story? No: economy, temperance, and labour—these are my three winning cards; with them I shall double my capital, and eventually increase it tenfold. It is to them I must look for independence and happiness."

Musing in this fashion, he strolled along till he found himself before a large house in one of the principal streets of St. Petersburg. The street was filled with carriages, which passed one by one beneath a façade splendidly illuminated, and the company who entered were the élite of the city. Hermann stopped, and seeing a watchman in his box close by, asked him whose house that was. He learned that it belonged to the Countess Anna Fedotovna.

Hermann started. The story of the three cards returned vividly to his memory; he wandered round the house, thinking of its owner, of her riches, and of her mysterious power. When he went home to bed, it was long before he could get to sleep; and when sleep at last took possession of his senses, his dreams were of the gaming-table, of cards, and piles of ducats and bank-notes. He beheld himself making *paroli* after *paroli*, always winning; filling his pockets with gold, and stuffing notes into his pocket-book. When he awoke, he sighed to find that his fantastic wealth had melted away; and to amuse himself, set out to walk through the city. He was soon opposite the house of the old countess: an invincible attraction drew him thither. He stopped, and looked up at the windows. Behind one of them he perceived the head of a young woman with fine dark hair. She was reading, he thought, or else at work. Presently she raised her head, and he saw a charming countenance with large black eyes. That moment decided his fate.

III.

It was not long after the encouragement given by her smile that Lisabetta, as she followed the footmen, who were with difficulty lifting the countess into her carriage, saw the young officer close by her side, and felt him seize her hand. Before she could recover from her surprise he was

gone, leaving a note in her palm, which she hastened to conceal in her glove. During the whole of the drive she neither saw nor heard any thing, answered every question at random, and was sharply rated for it by the countess. When she returned home, she flew to her chamber and took out the note. It was not sealed, and consequently it was impossible not to read it. The letter contained a thousand protestations of love. It was tender and respectful, and translated word for word from a German romance; but Lisabeta knew nothing of German, and was well enough content with it.

She was embarrassed, however, since, for the first time in her life, she had a secret. To be in correspondence with a young man! The thought made her tremble. She reproached herself for her imprudence, and knew not what to do. What course should she resolve upon? Leave off working at the window, and, by dint of coldness, compel the young officer to relinquish his pursuit—or send him back his letter—or write to him in a firm and decided manner? She had neither friend nor adviser, and she determined upon answering his letter.

She took up her pen, and meditated profoundly: more than once she began a phrase, and then tore up the paper. Sometimes her style was too harsh; then it was wanting in a proper reserve. At length she succeeded in composing a few lines which satisfied her.

"I think," she wrote, "that your intentions are honourable, and that you would not willingly offend me by levity of conduct; but you must be aware that our acquaintance cannot begin in this manner. I send you back your letter, and I hope you will not give me cause for regretting my imprudence in noticing it."

The next day, as soon as she saw Hermann, she left her work, went into the *salon*, opened the *vasistas*, and threw her letter into the street, in the expectation that the young officer would not fail to pick it up. She was right; he seized it with eagerness, and went into a confectioner's shop to read it. Finding nothing very discouraging in the contents, he went home tolerably well satisfied with the commencement of his love affair.

A few days afterward, a smart young woman, with an air *éveillée*, came to the hotel, requesting to deliver a message to Mademoiselle Lisabeta from a *marchande de modes*. It was not without some uneasiness that she consented to see her, fearing it was some forgotten bill; but her surprise was great when, on opening the paper presented to her, she recognised the handwriting of Hermann.

"You have made a mistake, mademoiselle," said Lisabeta: "this letter is not for me!"

"I beg your pardon," replied the *modiste* with a malicious smile; "give yourself the trouble to read it!" Lisabeta glanced at the note. Hermann demanded an interview.

"Impossible!" cried she, frightened at the boldness of the request, and at the manner in which it had been sent to her. "This letter is not meant for me." And she tore it into a thousand pieces.

"If the letter is not for you, mademoiselle," returned the *modiste*, "why have you torn it? You should have given it back, that I might have taken it to its proper address."

"Pray excuse me," said Lisabeta, quite disconcerted. "I hardly know

what I am doing. Pray bring me no more letters; and tell the person who sent you that he ought to be ashamed of resorting to such an expedient."

But Hermann was not the man to be thus deterred. Every day Lisabeta received a fresh letter, which reached her sometimes one way, sometimes another. He no longer sent her translations from the German, but wrote under the influence of a violent passion, and spoke a language which was that of her own heart. She now received his letters willingly, and soon replied to them. Every day her answers became longer and more tender. At length she threw out of the window the following note:—

"This evening there is a ball at the French ambassador's. The countess is going, and we shall remain there till two o'clock. I will tell you how you may see me in secret. As soon as the countess is gone—that is to say, about eleven o'clock—the servants will disappear. The only one left will be the porter in the vestibule, and he is almost always asleep in his large arm-chair. As soon as the clock strikes eleven, enter the hall and ascend the staircase as quickly as you can. If you find anybody in the antechamber, ask if the countess is at home: they will tell you that she has gone out, and in that case you must give up the attempt. But it is most probable that you will meet no one, for the countess's women are all in a distant apartment. When you reach the antechamber; turn to your left, and go straight on till you come to her bedroom. There, behind a large screen, you will see two doors: the one on the right opens into an empty closet, that on the left upon a corridor, at the end of which is a narrow staircase, which leads to my room."

Hermann stationed himself that night at his post as early as ten o'clock. It was a terrible night. The winds were let loose, and the snow fell in heavy flakes. The lamps shed only an uncertain gleam, and the streets were quite deserted. Though he wore only a light frock, Hermann was not sensible either of the wind or the snow. At last the carriage of the countess made its appearance; and he saw two tall footmen lift the infirm spectre in their arms, and deposit her on the cushions, wrapped up in an enormous pelisse. Immediately afterward Lisabeta leaped into the carriage, wearing a short mantle, and her head wreathed with flowers. The door was closed, and they drove off heavily over the soft snow. The lights in the windows on the first floor were soon extinguished, and silence reigned in the hotel. Hermann walked up and down; he drew near one of the lamps, and looked at his watch; it wanted twenty minutes to eleven. He planted himself against the lamp-post, and with his eyes fixed on the hands, impatiently counted the minutes which remained. Exactly as the clock struck eleven he ascended the steps, opened the street-door, and entered the vestibule, which he found lit up. Luckily the porter was not there. With a firm and rapid step he cleared the staircase in the twinkling of an eye, and reached the antechamber. There he found a footman asleep on a dirty old sofa. Hermann passed by him on tiptoe, and crossed the dining-room and drawing-room, in which were no lights; but the lamp in the antechamber was a sufficient guide. At last he arrived at the bedroom, where a golden lamp was burning before a cabinet filled with the images of saints. Gilded chairs and divans of faded colours, with large soft cushions, were symmetrically arranged round the room, the walls of which

were hung with China silk. Two portraits were in the room, painted by Madame Lebrun. One represented a man of about forty years of age, stout and rubicund, with a bright-green coat, and a star on his breast; the other was that of a handsome young woman with an aquiline nose and blue eyes, the powdered hair drawn off the temples, and with a rose above the ear. In every corner were shepherds of Dresden china, vases of all shapes, clocks, fans, and a thousand other feminine knickknacks. Hermann did not stay long to admire them, but passed behind the screen, which concealed a small iron bedstead, and saw the two doors—that on the right, which opened into the dark closet; the other, which led to the corridor. He opened the latter, saw the little staircase which led to the chamber of the poor *demoiselle de compagnie*, gazed wistfully in that direction for a moment, then shut the door, and entered the empty closet.

The time passed slowly. Silence reigned in the house till the pendule on the chimney-piece of the bedroom struck twelve, and all was quiet as before. Hermann remained standing, leaning against a stove in which there was no fire. He was perfectly calm. His heart beat with equal pulsations, like that of a man determined to brave all dangers, because he knows them to be inevitable. He heard one o'clock strike, then two, and shortly afterward he could distinguish the noise of the wheels of a carriage. Then, in spite of himself, he experienced a feeling of emotion. The carriage approached quickly, and stopped. Immediately there was a loud noise of servants running up and down stairs, voices were heard, the apartments were lit up, and all at once three old *femmes de chambre* entered the bedroom, followed by a walking mummy, who threw herself into a large *fauteuil*. Hermann peeped through a chink. He saw Lisabeta pass close to where he was standing, and heard her quick step as she ran up the narrow staircase. At the bottom of his heart he felt something like remorse, but it passed away, and his heart became again as hard as stone.

The countess began to undress before a glass. Her waiting-maids removed her head-dress of roses and separated her powdered peruke from her own thin white hair. The pins fell in a shower round her. Her dress of glittering silver lama was exchanged for a peignoir and a nightcap, and in this costume, more suitable to her age, Hermann thought she looked less frightful than before.

Like most very old people, the countess was tormented by wakefulness. After being undressed, her *fauteuil* was wheeled into a recess, and her women were dismissed. The wax-lights were extinguished, and the room was only lit by the golden lamp which burned before the holy images. The countess, shrivelled and yellow, and with hanging lips, swayed herself gently from right to left in her arm-chair. In her dull eyes might be read the absence of all thought, and, seeing her rock herself thus, it might have been supposed that she did not move by any impulse of the will, but by a kind of secret mechanism.

Suddenly this deathly countenance altered its expression: the lips ceased to tremble; the eyes became animated. An unknown person stood before the countess. It was Hermann.

"Be not afraid, madame," said he in a low voice, but carefully accentuating every word. "For the love of God, be not afraid; I intend you not the slightest harm. On the contrary, it is a favour I come to ask of you."

The old woman gazed at him in silence, as if she did not understand him. He thought she was deaf, and putting his lips close to her ear, repeated his words. The countess still preserved silence.

"It is in your power," continued Hermann, "to insure the happiness of my whole life, and without its costing you any thing. I know that you can tell me three cards which"—Hermann paused. The countess without doubt knew what he wanted; perhaps she was seeking for an answer. She spoke.

"It is all a joke—upon my word, a joke!"

"No, madame," replied Hermann in a tone of anger; "it is not so. Remember Tchaplitzi, whom you enabled to win"—The countess seemed affected: for an instant her features expressed a strong emotion, but soon resumed their dull, impassive aspect.

"Can you not," said Hermann, "point out to me the three winning cards?"

The countess remained silent, and he continued.

"Why should you preserve this secret? For your grandchildren? They are rich enough without that: they don't know the value of money. Of what use would your three cards be to them? They are spendthrifts; and he who does not know how to keep his patrimony will die of indigence had he all the knowledge of all the devils at his command. I am, on the contrary, a careful man. I know the worth of money. Your three cards will not be lost upon me. Come!"

He stopped, and tremblingly awaited her answer. The countess did not utter a word.

Hermann threw himself on his knees.

"Madame," he cried, "if your heart has ever known what it is to love—if you have ever heard the cry of a new-born babe—if ever a human sentiment stirred your bosom—I beseech you, by the love of a husband, of a lover, of a mother, by all that is most sacred in our existence, do not reject my prayer—reveal your secret to me! What is it? Perhaps it is connected with some terrible sin—with the loss of your eternal happiness! Have you not made some fatal compact? Think well of it: you are very old, and cannot have long to live! I am ready to take all your sins upon myself—to be responsible for them before God! Tell me your secret! Reflect that the happiness of a man is in your hands—that not only I, but my children, even my grandchildren, will bless your memory, and venerate you like a saint."

Still the countess did not utter a syllable.

Hermann rose.

"Accursed old woman!" he exclaimed, grinding his teeth, "I will make you speak;" and he drew a pistol from his pocket.

At the sight of the pistol the countess for the second time betrayed a strong emotion. She shook her head more vehemently than ever, stretched out her hands, as if to push the weapon aside, and then suddenly falling back, remained perfectly motionless.

"Come," said Hermann, seizing her by the hand, "leave off this child's play. I adjure you for the last time. Will you tell me the three cards?—yes or no?"

The countess did not answer; and Hermann now saw that she was dead!

IV.

Lisabeta Ivanovna was seated in her chamber, still in her ball-dress, plunged in deep thought. On her return home, she had hastily dismissed her maid, saying that she wanted no one to undress her, and had ascended to her apartment, fearing to find Hermann there, and hoping even not to find him. At a glance she was aware of the fact, and felt grateful for the chance which had prevented the meeting. Without thinking of changing her costume, she seated herself pensively at her table, and began to pass in review all the circumstances of a *liaison* so recently begun, and which had yet led her so far. Three weeks had scarcely passed since she first saw the young officer, and already she had written to him, and he had succeeded in obtaining her consent to a nocturnal rendezvous. All she knew of him was his name. She had received a number of letters from him, but had never once spoken to him; she did not even know the sound of his voice. Up to that evening, strangely enough, she had never heard him spoken of. At the ball, however, which she had just left, Prince Paul Tomski, fancying that the beautiful Princess Pauline Tscherbatoff—to whom he was paying his addresses—was coquetting with another young noble, resolved to be revenged upon her by affecting indifference; and with this notable object in view he had invited Lisabeta to join him in an interminable mazurka. He made a thousand forced jokes on her partiality for officers of engineers; and pretending to know more than he really did, it happened that some of his speeches were so apt, that Lisabeta fancied her secret was discovered.

"But whom," she asked smiling, "do you get that from?"

"From a friend of the officer whom you know—from a very original person."

"And what is the name of this original?"

"He is called Hermann."

She did not reply, but she felt her hands and feet become as cold as ice.

"Hermann is a perfect hero of romance," continued Tomski. "He has the profile of Napoleon and the soul of Mephistopheles. I think he must have at least three crimes upon his conscience. But how pale you are!"

"It is nothing—only a headache. Well, and what has M. Hermann told you? Is not that his name?"

"Hermann is very angry with his friend, the officer of the engineers whom you know. He says that in his place he should act differently. I suspect he has designs upon you himself, at least he appeared to listen to the confidences of his friend with a strange sort of interest."

"Where has he seen me?"

"At church perhaps, or when you were out driving. God knows! Perhaps in your chamber while you were asleep. He is capable of any thing!" At this moment three ladies advancing, according to the custom of the mazurka, to invite him to choose between *forgetfulness* and *regret*,*

* Each of these words, in the Russian mode of dancing the mazurka, signifies a lady. The gentleman pronounces one by chance, and is obliged to execute a figure with the lady to whom belongs the chosen word.

interrupted a conversation which was beginning greatly to excite the curiosity of Lisabeta.

The lady who had been chosen by Tomski was the Princess Pauline. During the slow-evolutions of the figure an explanation took place between them; and when he returned to his partner, Tomski had forgotten all about Hermann and Lisabeta. She tried vainly to renew the conversation, but the mazurka ended, and then the old countess rose to go away.

The mysterious phrases of Tomski were nothing more than ordinary badinage, but they had made a deep impression on the heart of the poor demoiselle de compagnie. The portrait sketched by Prince Paul had appeared to her strikingly like, and, thanks to her romantic erudition, she saw in the countenance of her adorer all that was at once full of charm and dread. While musing on what she had heard, the door suddenly opened, and Hermann entered. She started to her feet, and in a trembling voice exclaimed, 'Where have you been?'

"In the countess's bedroom!" replied Hermann hoarsely: "I have just left it: she is dead!"

"Gracious God! what do you say?"

"And I fear," he added, "that I am the cause of her death!"

Lisabeta Ivanovna gazed at him all aghast, and the words of Prince Paul came back to her memory—"he has at least three crimes upon his conscience!"

Hermann seated himself near the window, and told her all.

She listened with terror and shame. Thus, then, these passionate letters, these burning words, this bold, obstinate pursuit, had, after all, not been inspired by love! It was money only that inflamed his soul! How could she, who had only a heart to offer, make him happy? Poor child! she had been the blind instrument of a robber—of the murderer of her benefactress. In the agony of her repentance she wept bitterly. Hermann gazed upon her in silence; but neither the tears of the unfortunate girl, nor her beauty, rendered more touching by her grief, could shake his iron soul. He had no remorse in thinking of the death of the countess. One sole reflection tormented him—the irreparable loss of the secret from which he had expected his fortune.

After a long silence, Lisabeta exclaimed, "You are an assassin—a monster!"

"I did not mean to kill her," he answered coldly: "my pistol was not loaded."

They remained for some time without speaking, or even looking at each other. Daylight at length broke, and Lisabeta extinguished the candle which flickered in the socket; and a pale gray light stole into the chamber. She wiped her eyes, which were drowned in tears, and turned them towards Hermann. He was still sitting beside the window, with his arms folded, and his brow knit. In this attitude he forcibly recalled the portrait of Napoleon; and the resemblance, as she remembered what Tomski had said, made her shudder.

At last she spoke. "How," said she, "shall I get you away? I thought of your going by the secret staircase, but to do so you must pass through the countess's bedroom, and I am afraid"—

"Tell me only how I shall find the staircase, and I will go alone."

She rose, searched in a drawer for a key, which she gave to Hermann, with the necessary instructions; he took her icy hand, kissed her on the forehead, and left the apartment. He descended the narrow staircase, and entered the chamber of the countess. She was seated in her fauteuil, perfectly rigid; her features were not in the slightest degree contracted. He paused, and gazed at her for some time, as if to assure himself of the fearful reality; he then went into the empty closet, and feeling the tapestry, discovered a small door, which opened on a staircase, at the bottom of which he found another door, which the key in his hand readily opened. The next moment he was in the street.

V.

Three days after the fatal night, at nine o'clock in the morning, Hermann went to the convent of Procaschka, where the last offices were to be paid to the mortal remains of the Countess Anna Fedotovna. He felt no remorse, and yet he could not disguise from himself the fact that he was her assassin. But having faith, he was, as is usually the case, superstitious; and in the persuasion that the dead countess had the power of exercising a malign influence over his life, he had thought to appease her manes by attending her funeral.

The church was full of people, and he had some difficulty in getting a place. The body was stretched upon a rich bier under a canopy of velvet; the hands were crossed upon the bosom, and the dress was of white satin, with a head-dress of lace. Around the bier the family were assembled; the servants in black castans, with ribbons on their shoulders bearing armorial devices, and each holding a long taper; the relations—children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren—all in deep mourning. No one wept—tears would have been looked upon as an affectation. The countess was so old that her death could surprise no one, and she had long been considered as no longer belonging to this world. A celebrated preacher pronounced the funeral oration. In a few simple and touching words he described the death of the just, who had passed a long life in edifying preparations for a Christian end. "The angel of death," he said, "carried her off in the midst of her cheerful and pious meditations, and in the expectation of *the bridegroom of midnight*." When the service was over, all the relations moved forward to take their last farewell of the deceased. After them, in long procession, came all those invited to the ceremony. The servants of her household succeeded, and among them was an old housekeeper of the same age as the countess, who advanced, supported by two women. She was not strong enough to kneel, but tears fell from her eyes when she bent to kiss the hand of her mistress.

Hermann proceeded in his turn towards the bier. He knelt for a moment on the marble flags covered with branches of cypress. He then rose, and, pale as death, ascended the steps of the bier, and bowed his head; when suddenly it seemed to him as if the dead countess looked at him with a derisive expression, and winked her eye. Hermann rose with a hasty movement, and fell backwards on the pavement, from whence he was quickly raised by the bystanders. At the same moment Lisabeta Ivanovna

fainted where she stood in the body of the church. These accidents disturbed the ceremony for a few moments; the assistants whispered among each other; and one old chamberlain, a near relation of the deceased, murmured in the ear of an Englishman who stood near him, that the young officer was a left-handed son of the countess; to which the Englishman ironically replied, "Ah!"

During the whole of the day Hermann was a prey to the greatest uneasiness. At the *restaurant*, where he was in the habit of dining alone, contrary to his custom he drank a great deal, in the hope of getting rid of thought; but the wine, on the contrary, excited his imagination, and added new activity to the ideas with which he was preoccupied. He went home early; threw himself, dressed as he was, on his bed, and fell at once into a profound sleep.

When he awoke it was night, or rather morning, and the moon shone into his room. He looked at his watch, and saw that it wanted a quarter to three. He no longer felt any inclination to sleep, so he sat on his bed, and thought of the old countess.

At that moment somebody in the street came up to the window, looked into the room, and passed on. Hermann paid no attention to this, but at the expiration of about a minute he heard the door of the antechamber open. He fancied that his military servant—drunk, according to custom—had let himself in after returning from some nocturnal excursion; but he soon detected an unknown step. Some one entered shuffling in slippers over the floor. The door opened, and a woman dressed in white came into his chamber. Hermann thought at first that it was his old nurse, and asked her what brought her there at such an hour? But the figure, rapidly crossing the chamber, was in a moment at the foot of his bed, and Hermann recognised the countess!

"I come to you against my will," she exclaimed in a deep voice. "I am compelled to grant your prayer. These cards—Three, Seven, and Ace—will win for you one after the other; but you are forbidden to play more than one card in four-and-twenty hours, and never to play again in the course of your life. I pardon you my death on condition that you marry my *demoiselle de compagnie*, Lisabeta Ivanovna."

With these words she moved towards the door, and disappeared, shuffling in her slippers, as she had entered. Hermann heard her close the door of the antechamber, and directly afterward saw a figure in white in the street, which stopped and gazed for a moment through the window.

He remained for some time completely stupefied; he then rose and went into the antechamber. His servant, as he had at first imagined, was drunk and asleep on the floor. He had some difficulty in awaking him; and when he succeeded, could not get from him the slightest explanation. The door of the antechamber was locked. Hermann immediately returned to his chamber, and wrote down all the circumstances of his vision.

VI.

From that time forward one idea alone took possession of his thoughts. The three cards were constantly present to his imagination. He was

always repeating to himself, "Three—Seven—Ace." In every phase of his daily avocations these three numbers were mingled. He entertained no doubt that by their instrumentality he should make his fortune, but how was he to turn to account a secret which he had bought so dearly? He thought of asking for leave of absence to travel, in the expectation that in Paris perhaps he might discover some gaming-table where he could realize his expectations. Accident relieved him from his embarrassment.

There was at that time at Moscow a company of rich gamblers, the president of which was a celebrated man named Tchekalinski, who had passed all his life in play, and amassed an enormous fortune. His magnificent house, his excellent cuisine, and his agreeable manners, had gained him numerous friends, and attracted general consideration towards him. He came to St. Petersburg, and immediately all the nobility, old and young, flocked to his saloons. Hermann was taken there by Naroumoff.

On entering Tchekalinski's hotel, they passed through a number of rooms filled with servants, all extremely attentive and polite. The guests were innumerable. In some of the apartments old generals and privy-councillors were playing at whist; while in others, young men of fashion were stretched on sofas, eating ices, or smoking long Turkish pipes. In the principal saloon, at a long table round which some twenty players were eagerly gathered, the master of the house presided over a faro-bank. He was a man of about sixty years of age, with a fine countenance, and hair as white as snow. In his open, tranquil features, good-humour and kindness might be read, and his eyes sparkled with a perpetual smile. Naroumoff presented Hermann, and immediately Tchekalinski offered him his hand, said that he was welcome, that there was no ceremony in his house, and went on dealing the cards.

The deal lasted some time; money was set on more than thirty cards. At every *coup* Tchekalinski stopped to allow the winners time to double their stakes, to pay, to listen civilly to the remarks addressed to him, and more civilly still to reclaim the stakes which some of the losers were inadvertently abstracting. At length the deal was over, and Tchekalinski shuffled the cards, and prepared for a new one.

"Will you allow me to choose a card?" said Hermann, stretching out his hand over a stout man, who filled up almost the whole of one side of the table. Tchekalinski, smiling graciously, bowed in token of assent. Naroumoff laughingly complimented Hermann on having conquered his former austerity, and wished him all sorts of luck in his new career.

"There!" said Hermann, having written some figures on the back of his card.

"How much?" said the banker, half-closing his eyes. "Excuse me, I don't see the amount."

"Forty-seven thousand roubles," replied Hermann.

At these words all eyes were turned on the young officer. "He has lost his senses," thought Naroumoff.

"Allow me to observe to you, sir," said Tchekalinski, with the same eternal smile, "that you play rather high. No one here ever puts down more than two hundred and seventy-five roubles on the first card."

"Very well," returned Hermann: "but will you meet my stake? Yes or no?"

Tchekalinski bowed his acceptance, observing, however—"I merely wished you to know that, although I have the most perfect confidence in my friends, I can only deal to ready money. I am convinced that your word is as good as gold; but in the regularity of the game, and to facilitate calculations, I shall be obliged to you to put your money on your card."

Hermann drew a note from his pocket-book, and handed it over to Tchekalinski, who, satisfied of its value at a glance, placed it on Hermann's card.

He then dealt. To the right hand a Ten was turned; to the left a THREE!

"I win!" said Hermann, showing its card.

A murmur of astonishment spread among the players. For an instant the banker's brows contracted; but his habitual smile immediately returned.

"Shall I pay you?" he asked.

"If you please," was the reply.

Tchekalinski took some bank-notes from his portfolio and handed them over to Hermann, who pocketed his winnings, and left the table. Naroumoff could not recover from his surprise. Hermann stayed only to drink a glass of lemonade, and then went home.

The next evening Hermann returned to Tchekalinski's, and found him dealing as before. He went up to the table; the players made room for him, and the banker smiled as he approached. He waited for the next deal, and then took a card, on which he put down not only his original forty-seven thousand roubles, but the sum which he had won the night before. Tchekalinski dealt; a Knave was turned up on the right, a SEVEN on the left. Hermann showed a Seven!

There was a general exclamation. Tchekalinski was evidently ill at ease; he counted out ninety-four thousand roubles, and gave them to Hermann, who took them with the greatest coolness, and left the room.

On the following day he returned at the accustomed hour. Every one was on the tiptoe of expectation; even the old generals and privy-councillors left their whist to witness play of such unusual magnitude. The young officers quitted their sofas, and the people of the house all flocked round. Hermann was the object of everybody's attention. At his entrance all the other players ceased, panting in their impatience to see him set to work with the banker, who, pale, but smiling still, observed him take his place at the table, and prepare singly to play with him. Each of them at the same time undid a pack of cards. Tchekalinski shuffled, and Hermann cut: he then took a card, and covered with it a heap of bank-notes. The movements on each side were like the preparations for a duel. A deep silence reigned through the hall.

Tchekalinski began to deal—his hands trembled. He turned up a Queen on the right, on the left an ACE.

"The Ace wins," said Hermann, uncovering his card.

"Your QUEEN has lost!" observed Tchekalinski, in the softest tone possible.

Hermann started. Instead of an Ace, he saw before him THE QUEEN OF

SPADES! He could not believe his eyes, nor understand how he could have made such a mistake. With his eyes fixed on the fatal card, it seemed to him that the Queen of Spades winked at him, and smiled derisively. He recognised with horror a strange resemblance between the Queen of Spades and the Countess Anna Fedotovna.

"Accursed old woman!" he muttered between his teeth.

Tchekalinski raked up his winnings. Hermann remained for some time motionless—stupidified. When at last he left the table there was a buzz of conversation: "That was a famous stake!" said the players. Tchekalinski shuffled the cards, and the game went on.

Hermann went mad. He is now in the lunatic hospital of Oboukhoff, in cell No. 17. He never replies to any question that is addressed to him, but is heard incessantly repeating: "Three—Seven—Ace! Three—Seven—Queen!"

Lisabeta Ivanovna married a very amiable young man, the son of the steward of the late countess. Prince Paul became the husband of the Princess Pauline.

12

ANTONIO MELIDORI.

A PASSAGE FROM THE HISTORY OF THE GREEK REVOLUTION.

I.

OF all the islands and shores of the Mediterranean—the regions where gods and heroes once trod—whence sprang the lovely and poetical myths of Greek theogony—where the world's childhood grew into fresh, powerful, glowing youth—there is no spot where the spirit of ancient Greece lingers as in the island of Candia. The woody valleys of Crete, where Jove was nursed of old, are changed only in name. The mountain Psiloriti, with the olive groves at its feet, the oak woods down its sloping sides, is yet the same Ida where the Corybantes are fabled to have lulled the babe-thunderer to sleep with their songs. And even the very people seem unchanged. The mountaineers of Candia are in appearance as noble as the warriors whom Idomeneus led from the same hills to the siege of Troy. The young Sphakiotes have universally the classic Greek head, with its low broad brow, its curved lips, and exquisitely modelled chin; such as Phidias has made immortal. They have the same free step and bearing; and their primitive mountain life, while it has caused them to retain the Greek form, has kept alive in them much of the ancient Greek spirit. The Sphakiotes are bold, determined, and generous-hearted; they despise luxury; and a certain natural chivalry shows them to be worthy descendants of the men of old who made their land the queen of nations.

It was at the time when Greece was beginning to move in her slumbers, and the Turkish yoke was already about to fall like green withes before her strong hands. The giant was awaking throughout the land; the names of Ipsilanti and Marco Bozzaris were whispered far and wide, and men began to look at one another—Turks and Greeks—with threatening and suspicious eyes. As yet, the dawning of this new spirit had not been felt in Candia. The Sphakiotes lived at peace in their mountains. The olives were gathered, the vines were pressed, and the sound of the distant war came more like a murmur heard in dreams than a waking reality. Now and then a few of the youngest and most daring of the Sphakiotes might be seen talking earnestly together, and anxiously seeking for news from the main-

land, where the strife was going on. But the flames of Tripelissa and Corinth did not reach to the peaceful shores of Candia.

Near the top of Mount Psiloriti a young girl stood laden with a basket of olives. She carried it on her head, and the attitude gave to her figure all the free and unrestrained grace of ancient sculpture. Her face, too, was purely Greek, modelled after the form which approaches nearest to our conceptions of ideal beauty. The Sphakiote girl might have stood for one of the olive-bearing priestesses in the processions of Ceres. As she waited, her eyes rested on the summit of the hill, following the motions of a young mountaineer who came leaping down. It was the old tale, as old as the time of Helen of Troy. Foolish, shy maiden, who would not move to hasten that so-longed-for meeting, but stood there with her beaming eyes, her brightened cheek, waiting for her lover!

"Antonio! Antonio!" she murmured long before he could hear her; and her stature dilated, and a look of pride mingled with her gladness, as she watched him descend the mountain-side, as active and graceful as a young deer.

The admiration of personal beauty seems to be inherent in the Greek nature. In ancient times it was a positive worship; and the most perfect in form of both youths and maidens had crowns and honours bestowed on them, even as the poets and warriors. In other lands this feeling might be degraded into materialism or sensuality, but with the imaginative Greeks it was the worship of the ideal—the image of a dim and undistinct divinity, which to their mind could only be shadowed forth and embodied in the most perfect human loveliness. They united the idea of the good and the beautiful, believing one could not exist without the other. Thus while their gods were the types of the most divine beauty, the noblest and most beautiful of their men were elevated into gods. And even now this old worship lingers in the land, which has truly been described by the poet as a body whence the spirit is departed. There are no people more beautiful or more susceptible in their perceptions of external beauty than the modern Greeks.

Thus while the young Sphakiote watched her lover, and noticed how magnificent was his manly beauty, her heart thrilled with pride that the noblest of the mountain youths was her own.

"Philota! dear Philota!" sounded the pleasant voice of Antonio; and he stood beside her. A classic eye, to see them, would have thought of Paris and Enone on the Trojan mountain which bore the same name as this Cretan hill—"Many-fountained Ida."

"I have waited for thee long, Antonio," murmured the girl.

"Forgive me, Philota. I lay dreaming on the hill-top, and forgot thee: no, not forgot; that I could never do; but my thoughts were busy. Come, let me take the olive-basket, and we will go to the place which made my thoughts wander."

A sigh, so faint as to be almost inaudible, moved Philota's lips. He thought of many things, she of him only. It was the difference between man's love and woman's.

They ascended the mountain, and stood on its summit hand in hand. The whole island was before them, like a pictured scene; it lay at their feet, sleeping in loveliness.

"How beautiful—how calm it is!" whispered Philota. "Oh, Antonio, if we could live for ever in this still happiness, thou and I!"

A restless movement in her lover made the girl look in his face: it was clouded. "The holy saints forbid!" he muttered between his teeth. She did not hear him; it was well she did not, for the words would have pierced her heart like a thorn. And yet he loved her better than all things on earth, except one, and that was ambition.

"Thou dost not enjoy this scene as I do, Antonio. Something has troubled thee to-day. Tell me what it is?"

Antonio turned away before those soft loving eyes: there was something in his heart which he could not lay open at once to their gaze. "How well thou readest my face, Philota!" He laughed, or tried to laugh.

"Then there is something?" the girl pursued.

"I had not meant to tell thee; but I must. My dearest, it is not worth that anxious look of thine. It is only that I have been to-day on the mountain with Rousso and Anagnosti, and they told me that the war is coming nearer—even to our shores."

"Antonio! and thine eyes brighten—thy frame dilates with joy, while I shudder," said Philota.

"Ah, there will be no more idle staying at home!" the young man continued, as if he had not heard her. "No more gathering honey, treading olives, keeping goats, while one's arm is strong—strong to fight. Look, Philota, far down in the bay there is a flash; they are already trying the guns with which our new governor has armed the harbour. Listen! the noble governor, Affendouli, is already forming troops in the mountains, and Rousso and Anagnosti have joined them. Rousso will be made Captain of Sphakia. Dost hear, Philota?"

She stood, no longer sustained by his entwining arms, which, in the energy of his declamation, Antonio had removed; her face was bent, her eyes fixed on the sea; there was in them a mournful meaning, but he saw it not. Without waiting for her answer, the young Sphakiot continued: "Rousso was so proud with his new arms—the poor mean boy whom I taught to use a gun!—how he sneered at mine with its rusty lock! And he is to be captain of a band, and will become a hero, while I!"

Philota turned slowly round, and her pale face met her lover's, which was flushed with anger and excitement. "Dost thou wish to go too? Is this what thou hast to tell me?"

He had been all along preparing himself to reveal to her his desire, yet now, when she guessed it of her own accord, and his scarcely formed thoughts were uttered plainly by her, he could not answer a word, but played confusedly with the silver chain of his belt.

"Antonio, I have seen thou hast not been happy of late. There is more in thy heart than I can satisfy. I am only a poor weak girl, and thou a noble man, full of great thoughts and aspirations. Hush! do not say nay. It was ever so. Love is all to me; but thou needest something greater. What is it?"

He looked at her in surprise, for her voice, though sad, was calm, and there was no anger in its tone. "Philota, I love thee—none but thee. I swear it! This fool Rousso has taunted me: he said I chose to stay and toil in the mountains when all our Sphakiotes were going to fight against

the Turks. I would have proved him a liar—I would have joined the governor at once—but for”——

“But for Philota: is it not so? I love thee; but my love should be a garland of flowers to adorn thee, not an iron chain to fetter thee,” said the girl, using the metaphorical language of her clime. “Antonio, thou shalt go.”

There was a deep silence between them. At last the young man broke it. “Hast thou thought of all that must follow this, Philota? Thou wilt be left alone, and there will be no bridal feast with the olive harvest. Antonio Melidori is not so mean as to wed thee, and leave thee. Philota, thou art nobler than I: I will not go.”

Philota threw her arms about his neck. The heroism of a Greek maiden lay deep in her soul; but it was yet sleeping. She was still a girl—a timid girl. She wept tears of joy when her lover said he would not go to the wars.

“It would have killed me to part with thee, Antonio, even though I told thee to go. Ay, and I would never have prayed thee otherwise, had it been against thy will. But war is so terrible a thing. Thou seest only its glory; I think of its miseries. I fancy thee pursued, wounded—slain; and then I will die too.”

“Foolish girl,” whispered the lover, while his fingers played tenderly with the shower of black hair that lay on his shoulder; “thou forgettest all the honour that would have been thine when I came back a general. Think how our maidens envy the fortune of the wife of Ipsilanti—how glorious is the destiny of the wives of the heroes in the Morea.”

“I have heard of only one, who saw husband and son slain; and then fought in their room—the lady Bobolina. Had I been she, I would have lain down and died with them.”

Melidori's eyes were fixed on the bay. “There it flashes again: it is a signal to gather the troops. Anagnosti said so. Why must I stay behind like a coward?”

He muttered these words indistinctly; but they fell on the girl's ear like a funeral knell. She saw the chafing of the proud and ambitious spirit—she knew that she held no longer the first place in Antonio's heart—that a stronger power than love had sprung up there, and ruled triumphant. The knowledge broke her girlish dream for ever.

Philota looked at her lover as he stood, almost unconscious of her presence; his fingers clenched tightly on the silver-mounted pistol which every Greek carries in his belt; his beautiful lips compressed, until their rosy curves became almost white. His thoughts were far away from her; and Philota saw it. One moment her hand was pressed on her heart: her lips opened, as if to give vent to the terrible cry of anguish that wrung her soul; but it came not. The struggle passed, and her resolution was taken.

“Antonio!”—she laid her hand on his arm, and he started as if it had been the touch of death instead of her soft warm fingers. “Antonio, I have changed my mind. Thou shalt not stay at home, but go and fight for Greece with the rest, and come back covered with the glory thou desirest so much!”

The young Sphakiote's countenance became radiant with joy. “Thou sayest this from thy heart, Philota?”

"I do."

"And thou art happy—quite happy?"

"Yes; if it makes thee so."

True woman's heart! Self-denying heroism of love—your strength is more than the strength of armies!

II.

A few days more, and Philota was alone. There was no hand to aid her in her daily journey up the mountain, or to relieve her of the olive-basket which she carried to the honey-gatherers. Antonio Melidori was gone to the wars. In that stirring time, when every day the sound of battle grew nearer, and every heart learned to beat with the fierce excitement of war, Philota alone was calm: no enthusiasm brightened her cheek when she saw her lover depart—the noblest of the band of young Sphakiotes which he led with him to the governor Affendouli. Even the cry of patriotism was to her an empty sound. Her imagination was never dazzled by that watchword, which is too often only another name for ambition.

It was strange that at such a crisis, and in such a land, this one Greek maiden should have thought thus. But in her childhood she had been brought up by her mother's brother, a priest in the Greek church—that church which so long held fast the peaceful doctrines and pure worship of the primitive Christians. Then it was that Philota learned to look upon war as odious; and as her clear and earnest mind matured into womanhood, all the tinsel of fame fell off from the idol, and left it in its own naked hideousness. The fair image of glory which blinded the eyes of Antonio was to Philota nothing but a loathsome skeleton.

Month after month the girl followed her lowly occupation on Mount Psiloriti, while her lover fought under the banners of Affendouli. Tidings reached her of his bravery, and his high favour with the general. "I am a captain now," Antonio sent word; "higher than Rousso." When she heard it, Philota smiled; but it was a faint, sad smile, for she feared the stain of a gnawing ambition was already creeping over his spirit. "Antonio—my Antonio!" she wept in secret—"I can love thee, I can pray for thee; why is it that I alone dare not glory in thee now?"

Before the autumn waned, Melidori came home. Again Philota and he walked together along the woody slopes of Ida; but there was a change. Antonio talked now not of her or of his love, but of conflicts which he had sustained, of honours he had won—won through the midst of horrors of which the relation made the gentle girl shudder. He looked at them as merely common things, laughed gayly at her cowardice, and said how brave a soldier's wife ought to be. Alas! even that dear name brought no bright smile to Philota's lips; and as she leaned against her lover, the steel-covered breast of the soldier of fortune seemed cold and repulsive compared to the shepherd's garment of old. Philota felt it was an omen.

They came to the place whence the whole island could be seen. "Look, Philota; there lies my band in that little dell: do not you see their flags

flying above the trees? There is one banner that I bore myself—how torn and blood-stained it is! Oh, that was a glorious victory of ours!”

Philota sighed heavily

“What! art thou not glad? I thought thou wouldst be so proud of my fortune—even of me;” and a shade of vexation darkened the young soldier’s cheek.

The girl looked up in his face. “I am proud of my Antonio; more than of the captain of Affendouli.”

“Well, well—as thou wilt. Women are so fanciful,” added Melidori to himself.

Antonio, darker and darker was the stain creeping over thy soul—shutting out affection, and trusting faith, and true devotion; and in their stead was already stealing selfish ambition! Fool! who would rather be loved for the poor tawdry robe of popular greatness, in which thou wouldst fain be clothed, than for thyself.

“I see thou carest little for my honours, Philota,” he continued. “Perhaps thou wouldst rather I had remained a poor drivelling peasant on the mountains? I thought all girls took pride in their lovers’ glory; but it seems not so with thee.”

“Antonio, dost thou remember the day when there was an olive-feast?—when, one after the other, our young men arose and sang songs that the impulse of the moment produced? Thou, too, didst pour out thy heart in a chant so glorious, so beautiful—it was of the old times which are dimly remembered in our traditions—that old men wept, and young men’s eyes flashed, and a shout of applause greeted thee that echoed to the mountain-top. Did I not glory in thee then, my Antonio?”

“It was a poor triumph: a puling song, fit for girls only,” answered Melidori scornfully. “Deeds, noble deeds, alone can make the man.”

“Well, then, dost thou remember that stormy night when the old Armenian ascended the mountain, and there was no one to follow him in the darkness and fearful tempest—no one but thee: how thou didst save him, and bring him back to the village, and wouldst not take one piastre from the rich man’s offered gold? Who was so proud of thee then as thine own Philota?”

“But all others said I was mad; and if I had perished on the mountain, where would have been my glory? Who would have remembered the name of the poor shepherd-boy?”

“God!” said Philota solemnly. “The glory of this one deed is worth all thy warlike renown.”

He looked at her, and saw how her stature dilated, and her countenance shone with a brightness almost saint-like. He understood her not, and yet was he struck mute by her earnestness. There was in that meek woman—she was no longer a girl now—who had lived all her life on the mountains, a nobleness of soul that silenced even the bold chief, whose name was regarded as a tower of strength by his soldiers, and honoured by the general himself.

“Come, we will talk no more of this, dear Philota,” said Melidori gently, almost humbly. “Let us descend the mountain.”

The following day, Antonio departed; for the Turks had attacked

Sphakia, and the war had entered the island itself. The next tidings that reached Philota were, that her lover had been wounded, though slightly. He had been left in a cottage on the outskirts of the town, his hand having fled: single-handed he cut his way through the Turks, and escaped with a trifling wound.

"The cowards!" he wrote to Philota—"that there should be cowards even in my band: that they should leave their leader to be slaughtered in cold blood! It was one man's doing: I suspect who: but I will be revenged one day. Yes, when I have conquered, and the enemy is driven from Candia, then I will be revenged."

Philota sank, crushed to the earth with pain. Revenge, not love, was then the goal of his hopes now! Moreover, she guessed better than Antonio the insidious tongue which had whispered revolt to Melidori's troop. It was Rousso's: Rousso, who had tempted him to the war—Rousso, over whom he had risen in command—Rousso, who had wooed, and been scorned by Antonio's betrothed. The quick-sighted girl at once comprehended the whole, and she trembled for her lover.

The history of the Greek revolution in Candia records the glory of Antonio Melidori; how he became regarded as a mountain chieftain, whose deeds emulated the fame of the ancient warriors of Greece; how mothers prayed that their children might be like him; how maidens delighted to praise his beauty of person, his many acts of generosity, his unequalled bravery; how there was not a child in the island who could not lip the name of Melidori.

And all this while, far among the mountains, to whose fastnesses many of the Sphakiotes were compelled to retreat, throbbed the poor heart to whom this burst of glory had only brought desolation—the only heart that truly loved the young chieftain whose fame was on all lips. There, alone, almost forgotten, yet never forgetting, lived Philota.

III.

It is not our purpose to chronicle the career of Antonio Melidori in its outward sense, and as the world beheld it. The world is growing wiser now, and no longer is haunted by the phantom of military glory, a monster at which its own creator shudders. Yet if there could be a cause for which men might justly fight, it was surely that of Grecian liberty. In Candia, the Sphakiotes were battling not so much for renown as for the preservation of their lives and freedom. Men fought for their own homes, and by their very hearths; and what began in the ambition of a few, was now with all a struggle for life and death. Wise men have said that such things must be, that from the foundation of the world liberty has only been bought with blood; yet it is indeed terrible. The world has passed through its childhood of innocence, when kings were shepherds, and rulers held the plough; its youth of strife, when men fought not through meditated revenge, but in haste of blood; its middle age of stratagem, cunning, and ambitious warfare, when thousands were sacrificed to the caprice of one. Soon will come its peaceful and majestic age, when wisdom shall be the only true strength, and men shall rule not by animal force, but by

the might of all-powerful mind. May that glorious time hasten fast—fast!

Gradually—so gradually, that Antonio scarcely felt it—the ties became loosened between him and Philota. The commander, the patriot, had no room in his heart for love. Whenever a brief space of repose enabled the lovers to meet, his thoughts were all of advancement, honours, successful conflicts: there was no talk of the bridal feast that was to come after the olive harvest; and when some of the maiden's early companions jested with her, and others envied her the glorious destiny that would await Melidori's bride when the war was over, Philota only smiled mournfully, for she knew that day would never come.

At last the war grew so near, that many of the mountaineers took refuge in the town of Sphakia. There, day by day, Philota could see her betrothed sallying forth with his band. What a gulf there was between the successful chieftain and the humble peasant girl who plied her needle for bread, watching over him from a distance, with unknown and unacknowledged love! Not one of Antonio's friends would have dreamed that these two had once plighted their vows to each other in the quiet woods of Ida. Yet still he gathered honours every day, and amidst all the warfare he seemed to bear a charmed life. Who knows but that it was because the shield of woman's prayers was ever over him—the orisons of one whose love had grown so dim, so shadowy, so hopeless, that its only utterance had become a prayer—nay, even less a prayer than a mournful dirge?

At the close of a night-skirmish with the Turks, the cry was raised that the captain Melidori was missing. The band re-entered Sphakia in lamentation. Rouso was at their head, and his countenance had an expression of evil triumph. The women, who soon gathered in the streets, eyed him with dislike and indignation: for Antonio, with his manly beauty and generous spirit, was their idol.

"Melidori is slain—the noble Antonio is slain! It is an evil day for us," they lamented aloud.

"He is not slain; he has deserted to the enemy. I saw him steal off from the field with mine own eyes," said a voice: it was that of Rouso. "Twice during the skirmish I watched him creep from the Turkish outposts. Melidori has deserted."

"Melidori is here!" cried a deep sonorous voice, which caused the soldiers to give a universal shout; and Antonio appeared. He held aloft in his arms a little Turkish child.

"Soldiers! he who says I deserted deserves to be hanged on the nearest tree. I lingered behind to save this poor innocent, whose mother I saw murdered in her tent."

"It is true, then, Sphakiotes, how well your captain loves the Turks, since you see he risks a battle to save their children," sneered some one in the crowd. The voice seemed feigned, and in the darkness of the early morning its owner was unrecognised.

Melidori drew up his lofty stature proudly. "Sphakiotes, it is a lie! which could come only from the wretch who murdered this babe's mother—the cowardly woman-slayer. I scorn to answer it."

The easily-moved crowd broke out into acclamations, the women especially. When they ceased, Antonio said, "A soldier is scarcely a fit guardian for infancy. Is there none among the wives, mothers, or kind-hearted maidens of Sphakia who will take this poor babe?"

"Spear the puling brat of an infidel!" cried the same malicious voice from the midst. "How dares the captain ask any Sphakiot woman to nurse a viper until its fangs are grown?"

Melidori's countenance glowed with rage; the more so, as, governed by the insidious voice, all the crowd seemed to shrink away, eying the young soldier and his burden with distrust.

"Many a Greek babe has fallen under the scimitar of a Turk!" "The child of murderers should not live!" were mutterings that reached the ear of Antonio. The obstinacy and pride of his temper were roused, and, even with more than his natural generosity, they urged him to withstand the popular cry.

"Sphakiotes, I defy you all! This young Turk shall not perish. I will rear it as my own. If I fall, it shall be brought up as a Greek, and taught to avenge me, as none of these coward brethren of mine would do. Now, women of Sphakia, is there none among you who will take charge of the adopted child of Antonio Melidori?"

"I will!" answered a low voice, and a woman stepped forth from the crowd.

The young commander gave the child into her extended arms. As he looked in her face, he started.

"Philota—thou here!" he whispered hurriedly. "I thought thou wert still in the mountains!"

"There was no longer safety there."

"Why didst thou not tell me? How livest thou? This peasant's dress"—

"Is meet fitted for me. I live by the labour of my hands. Was it meet that a poor peasant girl should claim as her betrothed the commander of Sphakia?"

"Philota—generous Philota! But this people must not hear thee. Take the babe. I will meet thee: let it be at dusk, under the city wall."

Oh, thou faithful woman! was it come to this?

Philota hushed the wailing babe on her bosom, and said aloud in a calm distinct voice, "Noble Captain Melidori, I am a Sphakiot maiden: I have no husband, nor ever shall have; therefore I will devote myself to this babe, and bring it up as the adopted of the greatest of our Greek heroes. People of Sphakia, you all are witnesses of this vow."

The crowd of women closed round her as Philota departed with her charge. When she was gone, a deep sigh of relief burst from Melidori. Rousso came up to him, and said gayly, "Thou art lucky, Antonio, in finding so ready a nurse for thy young adopted." Melidori's cheek reddened. "Some old damsel who wants a plaything, I suppose?"

"He has not seen her, thank heaven—he has not seen her!" muttered Antonio. "Very likely," he answered aloud. "Well, we soldiers have our whims. I will make this young Turk fight against his own people yet. Come, Rousso, the general awaits us."

At dusk, Melidori wrapped himself in the cloak of one of his men, and went to the place of meeting. Philota was already there.

"This is kind—like thyself, my dearest," he said, pressing her in his arms; but the embrace and the words seemed more from duty than feeling. Philota suffered both in silence, and then she drew herself away, and stood beside him.

"What hast thou to say to me, Antonio?" she uttered, not harshly, but in a tone of calmness that went to the heart of him whose warm love had yet not quite departed.

"Why art thou so cold: am I not thy betrothed, Philota?"

"Dost thou wish me to call thee so now? I thought that dream was over, and by thy desire."

"I never said so."

"No; but it was in thy heart. All is changed with us; we can never be again as in those happy days on Mount Psiloriti. Thou art a great man: thou canst not wed a poor maiden like me. I do not ask it. My love only burdens thee; therefore we will speak of it no more. Antonio, I would give my life for thee: shall I not, then, gladly relinquish this hope for thy glory's sake? I know thou didst love me once. I shall see thy fame, and I shall be content."

Melidori listened to her first in astonishment, then in shame. "Philota," he said hoarsely, "I am not worthy to kiss thy feet, and yet I dare not say nay to thy words. I am more wretched than thou: forgive me."

It might have been that a lingering hope had fluttered in the girl's heart, but as Antonio spoke, it was stilled for ever. She leaned against the wall, pale, breathless, speechless.

The young soldier went on: "Thou dost not know what a life I lead—how full of danger and anxious thought: it would be death to thee to share it."

The vain excuse unsealed Philota's lips. "Not so: be not deceived, Antonio. It is not for myself that I speak. God and my own heart know what I would have been to thee; how I would have shared thy fortune; have followed thee, if it must be, through seas of blood and warfare; have strengthened thee; have suffered no woman's tear to unnerve thy arm; have striven to make myself worthy to mount step by step with thee, that in thy coming glory no man might say Antonio Melidori blushed for his wife. This is what might have been: it is too late. Let us part while thou yet lovest me a little."

"And thou—and thou?"

"I will live at peace in my humility, knowing that love for no other maiden stole thine from me. Be content: I feel thou hast never been thus faithless."

"No, no, no!" groaned the young soldier, burying his face in his hands. "Thou judgest me kindly. I never loved woman save thee: I never shall."

"Then do not grieve," said the girl, as she bent over him in holy pity, and took his burning hands in hers. "I forgive thee: thou hast done me no wrong. I will rear this child: it will love me; and I can call it by thy name, and teach it how noble was that act of thine which saved it from death. Believe me, I shall be very happy, my Antonio." Loving was the

falsehood that came from those trembling lips—a falsehood more holy than truth.

"Be it so, Philota," said Melidori. "I am too unworthy even to bless thee; but thou wilt be blest."

"And thou too, I pray the Virgin! And now that we are friends—only friends—but tried and true ones, I must tell thee what tidings I have heard. Rousso is thine enemy; how made such is partly known to thee, much more so to me. Rememberest thou how, when he and his band pillaged an old man's house, thou didst compel him to restore the spoil? From that time he has vowed thy death. It was his feigned voice that goaded the people against thee this morning. And afterward, when I was threading my way through the town, I heard two men whispering thy name, and one said, 'His tomb is open.' Now, Antonio, beware. I am too lowly to be heeded. I will watch: it may be that the dove can warn the eagle from the snare."

"And thy own safety, thy life?"

"Is thine, and spent for thee. It is best so. And now hearken—thy name is shouted below. We must part here." She gave him her hand.

"We had not used to part thus, Philota. Let me feel that I have been thy betrothed: let me kiss thy lips once more—it is the last time."

Philota fell upon his neck, and their lips met. It was less the kiss of love than of death; the last token between those who sever for eternity. Then she drew herself from those beloved arms, and fled.

IV.

The career of Melidori seemed a succession of triumphs. Every scheme contrived by the designing malice of Rousso failed. It was as though a good angel ever watched over Antonio. Affendouli, the Cretan governor, whose dearest friend and counsellor the young Sphakiote was, told him so. Melidori answered in a tone half-bitter, half-solemn, "I know it; I believe it!" He spoke the truth.

No one but Affendouli knew how deep was the cause of suspicion which made Antonio shrink from his former companion Rousso, until a coldness very like positive enmity grew up between them. The governor himself saw through various manoeuvres which Rousso had practised to turn his own favour from Melidori and dispossess the latter of the command: but at last there seemed to come a change, and Rousso, after a long absence, sent to Sphakia a message of peace, declaring the resolution of both himself and his brother-in-law Anagnosti to end all petty feuds, and serve under Melidori. Affendouli gladly accepted this overture, for he saw the evil that private animosities did to the one great cause. Rousso had invited Melidori to a solemn feast of unity, in which they might end all differences, and Affendouli urged him to go.

"We must have peace among ourselves. All private feelings should be sacrificed to public good. Thou wilt go, Melidori?" entreated the old man; and Antonio consented.

Richly mounted, and attended by a few of his own band, the Sphakiote commander set out to the place where Rousso and his handful of followers

had bivouacked. Ere the cavalcade was out of sight of Sphakia, a peasant woman came to the young captain's abode, and asked to see him.

"There is the dust-cloud his horses leave behind," was the answer. "Go after him; it is only three leagues: you mountaineers are swift-footed. You will reach him by the time he has feasted with Captain Rousso."

The woman clasped her hands above her head with a terrible cry, and fell to the ground.

All the lavishness and revelry of a soldier's banquet signalized the feast of Rousso and Anagnosti; wine flowed in streams, and riotous music and laughter went up from the tents towards the still stars overhead. Melidori gave himself up to the enjoyment of the moment in perfect faith.

"A gay life is a soldier's!" Anagnosti cried. "Melidori, this is better than the olden olive-feasts on Mount Psiloriti."

A shadow came over the young captain's face—Rousso noticed it.

"Perhaps Antonio regrets having left that quiet, easy life on the mountains for such a one as this?" he said with a smile that bordered on a sneer. On Rousso's face it was almost impossible to distinguish between the two.

Melidori was not easily provoked. "No, no," answered he, gayly; "I would be the last to regret those old times—all very well in their way; but glory—patriotism."

"Both fine-sounding words; though we who fight, fight for other things more substantial."

"I do not understand you," said Melidori rather coldly.

"Oh, we all know the honours that await our young commander when the war is over: plenty of spoil—riches—a bride, for Affendouli's daughter is fair, and her father generous. But, perchance, there is some trifling impediment to that. A long time ago, on the mountains, people talked of a little damsel named Philota."

"Rousso," said Antonio hurriedly, "this Cyprus wine is glorious. I pledge thee."

"With all my heart; and, as I was saying, there was to have been a wedding with the olive-feast."

"Ha—ha—ha!" laughed Melidori. "Thy thoughts run on fair damsels and wedding-feasts instead of warfare. Let us talk of something more soldier-like."

"Presently; when I have drunk to thy health and that of Affendouli's daughter."

"Not with mine," said Antonio, gravely. "I do not choose jesting."

"Then there is some truth in the tale about the little Sphakiote girl, after all! Well, well, Antonio, thou art a happy man; for I saw the other day near here, a pretty face, that put me strongly in mind of one I knew on Psiloriti. Is it so?"

Melidori's lips quivered with passion, but he restrained himself. "Rousso," he whispered hoarsely, "jest as thou wilt in private—not here."

"What! conscience-stricken? Is Philota?"

"Utter that name again with thy cowardly tongue, and!"

Rousso rose up from the table, and drew his short dagger. "Wilt thou fight? Then, so will I." In a moment Melidori saw through the intent of

all the torturing words which had come from that wily tongue. His anger cooled at once, and he resolved to thwart the purpose of his enemy.

"None shall say that Antonio Melidori came to a friendly banquet, and there fought with his host," he answered calmly. "Soldiers, and you my fellow-guests, bear witness that for this reason, and this only, I will not fight. What would our enemies say of this petty brawling over cups? It is unworthy of Greeks. I will end it."

So saying, Antonio gave the signal of departure to his suite, and prepared to mount his horse. Anagnosti followed him.

"Noble captain," he said obsequiously, "do not let this feast of unity end in division. Rouso is so hasty; but he repents him now. I pray you return, and let all these differences be reconciled."

Melidori answered courteously and frankly, as was his nature. "There is none who would rejoice in peace more than I; it was for this only that I came hither."

"Then let us seal our peace by a brotherly embrace," said Rouso, coming forward. His eyes flashed; Antonio thought it was with wine; and his step was unsteady. The young Sphakiote felt an unaccountable repugnance; but he thought of Affendouli, and the earnest entreaties of the good old man that all private enmity might be forgotten for the sake of Greece.

"Be it so," answered Antonio, extending his arms. Rouso did the same. There was a moment of stillness, and the assassin's dagger was plunged into that noble and generous breast.

A cry, the terrible death-cry, burst forth; it was answered by another from without—a woman's; and Philota fell on her knees beside Antonio!

She had followed him, league after league, with a speed and strength almost superhuman; so that, as she passed desolate houses and solitary travellers, they thought it was a spirit. And now she had come too late.

In the confusion, the murderer and his accomplice fled. Antonio's few soldiers carried their dying leader from the tent, and no one opposed them. There, on the roadside, beneath the peaceful stars, the young commander breathed his life away. It was not a sad ending, for his pillow was the breast of the faithful woman whose love had been the joy and brightness of his youth. Clouds had come over that brightness, but death swept them all away. From his few vague words, Philota knew that his thoughts were not of war, not of the false glory which had dazzled him, but of that old peaceful time when love was all in all. In the wanderings of his brain, the dying soldier fancied himself again on Mount Psiloriti, and murmured of Philota, of the olive-feast, and the bridal.

"We will stay here," he whispered. "I had a dream: it haunts me yet; but it is over. We will never leave our own mountain, Philota: never, never!" His head sank on her shoulder; the dream of which he spoke—the troubled dream of life—was over, for eternity.

The governor Affendouli lamented with the sincerity of a worthy heart over his lost friend. He would have honoured the dead by magnificent obsequies, and with that intent he called together his officers and the chief men of Sphakia: but in the midst of the assembly a woman appeared, and

claimed the body of Antonio Melidori. The governor questioned her right, since he knew that Antonio had no surviving kindred.

"It cannot shame the dead," the woman murmured; and then said aloud, "Antonio Melidori was my plighted husband: here is the betrothal ring. Give me his body, that I may bury him in the peaceful mountains where he was born. He would not rest with your guns booming over his grave. You possessed him, soul and body, in life; he is now mine only. Give me my husband, and let me go."

"Poor wretch!" murmured the compassionate governor, as he looked on the wild gestures and frenzied air of the Sphakiote woman. "Oh, Greece, thy liberty is dearly bought!"

On the summit of Mount Ida, on the very spot where the whole island lies stretched below, there is a cross of white stone, with the name—"Antonio Melidori." The soldier rests where no murmur of battle can ever reach his grave. The island is at peace; there is no warfare now. The mountaineers have their honey-gatherings, their olive harvests, their vine-feasts; and no one remembers the dark days of old. For a time, many a Sphakiote soldier came to say his prayers beside the white cross, and talk of the young patriot who had died for his country's sake; but as war-time ceased, this far shrine was forgotten; and now it is rarely visited, except by two, who live together on the mountain side—a woman of middle age, and a youth, a neophyte in the Greek church. He calls her mother; and she is indeed a mother to him, though not his own. These two are the only pilgrims who pray by the tomb of the victorious commander whose name once rang through Candia like a trumpet sound. It has died away now, as all such glory dies, and will ever die. Love only can survive the grave.

JEWISH LIFE IN CENTRAL EUROPE.

IT is admitted on all hands that the Jews are one of the most remarkable people on earth. They are as identified with the preservation and propagation of a purer morality and more rational notions on religion than were ever entertained by any heathenish people—as the ancient Greeks were with the progress of science in general, and the Romans with the development of jurisprudence. It was reserved to modern times to bring portions of the Jews prominently forward in another region. They have assumed a political and social significance which is said to exercise a considerable influence on the fate of Central Europe. In the countries which we are wont to consider as the seats of learning, they have generally ranged themselves with the progressive party; and how far they interested themselves in the recent continental struggles for popular rights is abundantly clear. The greater part of the German press is said to be in their hands.

The appearance of this population in a political character must be considered as an extraordinary phenomenon; for not only do they not appear, by their past history, to have been destined for such a part, but they were, two generations ago, avowedly so far behind what is regarded as European learning, that few of them were able to write the language of their country. It may therefore not be uninteresting to give a sketch of Jewish life as it was a score of years ago in those districts of Central Europe where the Jewish settlements are most ancient; where there are numerous Ghettos; where the Jews have been for centuries objects of a special legislation; and where, consequently, their peculiarities had ample time to develop themselves and strongly to impress their character upon all the relations of life. A reflecting reader will perhaps be able to trace the lineaments of the present conduct of that section of Jews in their outbursts of wild fervour and enthusiasm—in their extraordinary versatility of mind—in their peculiar training—and lastly, in the cruel oppression and deep degradation to which they were subject for centuries, and which will be depicted in as far as they enter into the plan of these pages. The humane will no doubt be gratified to learn that this oppression has, in consequence of the recent revolutions throughout Germany—Bavaria excepted—been succeeded by the full emancipation of this ill-treated race.

We propose that our sketch shall to some extent consist of a review of the life and social relations of an individual male Jew: and first of his entrance into the world

Birth.—The rational anxiety for the safety of the mother being removed by the birth of a babe, (whom we will suppose to be a boy,) an irrational one for the life of the offspring quickly takes possession of the parental heart. The family are haunted by the dread lest the Mureth (*cursed ones*) might use, or rather abuse, the power supposed to be possessed by them over male infants during the period which elapses between their birth and admission into the Abrahamic covenant, (Genesis xvii. 12,) by either choking the babe, or carrying it off and substituting for it a misshapen deaf and dumb idiot, a changeling, a kind of Caliban.

It would be a mistake to fancy these "cursed ones" as evil spirits, delighting by nature in mischief, like the tribe of hobgoblins. They are human beings to every intent and purpose—unlucky wights, high and low, young and old, married and single, Jew and Gentile, who, in an unguarded moment, have fallen under the dominion of the ruthless Lilith, (Isaiah xxxiv. 14,) whose cruel behest they must implicitly execute, whatever their reluctance. At the bidding of the superior, the "cursed one" must leave her nightly couch with the view of clandestinely introducing herself into the room of the babe, which is generally that of the mother. For this purpose the evil messenger is endowed with the power of assuming the form of various animals: the favourite shape under which she generally makes her appearance being that of a black cat.

The most dangerous period for the infant, when Lilith is most intent upon its destruction, is the seventh night after its birth; for this reason the babe is watched during that night with the greatest anxiety, and by the side of the mother lies a carving-knife, ready to be used for the defence of her offspring. Wo to the cat which would during that time approach the infant! The dangerous weapon would certainly be flung at it; not with the view of killing, but rather with the design of releasing it from its thralldom; for, according to the popular superstition, on the slightest injury being inflicted, Lilith loses her hold on the metamorphosed human being, and in a twinkling of an eye, like the monster in "*Beauty and the Beast*," she assumes her former shape, never more to change it for any other. An attempt is also made to keep the enemy "at arm's length," by fastening on the walls of the room contiguous to that of the babe various scraps of paper curiously inscribed with cabalistical signs or charms. These, we make no doubt, inspire the fiend with a most wholesome dread, as in every instance which has come to our knowledge they proved perfectly successful.

The Abrahamic Covenant.—The rite of admission into the Jewish body is considered as a most sacred act, and is supposed to be attended by the prophet Elijah as the Angel of the Covenant, (Malachi iii. 1;) on which occasion the infant receives its name, which is that of a deceased relative, and is usually a Biblical one, but occasionally of Gentile origin. This name is generally only used for religious purposes, and sometimes in domestic life; but in the intercourse with the Christian world a Gentile name is often substituted and registered. Thus, for instance, if the name received at the occasion alluded to be Aaron, it is likely that it will only be used in affairs connected with religion; as when a prayer is offered up for the party in question, or when he is summoned at synagogue to the

spending-deck, &c.; while in social intercourse he will probably go by the name of "Augustus" or "Adolph," &c., with which name he will also sign all letters and documents in the regular course of business.

The performance of this initiatory rite is generally celebrated with a banquet, to which all relations and friends are invited, and which concludes with a special prayer inserted in the usual grace offered up after meals for the new Jewish member.

The Redemption of the First-born Son.—As soon as the infant has attained the age of thirty days, the father, conformably to Exodus xiii. 11, is obliged to redeem it. He invites for this purpose, on the following day, a descendant of Aaron, and some other guests, acquaints the former with the fact of his wife having been delivered of her first-born son, and offers him to the priest. On his, however, preferring the alternative of receiving the redemption price, the sum mentioned in Numbers iii. 47 (about 12s.) is paid to him by the father, who at the same time pronounces an appropriate benediction. It rests with the priest whether he will return the money to the parent.

The Ghetto.—The Jews on the continent were, and are still in many countries, confined to Ghettos, which are generally surrounded by walls, and furnished with gates, through which the communication with the other parts of the town is kept up. These gates are closed at a certain hour in the evening, and not opened until the next morning, so that during the night the Jewish population are kept prisoners within their own domiciles. With the exception of one or two of the principal streets, which are of a tolerable size, the Ghetto usually consists of a maze of gloomy and crooked lanes, lined on both sides by dingy high walls. No steamer carrying Irish paupers to Liverpool can be more closely packed than a house in the Ghetto. It is in such a house—perhaps in one of those vaults the walls of which are constantly oozing out a slimy moisture, as though shedding tears at the misery of the tenants, and the darkling interior of which is never cheered, not even at noontide, by the visit of a straggling ray of the sun—that the infant draws its first breath, tainted with miasm and effluvia. It is surprising, nevertheless, how far care and solicitude will go in protecting infant life. Jewish parents generally make up by this for the local disadvantages under which they labour.

Education.—Let us suppose the period to have arrived when the babe is capable of uttering words. The first sentence which the infant is taught to pronounce will be one from Scripture—as, for instance, "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one;" or, "The law which Moses commanded us is an inheritance of the assembly of Jacob;" or, "Hear, my son, the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the doctrine of thy mother." These are taught in Hebrew to the young charge, who repeats them word for word, and they serve, together with some short appropriate prayer, for the morning devotion, which is recited immediately after awaking from sleep, and before breakfast.

At the age of four, and sometimes before that period, Jewish children are taught their letters. The most gentle means are employed for this purpose; and one of the common devices for stimulating them to pro-

Zeal, is to let fall from above their heads on the primer a sugar-plum as often as they succeed in making out a letter, telling them at the same time that it was a present from an angel, expressive of his approbation of their progress. Foremost in these laudable efforts are the women, who consider the looking after the little ones, equipping them for, and attending them to school, as one of their chief duties. The rabbis do not fail to inculcate this duty in allegorical, but most forcible language, by declaring that "the world only subsists through the breath of the mouths of the little ones in the house of their teacher," and that women become deserving of the world to come by taking their children to the house of study: and indeed the instructions laid down for the guidance of teachers do not yield in excellence to any given in modern well-regulated schools. However, it is not the language and literature of their country (the reader must remember that we speak of a bygone age) that are studied: no: it is Hebrew, and exclusively Hebrew, that is taught. At first it is the Bible in the original language, with some Hebrew commentary, and subsequently the Talmud, with its subtle interpretations, which are the only branches of knowledge supposed to be worthy of the attention of the student. The language of the country it is supposed, if at all necessary, the pupil will pick up in after-life anyhow and anywhere. In the opinion of the strict Jew, the study of the law is the most meritorious occupation to which he could devote his life, and cannot fail to procure him a portion in the world to come. In his opinion every thing that is worthy to be known is contained in the Talmud, and therefore the attention bestowed upon any other branch of knowledge, save that just mentioned, is a pure loss of time. To the study of the Talmud, therefore, that class of people devote the whole day and a large portion of the night; for the study of the Talmud they establish academies, to which thousands of young men resort, and where, under the guidance of a celebrated rabbi, they spend, in the exposition of the Talmud, the best years of their life.

The influence which this study exercises over the body and mind of the Jews is immense. The application to the study of so abstruse a work as the Talmud, at a period when the body is not half developed, has a most pernicious effect upon the general health of the pupil: his digestion suffers, his complexion turns sallow, and obstinate cutaneous diseases are not seldom the consequences. The large size (folio) in which that work, and especially its commentaries, are generally printed, compels the little scholar to stoop greatly when at study; hence the crooked and distorted figures of many Talmudic students. Further: the Talmud is read with an intonation of voice quite peculiar to itself; in fact, it may be said it is rather sung than read; so that a person acquainted with the intonation, without understanding the subject, could know whether the part just recited was a question, a reply, a narrative, a syllogism, &c. This custom impresses upon the voice of the habitual student of the Talmud the character of singing, even when speaking on indifferent subjects. But on the other hand, the same habit may develop at an early period in the Jewish youth the musical talent, if he possesses any, and thus account in some measure for the unusual fondness of Jews for vocal and instrumental music, and for the comparatively large number of composers which have sprung from among them.

The recitation of the Talmud is accompanied with very lively gestures. The body is in perpetual motion; the hands now quietly approach; anon are removed from each other with great rapidity; now clapped together with great vehemence; and then again slowly, with the right thumb uppermost, raised to the level of the head, in accordance with the character of the passage expounded. This habit impresses upon the Jew brought up in that school a peculiar restlessness even in common conversation. He cannot stand still for a moment. It is not only his lips; it is his hands, his eyes, his physiognomy, nay, his whole body, that speaks. These adverse influences are still more strengthened by Talmudical statements; for they consider an upright carriage as a sign of haughtiness; and declare, that since the destruction of Jerusalem it does not become a Jew to walk uprightly.

Still greater is the influence exercised on their minds by the general and habitual study of the Talmud. The ingenuity which its exposition requires; the spirit of subtlety and hairsplitting with which it treats its subjects; the abrupt and enigmatic style in which it is written; and lastly, the miscellaneous and rhapsodical character which it presents, greatly sharpen the intellect of the student; enable him, as it were, intuitively to seize on the right point at a glance; give him an uncommon zest for argument and debate, and a keen relish for all sorts of witticisms and *bon mots*, and an extraordinary versatility of mind. But, on the other hand, the same reasons render him averse to discipline and regular training, and he becomes impatient of detail: he will not plod on; he will run: if he wishes to reach the top of the ladder, he will rather try to succeed by a powerful leap than by the slow yet sure operation of ascending step by step. Jews so constituted, betaking themselves to the fields of science or literature, will be more apt to succeed in metaphysics, pure mathematics, or poetry, than in any other department; in trade, they will often prosper in those kinds of business which require a quick perception, a bold spirit of speculation, ready reckoning, and great power of combination. The wealth which Jews have amassed is thus partly accounted for.

However, although it is chiefly the intellect of the child that is cultivated, it were erroneous to suppose that his morals are neglected. It is not by mere word of mouth, but by practice, that morality is inculcated. No scholar of those Jewish seminaries could give a methodically arranged account of his duties, for he has never been taught thus; but his whole day may be considered as passing in the performance of what he is taught to regard as meritorious acts. In his earliest infancy it is the scriptural precept—"the beginning of wisdom is fear of God"—which is enjoined on him. Reverence for his parents and teachers are represented as most sacred duties; and thus the behests of the parent are generally received with submission, and implicitly obeyed. A Jewish youth will scarcely ever sit down in the presence of his father, and even in his absence he will not occupy the chair upon which his parent is in the habit of resting. Prudence, economy, abstemiousness, control of temper, modesty, and chastity, are virtues which the child acquires merely from seeing them habitually exercised by those around him. Nor is cleanliness, so far at least as ablutions are concerned, neglected. To the performance of these, Jews of the class we are endeavouring to describe are induced perhaps less by their intrinsic value than by

certain peculiar views. They believe that every night the soul leaves the body, in order to give an account in heaven of the manner in which the day was spent; and that during its absence an evil spirit takes possession of the body; therefore their very first act in the morning, on awaking, is to return thanks in a short formal prayer to the Almighty for having restored the soul. They however take care in that prayer not to pronounce the sacred name of God, as this would be unbecoming whilst in a state of uncleanness; for they are of opinion that, as long as they have not performed the morning ablution, they are still under the influence of the evil spirit. Similar ablutions of the hands are also prescribed before prayers and before every meal.

Let us now suppose our infant grown up to boyhood, duly initiated into the intricacies of the Talmud, merrily gesticulating and singing over its contents, and let us throw a glance into his domestic life. Childhood is proverbial for its happiness; but, alas! Jewish children have no childhood. They may be children in body, but not in mind. The stern earnest of life around them, the habitual sight of misery, and of the hard struggles of those nearest to them in order to obtain a scanty living, make them men and women the moment they have ceased to be infants. It is not merry nursery-rhymes and frolicsome songs which are the first strains delighting the ears of the infant, and giving it a cheerful turn of mind; it is the recital of some bygone wo, or pending bilbul (*false accusation*) which sadly strikes the ears of the child, and overcasts its mind with a gloomy shadow for life. For our own part, we have a perfect recollection, when a mere stripling, how we used to hang on the lips of an old Jew, who could not have been less than eighty-five years of age, imbibing with the eagerness of childhood the accounts of the days of yore. We remember being horror-struck at the recital of the misery of an old Jewess, who, maintaining herself by baking bread for the workpeople who were engaged in building a church, was accused of having endeavoured to cast a customer into the heated oven; how, upon this trumpary charge, the accused—a sickly creature of seventy years—in order to expiate the pretended crime, dragging along her heavy chains, was compelled to perform the hard labour of a carrier of stones for the completion of the place of worship; how a young Jew, who had accidentally hit a stone crucifix, escaped a cruel death only by embracing the religion of the country. We used to cry with rage when he related to us how the squire forced the Jews on his estate to buy of him for hard cash foul fish, and all kind of offal, for which he had no use; and how the tax-gatherer made it a rule to intrude upon them on Friday nights, and, when not instantly satisfied, how he carried away the Sabbath-lamp, (the lighting of which on Sabbath eve is considered as a duty,) or the food prepared for the Sabbath, knowing, as he did, that they would rather starve than desecrate the day of rest by preparing a meal. However, to return from this digression, let us see how our young Jew spends his day.

Daily Prayers—Phylacteries—Fringes—Meals.—Having performed his morning ablution, he begins to dress. Among his wearing apparel only one article deserves especial mention. It consists of two pieces of cotton, or any other material of square form, fastened to two bands of

the same material, which pass over the shoulders like braces, so that one of these square pieces falls over the chest, and the other over the back. Each of the four corners of this article, called *Arba Kanfolh* (*four corners*) contains a hole through which woollen fringes are passed, and which are worn in commemoration of the fringes ordered in Numbers, xv. 38. He next recites certain prayers, preparatory to attending the morning service at synagogue; and without tasting any food, (the satisfaction of the cravings of nature previous to the discharge of the duty of prayer he would consider as a kind of sacrilege,) he hurries off to synagogue. The signal for going there is generally given by three several blows of a hammer, struck on the house-door of each family by an individual paid for that purpose. The service commences rather early in the morning, as the believer is taught that a particular portion of the prayer is most acceptable to the Almighty when recited not later than a certain hour in the day. Thither the faithful is seen hastening with a large bag in his hand and a smaller one in his pocket. The larger contains a quadrangular woollen or silk scarf, furnished on the four corners with fringes identical with those just described, and in which he wraps himself, sometimes oddly enough, whilst at prayers. The smaller bag contains the *phylacteries*, (Exodus xiii. 16; Deut. vi. 8—xi. 18.) These consist of two square blackened leathern cases sheltering certain parchment rolls, on which particular portions of the Pentateuch are written. These cases are fixed to long and slender leathern thongs, blackened on one side; the latter serve to fasten one of the cases on the forehead, surrounding the head like a bandelet, and the other on the left arm next to the skin, opposite the heart.

After the performance of another ablution within the precincts of the synagogue, the faithful attires himself with his *talith* (*scarf*) and *tephilin*, (*phylacteries*), devoutly pronouncing certain benedictions expressive of the command of God to perform these rites; and now, having, on entering the synagogue, reverentially bowed before the ark containing the scrolls of the law, and recited certain appropriate scriptural verses, he commences his prayers, which are all in Hebrew. These he offers up with a fervour which cannot be imagined by those who have not witnessed it. He is convinced that by using the proper devotion in the recital of certain portions, he will obtain a part in the world to come, and bring down blessings upon himself and others. His enthusiasm reaches the highest pitch when reciting "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one!" In his imagination he is ready to sacrifice every thing for the unity of God; and whilst dwelling upon the word "one," he is taught to review in his mind the sufferings and glory of those co-religionists who incurred martyrdom for the unity of God. He bends his body backwards and forwards, he screams, he shouts, and all that without the least sense of impropriety. This noise very strangely contrasts with the stillness which prevails a little while after at the recital of the prayers called *Shemoneh Essrah*, (*Eighteen*; so called because it originally consisted of eighteen benedictions.) It must be offered up in a standing posture: every one of the faithful turning his face towards the side containing the ark—namely the east, (in which direction, as is known, Jerusalem lies;) and with his feet closely drawn together, without stirring from the spot, as if riveted to the ground,

he reads the prayer in solemn silence and with great devotion. The ideas of sacredness attached to this prayer will become apparent to the reader when he is told that, according to the teaching of the rabbis, the faithful should not interrupt himself whilst reciting this portion of the service, not even if a snake were to wind round his heels.

After service breakfast is taken; but previous to sitting down to this meal another ablution of the hands is performed, the 23d Psalm and a short benediction are said, and on breaking the first morsel of bread the following blessing is offered up by each individual—"Blessed art thou, O Lord our God, who bringeth forth bread from the ground." After breakfast grace is said, which forms a very long prayer. In short, there is not any kind of enjoyment, however trivial, the partaking of which is not preceded by a prayer; nay, before drinking a drop of water, the strict Jew will say, "Blessed art thou, O Lord our God, through whose word every thing was formed." The most religious are anxious to offer up a hundred benedictions every day, and this they found upon a certain fanciful interpretation put upon Deuteronomy x. 12. No religious rite, however, is performed with the head uncovered.

The young student is now sent off to school. There, with the exception of the dinner-hour, when the observances as described at breakfast are repeated, he usually remains until the evening service, which is followed by the night service. The labours of the day being now completed, supper, preceded and followed by the usual prayers, is taken, and the day is finally closed by devoutly kissing the Mesusah, (which will be explained hereafter,) and by reciting another long prayer. On retiring to rest, the strict mother rarely forgets to caution her son against loosening the strings of the night-cap which she ties round his head, as she considers the sleeping without such covering as irreligious; she further looks whether the tape is still fastened, which she likewise, from religious motives, has tied next to his shirt round his waist.

The Sabbath.—The current of gloomy existence is regularly broken by the advent of the Sabbath. The peculiar blessing bestowed by the day of rest is most deeply felt and appreciated by the oppressed, harassed, and careworn Jew; for the Sabbath not only brings repose to his body, but also solace to his mind; it not only erases temporarily the recollection of the melancholy past from his memory, but also instils into his bleeding soul hope for the future, and passes for a type and foretaste of that happiness which awaits the righteous in a better life. In his opinion the beneficial influence of the Sabbath extends also over the condemned in the infernal regions, who are released from their torments while the Sabbath lasts. He also thinks he receives every Sabbath an additional or a second soul, which leaves him again at the conclusion of the day. In the course of Friday, therefore, those Jews whom business has called away from their homes during the week are seen to return. The interior of the houses at the same time presents a very animated aspect: the female part of the families being engaged in scrubbing, scouring, and cleaning the rooms for the reception of the Sabbath, and in preparing the meals for that day, as no kind of labour must be performed on the day of rest. The afternoon is spent by both sexes in various operations, the object of which is personal cleanliness; the men also rid themselves of their beards. This

is not so easy or simple a process as might be imagined; for in consequence of the traditional interpretation put upon Leviticus xix. 27, the use of the razor is prohibited. The beard, therefore, must be removed by some other means; and this is effected by various processes, all slow, and more or less painful. The most usual method consists in the application to the face of a kind of ointment, the ingredients of which are the mineral poison which, if I am not mistaken, is in English usually called orpiment, or the yellow sulphuret of arsenic and of lime. This ointment, which emits a most offensive smell, not only effectively removes the beard, but often destroys the skin if suffered to remain too long on the face, or if not washed carefully off.

An hour or so before the advent of the Sabbath, all labour ceases. The merchant leaves the counting-house, the mechanic lays aside his tools, and the shopkeeper closes his shop. Nothing will justify the violation of the day of rest except imminent danger to human life. At last some blows at the door proclaim that the Sabbath is approaching, and that it is time to go to synagogue, and off starts the whole male population. The service over, the young are seen reverentially to approach their fathers, uncles, and minister, humbly craving their blessing. These lay their hands upon the heads of each of the bending petitioners, devoutly pronouncing the words—"May God make thee as Ephraim and as Manasseh!" (Gen. xlviii. 20.)

Free from anxiety and grief—which, according to the teaching of the rabbis, must be dismissed with the advent of the Sabbath—they return home with countenances expressive of joy and contentment. Here they find all changed for the better. Every thing is in its proper place, clean and bright—the floor scoured, the table covered with a snow-white cloth, laid for the evening meal. From the ceiling, above the table, are suspended one or two lamps, the lighting of which is considered as one of the principal duties of a religious housewife. The husband now cheerfully shakes his smiling wife by the hand, who, together with the daughters, are generally dressed in white. The latter reverentially approach their father, even as the sons the mother, craving their blessing, which is given to the daughters with the words—"May God make thee like Sarah and Rebecca, Rachel and Leah!" The whole family then join in singing a hymn, saluting "the angels of peace," who are supposed to hold now their entrance into the house, for the purpose of staying there over Sabbath. And as if desirous to call the attention of a husband to the worth of a good wife, and hereby to increase his esteem for the partner of his life, he is enjoined to read the 31st chapter of Proverbs, descriptive of the qualities of such a woman. The sanctification of the Sabbath then takes place, which consists in the solemn recitation of a benediction, and of certain Scriptural passages, over two wheaten loaves, previous to breaking them. The two loaves are considered as typical of the double portion of manna vouchsafed on Fridays to the Israelites while in the wilderness. The family now sit down to the evening meal.

This being over, and the form of grace prescribed for the Sabbath properly chanted, the family join in singing hymns in praise of the Sabbath. The melodies are simple and becoming, and make a cheerful impression. Some of the hymns are beautiful, and deserve to be more generally known

than they are. The rest of the evening, if there be still time, is spent in a friendly visit to a neighbour, or in conversation of the members of the household among themselves. Various are the subjects started; the principal topics of discussion, however, are the merits of the Baal Darshan, (*itinerant preacher*,) and of the band of singers who have arrived in the afternoon, and have received permission from the Parnass (*chief warden*) to edify the congregation in the service of the morrow. The preacher is generally a Polish rabbi, with a long beard, immensely long curls hanging down his temples, (Lev. xix. 27,) clothed with a long flowing robe, and a high fur cap, who has acquired by rote four or five clever Talmudical dissertations, with one of which he is going to dazzle his audience. The would-be sermon is neither a moral nor scientific discourse, nor does it treat of doctrinal points. It is a tissue of subtle ingenuities, such as are to be found in abstruse metaphysical treatises. The preacher generally sets out with some Talmudical passage, endeavours to show inconsistencies in it, or that it contradicts some other Talmudical statement, or that another later rabbinical authority apparently took a different view of the subject. And when he has led his audience into the most inextricable part of the maze, and made them despair of ever getting out of the labyrinth, all at once a new text is introduced, or an unexpected turn given to those already introduced; and behold! as though it were by a magic spell, all intricacies are smoothed, and the magician walks forth on level ground over all those artificial fences which a while ago hedged him in on all sides. There is a story of a discourse by such an itinerant preacher, the object of which was to prove that Job himself agreed in opinion with a certain Talmudic authority which maintained that Job, as a person, had never existed. The conclusion of the discourse is usually an exhortation tending to enforce the stricter observance of some ceremonial rite or rabbinical institution. The band of singers generally hold a permanent engagement in some large congregation, but receive leave every year to travel for some weeks. Their song is of a peculiar kind, and often exhibits a great deal of native, but of course uncultivated talent; but frequently it partakes more of the nature of vociferation than of a musical performance, and is a perfect torture to a cultivated ear. It is peculiar to these singers to hold whilst singing their right hand to the right cheek, and to lay the thumb on the throat. We could never ascertain if this was merely the result of habit, or intended to assist the emission of sounds.

In the morning another service is performed; this being concluded, the blessing, as in the preceding evening, imparted to the young folks, and the hearty wishes of a "happy Sabbath" exchanged, every one hurries home to breakfast, to which, as they scarcely eat any thing before prayer, and as the service never lasts less than two hours, they always bring a good appetite. The benediction of sanctification being said, and breakfast taken, the short interval between that meal and dinner is filled up in various ways, and occasionally in examining the boys in what they have learned during the week—fortunate the lad who passes unscathed through this furnace! His will be the prediction, on the part of the examining preacher, of future eminence as rabbi, and the more substantial reward of an apple or pear. Sometimes, however, should the chief rabbi of the district happen to institute the examination,

and be satisfied with the proficiency of the student, he will grant the scholar a diploma, by means of which he becomes a fellow, (*Khaber*), and must henceforth in every religious act have the epithet of Master (*Rab*) prefixed to his name. Dinner, grace, and the singing of hymns ended, every one is left to himself until the afternoon prayer. The elderly and the seriously disposed generally employ the interval in attending the exposition of some religious or moral work, usually the "Ethics of the Fathers;" the production the moral precepts of which can stand the test of the severest criticism, and deserves to be more generally known than it is. The young people, however, sometimes contrive, if they can obtain the permission of the local authority, to have a dance, or go out into the fields for a ramble. At last the time of the afternoon service arrives, which is followed by the evening meal, to be taken before the close of the Sabbath, it being held that every Israelite should take three meals on Sabbath. The day of rest is concluded with the night service, the first portion of which is generally said in perfect darkness, the Sabbath not being over until three stars be plainly seen, and it being unlawful for an Israelite to light a candle while it is Sabbath. The Sabbath is finally concluded by the chanting of certain hymns. And now the routine of every-day life begins, with all its monotony and accompanying toil; the souls of the wicked are driven back to the place of torture; the additional soul leaves the body of the unfortunate Jew; the protecting angels of peace depart from his dwelling, and with them his happy and cheerful countenance and his goodly garments; the white tablecloth disappears from the table; the bright lamp from above it; and the dingy walls again frown upon the gloomy, careworn tenants, as if the Sabbath had never existed.

Here we may be permitted to state some particulars with respect to the Sabbath, for which we could not find before an appropriate place. However homely the Jew may fare during the week, he will contrive to have something superior for the Sabbath. To this he is encouraged by the greatest rabbinical authorities, who recommend good cheer on that day as a religious duty; and the absence of fish or meat on Friday night would be considered by them as a serious deprivation. The strict rest enjoined for the Sabbath prevents the Jew not only from performing any servile work, but even from touching the instruments used in the performance of such labour. But as in the northern ungenial climate it would be impossible comfortably to spend the Sabbath without such labour, this is generally performed by some woman of the Christian religion engaged for that purpose. In each Ghetto, for this reason, there are established a few persons of that description, who make a comfortable living through these services. From long and frequent intercourse with Jews, these women are acquainted with all the rites of their employers, know all their peculiar terms, and are almost considered as members of Jewish families. They enter without ceremony the room of their employers on festivals and Friday nights, trim the lamps, snuff or put out the candles, and attend the fire. Such women have been known sometimes to be more observant of Jewish ceremonies than Jewesses themselves, and to have taught Jewish children their morning or evening prayers. Sometimes, however, this friendly relation between Jew and Gentile is disturbed for a time by a mandate of some intolerant prelate. Such a measure, however, is always greatly

regretted by these persons, and brings much distress upon the Jews, who, from religious motives, undergo severe hardships until the intercession is re-established.

The necessity of preparing the Sabbath meal on Friday, and the danger so natural in cold climates of having a hot dinner, has given rise to a dish quite peculiar to the Jews, and which goes by the name of "shalit." It consists of meat, peas, beans, or rice, put into a pot, and placed on Friday afternoon into an oven heated for that purpose, and left there until Saturday noon, when, on being withdrawn, it is found still quite hot. This is a favourite mess, but in general very indigestible.

Days of Mourning.—The monotony of every-day life is further relieved by various seasons of rejoicing and mourning. The progress of the siege and destruction of Jerusalem are commemorated by public fasts. The principal among these is that of "Tishah Beab," (the 9th of the month of Ab—some time in the month of July,) which is the anniversary of the burning of the Temple both under Nebuchadnezzar and Titus.

Twenty-one, or at least nine days previous to that *dies nefastus*, all public rejoicings are prohibited: no wedding takes place, no meat is eaten, bathing is avoided, and the beard suffered to grow. On the 8th of Ab, in the afternoon, the whole family sit on the ground, as though they had been bereft of a near relative, and the meal of mourning (consisting of eggs or lentils) is partaken of. In the evening the whole congregation meet in the synagogue, which at that period presents a most sombre appearance. The place of worship is but faintly lighted by bits of candles. The congregation, with felt-shoes on their feet, and in the attire of deep mourning, sit on the ground, or at least not on their usual seats, and listen to the lugubrious strain in which the "Lamentations" are recited, or chant alternately heart-stirring elegies commemorative of the national calamities of Israel. Late in the evening the congregation separates. Some persons, however, spend the whole night in prayer; others sleep on the bare ground; and all, besides fasting, abstain more or less from the usual comforts of life. The morning reassembles the faithful in the synagogue, when the same rites as in the evening are repeated. The time after the service is spent in listening to the exposition of accounts on the sufferings of Israel, and in visiting the burial-grounds. The day is concluded with another solemn service.

Seasons of Rejoicing.—The principal seasons of rejoicing are—the first day of every month; the Feast of Lights; and that of Purim. To the first two our space will not permit us to advert, but of the latter a few details may be subjoined.

It is kept on the 14th day of Adar, (some time in February.) On the eve of the 13th, as well as on the morning of the 14th, the whole congregation meet in the synagogue, in order to hear the solemn chanting of the book of Esther. Purim is the festival when good cheer is especially enjoined. At the evening meal the grave, and generally very abstemious rabbi indulges in an additional glass of wine. This license he takes at the express recommendation of the Talmud, which relates strange tales of pious men, who, in consequence of over-indulgence in the treacherous liquor, made odd blunders in their intended encomiums on Mordecai. Among the young folks frolic and fun reign paramount. They disguise themselves in a grotesque manner, and thus pay visits to their friends,

reciting gay verses, and occasionally performing parts of the book of *Esther*, dramatised for the purpose; while at the same time, faithful to the customs of their ancestors, presents are interchanged by friends and acquaintances. (*Esther* ix. 22.) This opportunity is also taken by many charitable persons to assist the necessitous, by affording them relief in a most delicate manner, under the appearance of a Purim present. Nor are the schoolmasters, and other scantily-salaried congregational officers, forgotten on this festive occasion.

Passover.—Another break in the current of the year is the celebration of the festivals commanded in the Pentateuch. Foremost among these ranks the *Passover*, which begins on the 14th of Nisan, (some time in March,) and lasts eight days. Immediately after Purim, preparations for this festival are made. The wheat for the *Passover* cakes (upon which no rain, or any kind of moisture, must have fallen after being cut) is sent to the mill, in order to be ground. This operation, as well as that of baking the flour into cakes, must be carried on under the superintendence of some one skilled in the Law, and who is acquainted with all the contingencies through which the preparation would, according to tradition, be brought under the denomination of leaven, and thus be rendered unfit for use on *Passover*.

Whilst this is passing out of the house, great activity is displayed within. The walls are whitewashed, the floor is scrubbed and scoured, the surface of every fixture is scraped, or covered over with new paper or wooden slabs, kept exclusively for *Passover* uses, and metal vessels are made red-hot; and all this for the purpose of removing any portion of leaven that might attach to them. This is the period of the year when the Scriptural behest, "And he shall rule over thee," so far as Jewish families are concerned, is actually reversed, for the lord of the creation is ruthlessly chased by the female portion of the house from room to room and corner to corner. Every piece of furniture, bedding, hangings, desks, books, and shelves, must pass under the review of their inquisitorial eye, and ultimately through the ordeal of scalding water, or any material likely to dislodge the enemy they are looking after.

The night preceding the eve of this festival is a very busy time with the whole household, for on it all the utensils and vessels employed during the year are removed to some remote chamber, as being unfit for use on *Passover*, and replaced by those destined for the festival, and which for that purpose have been kept locked up in a separate room during the rest of the year. At length, a short evening service having ushered in the solemn season, the younger branches having duly implored the blessings of the superiors, and the worshippers having wished each other happy holidays, the faithful hasten to their respective homes, the interiors of which now present a sight which claims particular notice.

Owing to the processes mentioned, the dwelling-room is quite metamorphosed. This change becomes still more conspicuous from the peculiar appearance which the table, with its appurtenances, presents; for besides the paraphernalia usual on Sabbath, and which have been described elsewhere, on the table are set a large covered dish, several small vessels, a large cup, and as many wine-glasses as there are individuals in the room. The table is surrounded by chairs, except on one side, which is occupied

by a couch, or chairs arranged in the manner of a couch, destined to serve for seats to the master and mistress of the house, and comfortably covered with pillows, especially on the left side, against which the occupants are supposed to lean. The Jews, who on that evening are taught to look upon themselves at least as freemen, if not as princes, indulge in this luxury, no doubt in imitation of the ancients, who, as is known, feasted in a similar manner. The master on this occasion puts on a snow-white, flowing robe and cap. These articles of apparel are always the gift of the wife, and are only worn on solemn occasions—such as Passover-eve, or the Day of Atonement; and lastly, robed in the same apparel, he will also be one day carried to the grave.

The wine-glasses are now filled, the whole company sit down, the master of the house pronounces various benedictions, and at last, uncovering the large dish, breaks one of the cakes it contains, laying a portion of it aside, of which more will be said by and by. He next removes from off the dish the bone of the lamb and the roasted egg, which were placed there in commemoration of the Paschal lamb, and of another offering, usually brought with it, and, laying hold of the dish, pronounces an appropriate prayer. The wine-glasses are now replenished, not forgetting the large cup in the middle of the table, placed there in honour of an invisible guest—the prophet Elijah. The act of drinking of the wine, and consequently of refilling the glasses, is, according to a rabbinical institution, repeated four times. This rite is scrupulously observed, even by the poor, and in those countries where wine is expensive.

The first portion of the service being over, and the usual benedictions pronounced, the master of the house, previous to the evening meal, distributes among those present the contents of the small vessels mentioned above. They consist of bitter herbs, and of a clay-coloured compound made of almonds, apples, and cinnamon. The former are eaten in obedience to the law commanding—"They shall eat unleavened cakes upon bitter herbs." The latter is supposed to be intended to remind the faithful, by its colour and consistence, of the bricks and mortar which their ancestors were compelled to make in Egypt.

Supper now takes place, and the service is about to be recommenced, when, previous to saying grace, the father of the family makes an awful discovery, which, for the moment, puts a stop to all further proceedings: he misses the portion of the cake which he has broken at the beginning of the service, and carefully hidden under the pillow by his side. This is not a loss easily to be borne; for this portion of the cake is to be divided among those present, after the eating of which it is unlawful to partake of any thing that evening. This portion, moreover, is, in popular superstition, endowed with divers singular powers—such as keeping off and even healing the ague, calming the agitated sea, &c.—for which purpose fragments of it are preserved by many from Passover to Passover. Whilst the father still fumbles about under the pillow, and the family are kept in a state of suspense, a little urchin at the table is observed furtively to smile, and to cast about portentous glances, as much as to say—"I know where it is, but you shall not have it without a fair compensation for the trouble I had in abstracting it from its hiding-place." Immediately negotiations are set on foot with the young thief, who at last, on the promise of a new coat,

cap, &c., surrenders the abstracted treasure. The ceremony now proceeds undisturbed to its conclusion.

This night is considered by the Jews as very auspicious, and no fear of accident or mishap is entertained by them; for Scripture calls it "a night of watching with the Lord." (Exodus xii. 42.) But, alas! how often has this confidence been wofully disappointed; for there is no festival on which hilarity has so frequently been changed into sadness.

Owing to the idea of sacredness attached to the Passover rites, and in order not to be compelled to eat leavened food, every Jew, when travelling, will endeavour to reach before Passover some place where co-religionists reside; for this reason also Jewish soldiers and prisoners are, if they wish for it, provided with food during that festival at the expense of the several congregations; for this reason also both private and public charity are never exerted with greater liberality than on this occasion; and there are few families but have on Passover-eve two, and sometimes as many as ten guests. Moreover, without instituting any particular inquiries, the wardens of the congregations will give to any Jew choosing to ask, a number of cakes proportionate to the number of individuals in whose behalf the request is made. Indeed, without the vigorous exercise of this charitable feeling, it were impossible for the numerous poor to keep the festival, the expense attending its celebration for eight days being very great. The following morning is celebrated by a solemn service in the synagogue, and in the evening the domestic service of the previous night is repeated. The seventh day—the anniversary of the passage through the Red Sea—is celebrated in the synagogue by the solemn chanting of the sublime song recorded in Exodus xv. This day, however, is not the last of the festival, as might be inferred from the Scriptural command, for an eighth day is added. The addition of another day is observed with respect to every festival, except that of the Day of Atonement.

The Sephirah.—The seven weeks elapsing between the second day of Passover and the Feast of Weeks (Deut. xvi. 9–10) is called the Sephirah, (*Counting*.) It derives its name from the circumstance, that on every evening during that period, after the night service, each individual solemnly pronounces the following benediction:—"Blessed art thou, O Lord God, who hath sanctified us with His commandments, and commanded us concerning the counting of the Omer," (Numbers xxiii. 15;) adding thereto the number of days which have elapsed since the second day of Passover, on which, according to the rabbinical authorities, the Omer was offered up in the Temple. This period is now considered by the Jews as one of melancholy and mourning. It was during that period that the 40,000 disciples, or rather followers of the high-minded Rabbi Akiba, met their fatal doom, under the leadership of the false Messiah Bar Kokheba, by the sword of the ruthless Romans, or, as a more improbable tradition asserts, that this number of disciples was swept away by a pestilence, as a punishment for not having respected each other; and again, it was during that period that, in 1096, a portion of the Crusaders committed the greatest outrages on the unfortunate Jews residing in the places through which these enthusiasts passed. The walls of many synagogues still resound during the Sabbaths of the Sephirah with melancholy elegies commemorating such calamities. No weddings are solemnized, no festivity takes

place, no new dress is put on: a general mourning prevails, and the men suffer their beards to grow. The mourning is only interrupted for one day—namely, on the 33d of the Sefirah. On that day tradition says the mortality ceased among the disciples of Akiba, or, what is more probable, the survivors were permitted by the conqueror to inter their dead brethren who had fallen during the slaughter consequent upon the taking of Bethar. (See any history of the Jews' wars under Hadrian.) This day is therefore kept as a kind of half-festival—all signs of mourning being suppressed.

The expiration of the Sefirah is the commencement of the "Feast of Weeks." This festival is now celebrated in commemoration of the giving of the Law on Mount Sinai, which, according to rabbinical computation, took place at that period. This is a season of great rejoicing and hilarity. The synagogues are decorated with wreaths of flowers and splendid nosegays, and the floor is strewn with *Calamus aromaticus*, and other odoriferous herbs; and the interior resounds with hymns in celebration of the occasion. Nor are the private houses less gayly ornamented than the places of public worship.

The Days of Awe.—The next festival is that commonly called by the Jews Rosh Hashanah, (*the Beginning of the Year*,) which is celebrated some time in the month of September. This festival is considered as the first day of the civil year, in contradistinction to the ecclesiastical year, commencing with the first of the month of Nisan, (some time in April.)

The period of Rosh Hashanah is the most solemn of the whole year. Scripture and tradition unite in impressing upon it the character of profound awe. The latter designates it as the anniversary of the creation of the universe, and as the day when the Supreme Being judges mankind, and pronounces their doom for the year to come. It is therefore a period of repentance, for which a month's previous preparation is made by additional prayers, services performed before daybreak, and the blowing of the shofar. This primitive musical instrument consists of a ram's horn cleaned, smoothed, and made bright by the known processes, having a tapering shape, and bent like a hook in the lower part, with a narrow opening at the top, and a wide one at the bottom. The shrill sounds to be produced by it have been arranged into various classes, each of which is designated by a special name; and the party appointed to blow the horn must know these names, so as to be able to sound the particular tone required. Sacred as this festival is, it is yet only preparatory to that celebrated on the tenth of the month, called the Day of Atonement. The whole of the ten days are for this reason called the Ten Days of Penitence, and the holy days themselves the Days of Awe. The religious Jew looks for the advent of that period with feelings of rejoicing, mingled with uncommon awe and reverence. He prepares himself for the due celebration of these festivals by a scrupulous self-examination, by the endeavour to compensate for any wrong he might have inflicted, to obtain the pardon of those he might have offended, and by fasting and penance for the purpose of expiating the sins committed. He holds that the Day of Atonement expiates only sins committed against God, but does not affect offences committed against fellow-men, unless their pardon be previously obtained. Touching instances are recorded of individuals high in station, and eminent for learning, having at

the approach of the Days of Awe humbly and repeatedly craved the pardon of persons in every respect their inferiors for the use of an opprobrious expression uttered in the heat of passion.

Before daybreak a public service is held in the synagogue, and in the afternoon, before the advent of the festival of new year, another is performed, after which the religious bathe. The evening service is not distinguished by any particular feature. At the evening meal, some rare fruit coming in season, and an apple with new honey, are always present. The eating of the former is preceded by the solemn benediction, "Blessed art thou, O Lord our God, who hath kept us alive, and preserved us, and allowed us to attain to this period." The eating of the latter is typical of a "sweet new year." The morning service begins at daybreak: the faithful hastens to the synagogue before tasting food. The devotion with which he implores Divine mercy for forgiveness of his sins is most exemplary. With his ample prayer-book before him, he turns his face towards the wall, and wraps himself up so completely in his scarf, that nothing but the front part of his face remains uncovered. The more scrupulously religious put on the white robe mentioned above, and those officiating in the service always appear in it.

The most sacred part of the service, as mentioned before, is the blowing of the shofar. It is the duty of each adult Israelite to hear its sound, and no one in good health would venture to break his fast before his ear has caught the sounds of the shofar. An awful stillness prevails before this part of the service begins, during which every one prepares himself in silence for the act, whilst a special prayer is offered up by the party appointed to blow the horn. At last the solemn silence is interrupted by the bidding of the minister, "blow;" and the summons is obeyed. Thrice the minister bids, and thrice the horn resounds, after which a prayer is recited, when the same ceremony is twice repeated.

At length the ninth of the penitential days—that before the Day of Atonement—arrives. This day must not be kept as a fast, as the other penitential days are by many strict Jews. On the contrary, it is enjoined not to abstain on it from the usual comforts of life. As soon as the afternoon meal is over, and grace said, nobody is permitted to take any further nourishment, or to indulge in any of those comforts exciting pleasurable sensations; for this is the interpretation given to the command, "Ye shall afflict your souls," (Lev. xvi. 31;) every one now hastens to the synagogue, the interior of which presents a solemn and imposing aspect. There the worshippers stand in awe and reverence, wrapt in silent meditation—their feet, according to Eastern fashion, without the usual covering of boots or shoes, but protected by felt-slippers—enveloped in their scarfs; the married men dressed in snow-white flowing robes, and caps to correspond, whilst numerous wax-candles shed a flickering light throughout the building. These are as many in number as there are heads of families, each sending one candle to the synagogue. At last the signal for prayers is given by the rabbi, and the minister begins to chant, in a low, scarcely audible tone, a formula, which is repeated three times, during which the plaintive, tremulous, heart-stirring tune gradually rises to a higher pitch, so as to be distinctly heard over the whole building. The service lasts to a late hour in the evening. Many of the worshippers, however, do not leave the synagogue at all, but spend there the whole night

in prayer, meditation, and study of the Law. The morning service begins at daybreak, and extends over the day, during which time many of the religious do not leave their seats for one moment, and some stand the whole time. The prayers are divided, according to the sacrifices brought to the temple, into the morning, additional, and afternoon service, to which, towards the evening, another, termed *Neilah*, (*Closing*), is added. This portion of the service is remarkable for the ardour with which the faithful pour forth these concluding prayers before the throne of mercy. It seems, that at the reflection that the gates of heaven, through which the prayers ascend, are now being closed, the flame of devotion breaks forth with renewed vigour. Vanished has every trace of languor and faintness consequent upon fasting and confinement to a crowded place, the air of which is tainted by the exhalations of so many individuals and the burning of so many candles; and at the recital of that portion of the service where the unity of God is acknowledged, the edifice re-echoes with the thrilling burst of hundreds of voices proclaiming "The Lord, he is God;" repeated seven times, and bearing, in their deep emotion, the stamp that they proceed from souls powerfully impressed with the presence of the Supreme Being, and quailing beneath the reflection that but for his mercy there would be no hope for them.

Night at last having brought the service to a close, the worshippers hasten home to break their fast, after which friendly visits are paid, and mutual inquiries exchanged respecting each other's health after the trials of the day.

Feast of Tabernacles.—On the evening of the 14th day of the same month the Feast of Tabernacles commences. (Lev. xxiii. 42.) The interval between the Day of Atonement and this festival is employed in preparations for this festive period. Each family fits up some room—especially built for this purpose—for a booth, or erects one in the courtyard or garden. The ungenial climate of the north and the advanced season of the year (generally late in September) will not allow the Jew to make the booth his regular dwelling-place during the festival; but he at least takes his meals in it. Another peculiarity of this festival is the use of a branch of a palm-tree, of a willow, myrtle, and citron. It is these which, according to tradition, are meant by Leviticus xxiii. 40. The willow-branch and the myrtle are tied to a lower part of the bough of the palm-tree, but the citron is kept separate; and it is the duty of every congregation to provide these requisites for the use of the members. There are, however, few religious Jews who, if they can afford it, do not procure them for their private use. Grasping the palm-branch with the right hand, and with the left the citron, and holding them close together, a benediction expressive of the occasion is pronounced, and the branch slightly shaken. This ceremony is gone through every morning during the seven days of the festival, and by each individual separately. No Jew would taste food before the performance of this rite.

The eighth day should, properly so, conclude the festival; but rabbinical authority has added a ninth, under the title of "Rejoicing with the Law." This, as its name betokens, is a day of great merriment, in which even the gravest rabbis—of course in their own way—take part, expressive of their delight in and attachment to the Law, the last section

of which is publicly chanted in the synagogue: for the Pentateuch is divided into fifty-four sections, according to the number of Sabbaths contained in an intercalary year; and on each Sabbath, beginning with that following this festival, its respective portion is read, so that the whole cycle is completed on the Sabbath before, or rather, as established by custom, on that festival. The synagogues on this occasion exhibit scenes of extraordinary bustle, and not rarely also of uproarious joy. In the evening the places of worship are crowded, and the boys are seen entering with little gayly-painted banners and wax tapers in their hands. The synagogues are most sumptuously lighted; and before the ark generally glitters a veil of very costly materials, not frequently gorgeously bedecked with pearls and precious stones.

After a short service the veil is drawn back, the ark opened, and the scrolls of the Law—covered with costly stuffs, and occasionally also with plates of precious metal—are solemnly handed by the beadle to various persons summoned by name to the ark for that purpose. This done, a portable canopy, carried by several youths, is extended over the minister and wardens, who, with the scrolls in their hands, head a solemn procession, which is joined by all other bearers of scrolls, the youth, and the little boys, the latter holding in their hands the banners alluded to, at the tops of which lighted wax tapers are fastened, all chanting hymns in praise of the Law.

The Bar Mitsvah.—The first stage of life in which our young Jew is made to act a conspicuous part may be considered that which is popularly termed *Bar Mitsvah*, (*Son of the Commandment.*) It is held by the Jews that the parents are morally responsible for all sins committed by their son before his thirteenth year; but that after this his sins are imputed to himself, and that henceforth he incurs the obligation of practising all religious duties, from many of which he was hitherto exempted by reason of his tender age. Henceforth the young Jew is expected to fast on every fast-day, and put on the phylacteries at the morning prayer; he counts for an adult in the prayer-meetings, which cannot claim the character of public ones unless they be attended by ten adult males; is eligible to be called upon to say grace aloud after meals, and to be summoned to the reading-desk in the synagogue: in short, he is considered as an adult for every religious purpose.

Several weeks before his thirteenth birth-day, he is made acquainted with all those rites the performance of which is now incumbent upon him, and taught to practise them. On the first Sabbath after his thirteenth birth-day, the youth is summoned for the first time in his life to the reading-desk, where he generally chants himself the lesson for the day, whilst the father pronounces the following benediction:—"Blessed be he that has freed me from the punishment [responsibility] of this." This day is kept as a domestic feast by the whole family, and is celebrated by a meal, to which all the friends and teachers of the youth are invited. During the meal, if he possesses the requisite ability, he holds a Talmudical dissertation, taught to him for the purpose, after which he solemnly recites the usual grace. In the afternoon the parents receive visits of congratulations, when the various presents are displayed which the lad on that occasion generally receives from his relatives and friends.

Vocations of the Jews.—It is rarely, if ever, that the parents withdraw their son from school before his thirteenth year. After this period they look out for some occupation for him. This, however, is no easy matter. It is not that they are embarrassed in the choice by the number of pursuits before them, but rather by their paucity. From many professions a Jew is virtually excluded by not being admitted to seminaries where the requisite education is to be obtained; from others he excludes himself, knowing, as he does, that he could never gain his livelihood by them, he being ineligible for any public appointment. The same is the case with most trades. From some he is debarred by direct legal prohibitions, or by restrictive enactments of guilds and corporations. Again: there are trades against the practice of which there is no legal impediment, and yet he is not always able to follow them, because they can only be pursued with success in certain localities where he must not establish himself. The selection, therefore, lies amongst some few. If the youth show talent and inclination for study, the parents not rarely will send him to a Talmudical academy. Golden visions of the future eminence of their son as a distinguished Talmudic scholar will flit through their mind; and the hope of seeing him one day decorated with the dignity of rabbi, and of shining thus in the lustre and merit reflected by the son on the authors of his life, will impel them cheerfully to make all the sacrifices which his outfit and partial support at the yeshibah (*academy*) entail.

The Academy.—The new bakhur (*student*) resorts, in the company of his father, to some academy. In its choice the father is sometimes guided by the fame of the presiding rabbi, and at other times by its vicinity to his own dwelling-place, or the facilities afforded to students for maintaining themselves. Such academies are established in large congregations, either at the desire of the rabbi or at that of his flock, who consider the establishment of a yeshibah among them as one of the most meritorious acts they could perform. The students are admitted to the expositions of the rabbi without any fee. The members of the congregation very often make small allowances to the best students, and invite them to their tables on all festivals and festive occasions. Those students who have no such invitation are billeted every Sabbath on the members, and it is a common practice for families to provide a free table during the whole week for seven students, every one of them partaking of the hospitality in his turn on the appointed day. But as many of the parents are not in a position to assist their sons, as the majority of the congregations are exceedingly poor, as there are no funds available for the support of the students, and as their number is very often quite out of proportion to the numerical strength of the community among whom they live, private charity, however vigorously exerted, is not sufficient for their maintenance; and the destitution therefore which prevails among them is often frightful. It is known from the life of the celebrated Moses Mendelssohn, that when a bakhur at the yeshibah of Berlin, he for some time could only afford to buy a single loaf of bread per week, which he divided into seven equal portions; and, whatever were the cravings of nature, never allowed himself to indulge in the luxury of eating two portions of the loaf on one day, knowing as he did that the plenty of to-day must be expiated by the scarcity of to-morrow. This destitution, together with

solitary habits, the want of healthful exercise, confinement in unwholesome dwellings, inattention to personal decorum, joined to excessive studies, watchings, fasts, and other ascetic practices, gives these students a kind of unearthly, ghastly expression, a stern and baleful countenance, and an appearance of odd peculiarities and of ungainly manners. Among their own co-religionists, however, they enjoy the reputation of great versatility of mind, and the faculty of easily adapting themselves to circumstances; and it is a proverb among them, "Out of a bakhur any thing can be made." And indeed there are numerous instances on record favouring this view; for there are few pursuits accessible to Jews in which Talmudical students, when turning their attention to them, did not become eminent.

The first business of the father on arriving at the academy is to present his son to the rabbi, by whom the student is examined; and if not sufficiently far advanced, the rabbi assigns him a "repeating tutor," whose duty it is to prepare his charge for the prelections, and repeat with and explain to him the expositions of the teacher. Twice, or even more frequently a week, generally on the mornings of Mondays and Thursdays after service, the exposition is held in some room of the private house of the rabbi. Every student is expected to be present, and to have thoroughly studied the portion of the Talmud forming the subject of the prelection.

The subject treated is always taken from the Talmud, a treatise of which is expounded in regular order. The exposition of the last portion is generally celebrated by a meal, in which master and disciples dine together, reciting certain prayers, the object of which is to thank Providence for having been permitted to conclude so meritorious a work as to study through a Talmudical treatise, and to implore for life and strength to be able to proceed in that work.

The fate of these students in life is various. Those who become great proficient in Talmudical lore, and bear a good character, receive in due time, from their masters, the *hatarah*, (*permission*.) This is a diploma which empowers them to decide all religious questions referred to them according to the Jewish code, and consequently makes them eligible for the office of rabbi. They, moreover, have thereby conferred on them the distinguished title of *Morenu*, (*our teacher*), by which they are henceforth summoned to the performance of religious rites. The mass of the students, however, must be satisfied with subordinate offices, or to turn later in life to temporal pursuits. The figure which the latter cut in life is very often singular. Unacquainted with the practical world, for the intercourse with which they were not trained, they are very often unfit for any other occupation save that of studying the Talmud. It is therefore upon their wives that the obligation devolves of providing for the family, and of discharging the duties generally performed by men; and ludicrous incidents arising from this strange position are related. Thus one of these students being summoned before a magistrate in order to sign a certain document, his wife appeared in his place; and when asked why her husband did not attend, the reply was, "My husband is a scholar, who can neither read nor write." Of course she meant the language of the country.

As may be easily imagined, it is only a small fraction of the Jewish youth that repair to the yeshibah. The majority of them embrace some other occupation. There is only one vocation unencumbered and suited

to the small means of the parents, and perhaps also congenial to the restless and roving disposition of the youth. He is duly provided with a few yards of tape, with knives, pins, needles, &c., and sent out to the distant and outlying farms to sell his goods, or to barter them for other productions: in other words, the youth is duly installed as pedlar. As he advances in years and skill more valuable goods are intrusted to him, his operations increase, and his range is enlarged. On Monday he leaves the parental house, bending under the load of a heavy package which threatens to break his back, toils from village to village, from cottage to cottage, offering his goods for sale, and does not return before Friday. This mode of life is excessively irksome, and replete with misery. In the biting frost of the winter, and in the scorching heat of the summer, the young Jew is seen tottering along on solitary roads and bypaths leading to lonely farms, stopping every two hundred yards, and leaning against his knotty stick, to enjoy the comfort of a moment's repose. His frame is often feeble, but his package must always be heavy; for the larger his stock of goods, the more choice, and consequently the greater the chance of selling. At daybreak he generally sets out, and however cold the day, he will never fail to tuck up the sleeves of his coat and shirt on the left hand, in order to put on the phylacteries previous to saying his morning prayers; and in the intervals of repose he will be often seen to pull out his psalter and recite psalms. As his religious scruples do not allow him to partake of unlawful food, he is confined in his diet to bread, milk, butter, and eggs; and very often from Sabbath to Sabbath does not taste warm victuals. After the toil of the day he sleeps, if the farmer permit it, in the barn or some outhouse; and even if retiring to an inn, he will lie down on a bundle of straw on the bare ground, his small earnings and saving disposition not allowing him to pay for the comfort of resting himself in a bed. It is only in his own house that he indulges in that luxury.

A Jewish Marriage.—At length, after several years of toil, severe privations, and self-denial, the pedlar has succeeded in saving some little money, and begins to entertain matrimonial ideas. In these he is strengthened by the dislike which the Jews as a body have for celibacy, and by the injunctions of rabbinical authorities, who represent marriage as a direct command of God, (Genesis i. 28,) and fix for a man the eighteenth year as that on which he might contract a marriage. This, however, is not so easy a matter. There are obstacles in the way, the removal of which requires considerable means, long perseverance, and the interference of a third party. The intercourse among the sexes of that denomination not being so free as among their Christian neighbours, the young people have not frequent opportunities of knowing each other sufficiently, or of forming lasting intimacies; and as, moreover, the Jewish population is in some districts only thinly scattered, there are not rarely disparities among the few marriageable individuals which render an alliance among them ineligible. These circumstances have given rise to a class of persons who have received the name of *Shadkhanim*. They make it their business to become acquainted with all those particulars which people like to know before making or responding to any overtures in matrimonial affairs. And when such an individual has assorted a couple, and arranged matters in his mind, he sets about it in right earnest. He begins with canvassing the parents of one of

the parties. For this purpose he sometimes travels fifty or sixty miles. As his business is not lucrative enough to allow him to go by the stage, or any other conveyance, he travels on foot. This mode of locomotion, however, has the advantage of affording him an opportunity of stopping in every place through which he passes wherein Jews dwell. He does so for the double purpose of refreshing himself, of completing his register, and entering new items concerning the new discoveries which he is making on the journey. His well-known Avocation is a passport for him which insures him a friendly reception in every family he chooses to favour with his presence, and even procures him urgent invitations from such families as wish to insinuate themselves into his good graces, or bring before his notice the budding beauties under their roof. There is a great deal of talk and fluttering at the expected visit of the important personage, as it is well known how much depends upon the first impression to be produced upon the Shadkhan. Aware of the importance of the moment, the family council sit in secret conclave, in order to devise means for drawing the attention of the critical man from the pimple in the face of the daughter, and direct it to those charms and accomplishments which, in the eyes of the council, she really possesses. That the daughter is set off to the greatest advantage by the affectionate family will be understood as a matter of course. How affectionately the eyes of the family rest on her; and how, after her retirement, the mouth of the mother overflows with her praise! There never was such a darling child; she understands cookery thoroughly. could dress any meal in five minutes' notice; and as to needlework, why there is no one to equal her in the whole neighbourhood. Sewing, stitching, hemming, mending, marking, knitting, and netting—in all these branches she is equally proficient. For the last five years not a bit of linen has been given out of the house; she has cut it all out, and made up all the materials. The mother has not the slightest occasion to look after any thing in the household; and every thing is so satisfactorily done, as though she had been a housekeeper of at least a score of years' standing. At parting, a piece of money occasionally glides from the hands of the host into that of the guest. From this it will be seen how important the Avocation of the matrimonial broker is; and that travelling, far from being a source of expense to him, rather serves to replenish his exhausted purse than otherwise. At length he arrives at the place of his destination, canvasses the party in view; and having received encouragement, sets out for the residence of the other party. The preliminaries being settled, the two fathers meet; and all matters being arranged, the young man is introduced to his future helpmate; and as the Jewish youth are generally obedient to their parents, and as, moreover, the ground is but rarely preoccupied, it is seldom that the projected union meets with any objection on their part. So an evening is fixed for the betrothal. This is a solemn act, at which all the relations and friends of the young couple living within a reasonable distance are present. The audible sign of the betrothal and signal for the consequent congratulations is the breaking of a cup, which is always done by some near relative. The fragments of the cup are sent round to those persons to whom it is thought desirable to notify the engagement in a formal manner. The breaking of the cup on this joyful occasion seems to be an imitation of a similar incident narrated

in the Talmud. There it is related of a certain rabbi, that in the midst of the rejoicings occasioned by a betrothal, he purposely broke a very valuable cup, in order to damp the excessive joy of those concerned; for he was of opinion, that since the destruction of Jerusalem, it does not become a Jew to abandon himself to joy unmingled with an alloy of grief.

But although the betrothal has taken place, years may elapse before the marriage can be solemnized. This delay entirely arises from the difficulty with which the permission of government to this act is obtained. Various are the restrictions put upon Jewish marriages in different districts. A common one is to fix the number of Jewish families by law, which number must not be exceeded. The right of marrying and thus forming a new family is in such cases transmitted to the eldest son. The younger sons have only a chance of marrying in case death should have carried off an individual of that privileged class who has left no male heir. In this case the lord of the estate to which the deceased belonged, or some other authority, has the right to bestow that privilege upon some other Jew. The consequence is, that no Jew is allowed to conclude a matrimonial alliance without the special leave of government, which, previous to granting it, makes the necessary inquiries as to the right of the petitioner. The cruelty of this regulation, and the extortions connected with it, form no small part of the system of persecution still kept up against the Hebrew people in many parts of Christendom.

Let us suppose that the leave of government is obtained, and the day for the wedding fixed. On the previous Sabbath the bridegroom is summoned up with great solemnity to the reading-desk, where a portion of the Law is chanted. The wedding-day itself is a season of extraordinary merriment for the whole family and all acquaintances; for besides the natural occasion for it, the rejoicing of the bride and bridegroom is recommended as a most meritorious act by the rabbis. For that reason the gravest matrons, upon whose lips a smile has not been seen to play for the last dozen years, and whose feet have disdained for scores of years to exercise themselves in the profane amusement of a dance, are now observed to brush up the gold-embroidered caps which were in fashion half a century ago, and to smooth out the famous dress in which they, in their own days, no doubt, as effectively charmed their lords and masters as the brides of the present generation enchant their bridegrooms of their own time. These old dames, in compliance with the rabbinical precept, enter into all kinds of fun and even antics, whereby they may excite the couple to laughter. This achievement, the reader might think, could not be so difficult with young people on the point of having their dearest hopes realized. In this, however, he is mistaken: for the couple the day is far from being one of exclusive merriment. They are taught that on that day their doom is being fixed, and that therefore repentance for the past and good resolutions for the future are required of them. The bridegroom fasts a portion of the day, and offers up penitential prayers.

In the morning, after breakfast, the first part of the marriage ceremony is performed. This consists in the minister's covering and tying round the head of the bride a handkerchief of a peculiar shape, and making it reach down to the face, and nearly hiding it. Thenceforth the betrothed, soon to be changed into the wife, is never to show her own hair before strangers,

and is for the future to conceal it carefully under a cap, and even have her curls cut off, which operation is generally performed by some matron. Whilst the bride is undergoing this metamorphosis, an individual makes his appearance whose functions form a peculiar feature in these weddings. These functions are a nondescript of which it is hard to convey an idea. The official title by which he goes is "the fool." This appellation, however, is quite inadequate and inappropriate to give a conception of his office. He is the master of ceremonies, the merry-Andrew, the wit as well as the spirit-damper of the company. At one moment he is the most amusing creature in the world, whose quick repartee and ready flow of broad wit elicit peals of laughter; at the next moment his grave countenance, serious observations, and heart-stirring appeals forcibly remind the couple and company of the solemnity of the occasion, and draw forth from their eyes abundance of tears; again, he is seen standing before the bride in an attitude of an orator with a grave look, chanting, in a monotonous, rather doleful, but not unpleasant strain, a long speech in rhymes, generally extempore, reminding her of the importance of the day, and the new duties she will have to perform, interspersing the song with occasional advice and hints for a prudent conduct in the various positions of a married life. Meanwhile the *ketubah* (*marriage-deed*) is being executed elsewhere, and signed by the respective parties. It is written in the Chaldee language, and the contents are to the effect, that "the bridegroom, A B, doth agree to take the bride, C D, as his lawful wife, according to the law of Moses and Israel; and that he will keep, maintain, honour, and cherish her, according to the manner of all the Jews, who honour, keep, maintain, and cherish their wives, and keep her in clothing decently, according to the manner and custom of the world." It likewise specifies what sum he settles on her in case of his death. This done, the last act—that of the *kidushin* (*sanctifications*)—takes place which makes the couple husband and wife. It is performed under a canopy, generally erected in the yard of the synagogue, whither the parties concerned repair early in the afternoon. The bridal procession is usually opened by a band of musicians, who play lively airs, and are followed by matrons and other volunteers, cutting odd capers, and performing divers antics for the amusement and edification of the serious couple. Next comes the couple, each led separately by two of the nearest relatives, attended by the "fool," who likewise exerts himself to cheer up the bridal pair. The family and other friends bring up the rear.

Having arrived at the place of destination, the couple with their attendants (who are never less than ten males) repair under the canopy, where they meet the minister, who, holding a glass of wine in his right hand, pronounces the following prayer:—"Blessed art thou, O Lord our God, King of the universe, creator of the fruit of the vine: blessed art thou, O Lord our God, King of the universe, who hath sanctified us with thy commandments, and hath forbidden unchastity, enjoining modesty on the betrothed, and hath instituted marriage for us by means of the canopy and sanctification. Blessed art thou, O Lord, the sanctifier of thy people Israel by the means of the canopy and wedlock." After this ceremony the couple drink of the wine, when the bridegroom places a ring on the forefinger of the bride, pronouncing the following words—"Behold thou art in holiness mine, according

to the law of Moses and Israel;" and the fact of her accepting the ring is considered as the token of her consent. The aforesaid marriage-deed is then read, when the minister takes another glass of wine, offering up another prayer. The couple then drink of the wine, the empty glass is laid on the ground, and is broken by the bridegroom. Congratulations offered to the couple by the exclamations of those present, *Maol Tob, (a good star, or good-luck,)* conclude the ceremony.

On returning home to the house of the bride's parents, the guests sit down to a banquet, in the arrangement of which the "fool" makes himself very useful, and to which his wit adds a very agreeable relish. At the conclusion of the meal, and before grace is said, the exhibition of the presents made to the young couple takes place; it being customary for the relations and friends of the newly married pair to make them presents. These consist of ready money, or of articles for domestic use. They are all placed on a sideboard behind the "fool," who mounts a chair, so as to be seen by the whole company, takes up one present after the other, proclaims the name of the donor, as well as the name and use of the article, interspersing the whole with such witty remarks and puns as the occasion suggests, and all this is done extempore, in a kind of doggerel rhyme and a chanting tone. If the presents be numerous, the "fool" ready-witted and in good spirits, the exhibition is, to the entertainment of the guests, protracted to a late hour at night.

Married Life.—Life has now begun in right earnest for the couple, and faithfully and unitedly toil they on. The wife is retiring, chaste, and affectionate, and by education and religion alike taught as much to endear herself to her husband as to discourage any mark of attention which her charms might win from any other but the partner of her life. The husband is generally sober, industrious, frugal, and attentive to his wife. His leisure hours are spent with and among his family. If misery be their lot, he never uses, or rather abuses, the opportunity of a husband of withdrawing himself from the sight of wretchedness. There is the consolation that they pine and starve together. If affluence be his share, it is enjoyed in the midst of those who have become the partners of his fate. He is therefore never seen in a public-house. To the vice of drunkenness, with its concomitant evils, he is an utter stranger. There is only one weak point in the character of the Jewish women which tends to retard the prosperity of their husbands, and has not rarely excited the envy of their Christian neighbours. This is their over-fondness for dress and finery. However saving and frugal, yet on holidays, or on grand occasions, such as weddings, &c., they delight in displaying large gold pendants in the ears, reaching down to the shoulders; a massive gold chain, or at least a string to which some large gold pieces are fastened, round the neck; several gold rings on the fingers; and of strutting about in silk and satin. In countries where capital is scarce, and therefore money dear, such finery absorbs a large proportion of the small means at the disposal of the husband. A considerable sum, therefore, which might fructify in the hand of the husband, is locked up, barren and dead, in the drawer of the wife. And this very finery, which cripples the means of the family in one way, injures them also in another; for their Christian fellow-citizens of the same walk in life, free from this weakness, and unaccustomed to such glitter, form an extra-

ragrant notion of the wealth of the Jews, and look at them with that envy and malignity with which the poor often regard the rich, and which so frequently suggest excuses for the injuries inflicted and the depredations committed on the property of the envied.

Pilgrimage to the Grave of the Fathers.—Besides the mournful and festive occasions mentioned which relieve the monotony of Jewish life, there is one which turns up at no settled period, and is regulated by the feelings, opportunities, and means of the party concerned. This is a kind of pious pilgrimage, undertaken especially by women who have married into a family residing far away from that of their parents, to the graves of their ancestors. She does not wish more ardently to visit her brothers and sisters than she desires to prostrate herself over the place which shelters the dust of the departed members of her family. Accordingly, she sets out for her birthplace, hastens to the "House of Life," as the burial-place is called, is shown the graves of those she seeks, and whose dust is never disturbed for the purpose of giving way to the bones of a new-comer. Deeply impressed by the melancholy sight of the graves harbouring the remains of those nearest and dearest to her, by the profound stillness pervading all around—the Jewish burial-places are generally far from the abodes of the living, and in solitary places—by the picture of the absolute nothingness of human pride, by the recollection of and associations with the past spent in the society of those now crumbled into dust, convinced as the pilgrim is that the spirit of the departed delights to hover round the tenement of his body, and is here nearer to her than in any other place, she is overpowered by her emotions, and down she sinks upon the turf, drawing its vital sap from the source from which she derived existence; embraces the cold clay, as if she felt for it a kind of sisterly affection; addresses the departed with all-endearing terms, as if still alive, and standing before her; discloses to it the innermost of her soul, as she was wont to do in former years, before distance and death had placed between them an impassable gulf; relieves her heart by giving vent to the anguish of her mind; begs pardon for former offences, and entreats for further guidance and counsel—and all that with an earnestness, with a fervour and devotion, which defy description. She generally returns bathed in tears; and a distribution of alms, according to the means of the pilgrim, concludes the pious proceedings.

The couple having now established a home of their own, we have an opportunity of considering their domestic arrangements, in the principal features of which all Jewish houses closely resemble each other.

Domestic Arrangements.—The outside of a Jewish house is not remarkable for any distinctive characteristic; but the moment you enter its threshold, you perceive at once that it is tenanted by a Hebrew, for the first object noticed on the door-post is a small tin case, in which there is a diminutive aperture, covered by a piece of glass, through which the Hebrew word "Shaddai"—signifying *Almighty*—is visible. This word is inscribed on the outside of a small parchment scroll, on the inside of which are written certain portions of the Pentateuch. The religious Jew never forgets, when setting out on a journey or returning, reverentially to touch the glass cover with his fingers, and then devoutly to kiss these. Similar encased parchment scrolls, called *Mesusoth*, (*door-posts*), are fastened on the door-post of every room. This practice is founded upon Deuteronomy

vi. 9; xi. 20. The dwelling-room itself is remarkable for the absence of any sculpture; and although the strict Jew would not object to decorate his house with a painting, he would not tolerate any thing in relief. This aversion he carries sometimes so far as to mutilate the figures with which the stoves are occasionally adorned. These iconoclastic practices he bases upon the Second Commandment, which the Jew of this class, in his zeal against idolatry, does not confine to such sculptures as might form objects of worship, but gives it the extension alluded to. There is, however, an ornamental piece of furniture which is scarcely ever missed in the dwelling-room of the Jew: this is a sheet of white paper, in the centre of which is written, in Hebrew, "Rising of the Sun," and which is suspended in a frame in the east side of the room.

Leaving the dwelling-room, let us now ascend the higher regions of the house. Here we notice an attic, over which a portion of the roof is seen to have the shape of a slanting trap-door, which can be opened or shut at pleasure. This attic serves as a temporary booth during the Feast of Tabernacles, as before described, when the roof-door is opened, and the sky becomes visible.

Arrived in the kitchen, we notice an extraordinary peculiarity. There is a double set of every cooking utensil and eating instrument, and of some there is even a third set. The first set serves for dressing and eating victuals of which any quadruped production (save that of milk and butter) forms a part; the second is employed in preparing and eating food in which milk, or any thing made of it, is used; and the third is taken whenever it is desired not to make eatables either "fleshy" or "milky." This distinction is carried so far, that two different places are assigned for warming the two kinds of food, and that "fleshy" and "milky" victuals are not only not eaten at the same time, but that, if either of them be partaken of, the immediate enjoyment of the other is prohibited. Thus, for instance, if the food eaten be "milky," an hour must elapse before any thing "fleshy" may be eaten; but if the reverse be the case, an abstinence of five hours from "milky" food is prescribed; however, it is lawful at any time to partake of what is called "neutral." These observances are based by tradition upon the scriptural prohibition, "Thou shalt not seethe a kid in the milk of its mother," repeated three times in the Law, and expounded and enlarged by the rabbis in the manner explained. Further on may be observed a wooden tub, in which meat is steeped in water, and a kind of sieve, over which meat lies thickly strewn with salt. Every piece of meat, before cooking, is subjected by the Jews to the processes of first steeping in water, then strewing it with salt, and next carefully washing it. This is done in compliance with a rabbinical injunction, as a means of removing from the meat any particle of blood which may be contained in it: the eating of blood, it will be remembered by the student of the Bible, being strictly prohibited to the Jews. They therefore do not rest satisfied with the peculiar manner after which they kill beasts, and which is calculated effectually to draw all the blood from the muscles, but moreover resort to the further precautions just mentioned. In order to be lawfully eaten by the Jews, it is not enough that the beast should be killed by a properly-taught and moral person in the prescribed manner, but also that the cavity of the chest should be examined for the

purpose of ascertaining the condition of its organs. When these are free from the marks of disease—which the killer has been carefully taught to know—he pronounces the meat fit to be eaten, (*kasher*;) in the contrary event, he declares it unfit, (*trephah*.) Butchers, therefore, that kill for Jews are subject to occasional losses; and as the killer (*shohet*) must be salaried, and as, moreover, the hind quarter (containing “the sinew that shrank,” Genesis xxxii. 32) is generally not eaten by Jews, meat for them is always considerably above the market price. However, few of these observances apply to poultry, and none to fish; these latter may be killed and eaten in any way—nay, their very blood may be lawfully consumed.

Having followed the Jew through the various phases of his existence, let us now look at him in the last stage preceding and following his departure from life. Let us suppose him attacked by

Illness.—If this becomes serious, an application is made to the minister, the synagogue is opened, the friends of the sick and others assemble, when prayers, especially the 23d and 119th Psalms, are offered up for the recovery of the invalid, and alms given to the poor. If he recovers, on being able to leave the house, his first walk should be to the synagogue; there, in the presence of ten adult males, he pronounces the following benediction:—“Blessed art thou, O Lord our God, King of the universe, who dispenseth mercy even to the guilty, and hast also shown such mercy to me;” upon which the bystanders respond, “May He who has shown thee such mercy ever continue to grant thee every felicity. Selah.” Should, however, the patient become worse, and the danger imminent, it is deemed right to impress him with a sense of his state, and to exhort him to reconcile himself to his Maker. The friends visiting him offer up appropriate prayers on entering the room, and on leaving it say, “Oh may God send thee a speedy and perfect cure, and unto all the patients of Israel;” and if in his senses, he is desired to impart once more his paternal blessings to his children. At the same time the “watchers” are sent for. The functions of these individuals begin with the death-struggle of the sick, and cease with the transfer of the corpse into the hearse: from the moment the agonies of death (which these “watchers,” from long experience and practice, can discern with great exactness) have commenced, it is held unlawful to put any thing into the mouth of, or to interfere in any way with, the dying; and it is the duty of the watchers to prevent any such attempt, which cannot preserve life, but might accelerate death. The oil of life must be consumed; not a single drop must be spilled.

The treatment of the dying and the corpse springs from a mixture of prudential considerations, sanitary measures, feelings of respect for the remnant of an immortal spirit, and of deep awe inspired by the mysteriousness of the metamorphosis just effected. Popular belief has vested the deathbed with singular ideas of sacredness and terror, and all the proceedings concerning the dead flow from one or several of these views. In the popular belief it is not proper to stand at the head or feet of the dying; for the former place is sanctified by the presence of the divine glory, (*shekinah*;) and the latter is occupied by the Angel of Death. This personage is depicted by the superstitious as covered all over with eyes, of an immense wide stride, and with a sword or slaughtering-knife in his hand.

During the agonies, the watchers, together with such of the relatives and friends as wish to join, offer up prayers in an adjoining room, or even in the sick-room, in which prayers the dying person, if able, is desired to join. As soon as, according to the experience of the watchers, death is taking place, they ejaculate the scriptural verse, "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one." They next cover the face of the deceased without touching the corpse; and after a short interval a feather is laid upon the upper lip beneath the nostrils, and if its delicate fibres do not stir, it is a sign that the breath of life has fled; the bystanders then make a rent in one of their garments, saying aloud the following prayer:—"Blessed art thou, O Lord our God, King of the universe, Righteous Judge. He is the rock: his work is perfect; for all his ways are judgment: a God of truth, and without iniquity; just and right is He. Thy righteousness shall precede thee: the glory of the Lord shall be thy rearward. Thou shalt lie down in peace until the comforter shall come, the proclaimer of peace." An hour afterwards the following scriptural verses are recited:—"O house of Jacob, come, we will walk in the light of the Lord. The Almighty God, the Lord hath spoken and proclaimed to the earth, even from the rising of the sun to his setting. Let him enter in peace; may they rest in their places of repose: for dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return." Having next recited certain appropriate psalms, the appointed persons lay the corpse on the ground, putting a pillow or some straw under the head; the hands and feet are then laid in a straight posture, the latter towards the door. The body is next covered with a black cloth, a vessel with water and a towel put in the room, and a lighted candle placed at the head of the dead. During all the time that the corpse is above ground, a watcher never leaves the room containing the corpse, in order to prevent any improper treatment, or abstraction of any part of the body; for, according to the rabbinical views, the body is due to the dust from whence it was taken. This scruple is carried so far, that any integral portion of the body, solid or fluid, which may have been separated from it during the illness, is carefully collected, and committed to the grave together with the body. Rabbinical authority strongly recommends a speedy committal of the body to the grave; and considering the warm climate in which the recommendation was given, the advice was very salutary, and no doubt even prudent in overcrowded Ghettos, where the care for the living must outweigh every other consideration, but may nevertheless, in its indiscriminate application, be productive of much evil. The preparations for the burial consist in the acts of cleansing and dressing the body. The parties performing these rites offer up a prayer for the occasion, then wash the corpse with tepid water, cleaning at the same time the nails on hands and feet, and next dry it carefully. They then shroud it in white apparel: the white robe and cap, and praying scarf described before, are now brought into requisition. Thus attired, the eyes, if open, are covered; the lower jaw, if dropping down, is drawn to the upper; the hands are placed in a straight posture close to the body; and the thumb is bent within the hollow of the hand, so as to be encompassed by the four fingers. Two small bags filled with sand are placed under the head. Sometimes, however, they are filled with mould brought purposely from the Holy Land. It is especially the pious Jew who is most anxious for

this rite, so that his dust may at least mingle in death with the dust of the beloved land after which he yearned all his life. Individuals desirous may see the face of the deceased; and an opportunity is afforded them for begging his *meihilah*, (*pardon*.) Relatives, friends, and acquaintances, approach singly the feet of the corpse, and standing opposite the face, lay hold of its toes, begging pardon for any wrong they may have done the deceased whilst living. They are induced to this step by the opinion that the soul, although incapable of communicating with the survivors, still lingers behind, hovering round its former tenement, and will be willing to concede the pardon asked. The corpse being now deposited in a coffin with its face turned heavenwards, is carried forth to the burial-place. No pomp, no pageant attend the funeral procession, which is formed by all those who wish to join it. The rites described are to be performed by strangers, and not by the family. These are not to stay in the room where the corpse lies; and if they have only one room, a partition is to be made between the dead and the living. In the bed on which the deceased lay, nobody is to sleep for the next seven days; and all the water in the house, as well as in all other neighbouring Jewish houses on the same side of the street, is poured away. The family are advised to change their linen, and the men to shave, as they would not be allowed to do so during the seven days prescribed for deep mourning, and which does not commence till after the funeral. Whilst the body is being brought out of the house, the women retire to a separate room, nor do they join in the funeral procession, popular superstition assigning as a reason the greater power over the living which would thereby be given to the Angel of Death. However, all male relatives of the deceased are expected to follow to the burial-ground. There arrived, the minister and those present offer up an appropriate prayer. If the deceased should have been a person of merit, a funeral discourse is delivered. The mourners now approach the coffin singly, on the other side of which the minister stands with a knife in his hand. With this he cuts in a peculiar manner into the front parts of their upper garments, enlarging the rent by his hand. This rent the mourner is expected to wear during the next twelvemonth. This done, the corpse is carried forward to the grave, dug in a direction from north to south, and lowered into its last resting-place, while the bystanders say, "May he come in peace to his appointed place!" The mourners now approach, and every one singly takes up a shovelful of earth and throws it upon the coffin. This example is followed by all friends of the deceased. On retiring from the grave, they pluck some grass, and say the scriptural verse, "They of the city shall spring forth as the grass of the earth." They next wash their hands, saying, "Death will be destroyed for ever, and the Lord God will wipe away tears from all the faces, and the rebuke of his people shall he take away from off all the earth." The recital of some appropriate psalms concludes the funeral service.

Having returned to the house of mourning, the family sit down on the ground, and take the meal of mourning, consisting of hard-boiled eggs, generally supplied by some friend. In the afternoon the evening service is performed, at the conclusion of which a particular prayer is generally said by the sons of the deceased. This prayer is repeated by them at the conclusion of every morning and evening service during

a whole year. Not less conducive to the rest of the soul is supposed to be the study of the mishnah, (*the text of the Talmud*,) especially if read in the house of the deceased during the first month, or at least the seven days of mourning. For this reason competent persons are engaged or invited to perform there, during the period mentioned, the usual morning and evening services, and to study portions of the Talmud. The mourners themselves are, during the first seven days, not allowed to leave their dwelling, and must not sit on chairs, but on hassocks; must not pursue their usual avocations, nor work at their trade. However, they may read suitable religious works, such as Job, or the Lamentations of Jeremiah, &c. The tediousness of this condition is also relieved by the visits and consolations of friends and acquaintances, and by the dainty dishes presented to them by the same parties. These presents are necessary in order to support the mourners, who, as just stated, are during the first week debarred from employing themselves in obtaining a livelihood. These visits and presents, moreover, are enjoined as religious duties by rabbinical authorities. The visitor, on entering, does not salute the mourners, as is customary on other occasions; nor is he offered a seat by them, but accommodates himself as he likes. On leaving, instead of using any of the phrases customary, he says, "May the Omnipresent comfort you with the other mourners of Zion and Jerusalem!" For this purpose, also, a board is hung up in the room, upon which this sentence is written. On Sabbath, however, the signs of mourning are suppressed; the mourners therefore repair on Sabbath eve to the synagogue, when all the members of the congregation move forward to meet them with the words, "On towards the mourner." The mourners, however, do not occupy their usual seats, but have for the twelvemonth assigned places at the bottom of the synagogue, for that reason called "the Mourners' Bench." At the expiration of the week they are allowed to follow their usual avocations, but the signs of deep mourning, and the burning of the lamp, are continued for a whole month; nor are the men allowed to remove their beards before that period. For the rest of the year the mourners must not partake in any rejoicing; no sound of music is heard in the house, and no place of amusement is visited by them. The anniversary of the death of a parent is each year strictly kept by the family: a lamp is kept burning the whole day; the males do not fail to attend synagogue on that day, in order to offer up a special prayer; and the children of the deceased distribute alms among the poor according to their means. A mourning service for the departed is, moreover, celebrated on every festival in the synagogues during prayer-time.

Having thus briefly traced the life of a Jew through all stages, from the cradle to the grave, we must necessarily stop where every earthly pursuit ceases, and now bid the reader a friendly farewell.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THIS poet, whose works now occupy so large a space in English literature, was born at Cockermouth, in Cumberland, in April, 1770. His father was law-agent to the Earl of Lonsdale, and that noble family in after years always kept a kindly watch over the welfare of the son. One of his brothers, Christopher, was afterward well known as Dr. Wordsworth, the Master of Trinity College. The poet dedicated the "Sonnets to the Duddon" to him, and at his death committed to his son the preparation of his biography. Another brother was commander of the *Abergavenny* East Indiaman, and perished in that ill-fated vessel; he seems to have been a man of susceptible temperament, and of a gentle and affectionate disposition, and his untimely fate was among the heaviest blows William ever experienced. His sister Emmeline was the constant companion of the poet down to the day of her death, and has left one or two of her poetical effusions mingled among his. She was a woman of exquisite sensibility, and of pure and well-stored mind, and was a great favourite not only with her brother, who has commemorated her in numerous beautiful pieces, but of all with whom she came in contact. Coleridge, one of the finest judges of female character, was charmed with her, and has left in one of his letters a delightful sketch of her manners and appearance. Wordsworth seems to have considered the domestic hearth too sacred for defined portraiture, and he has left no picture of his father, and, except in the "Prelude," only a single one of his mother. It depicts her watching him with fluttering heart, as he appeared before the vicar with his companions—

"A trembling, earnest company."

"How flutter'd then thy anxious heart for me,
Beloved mother! Thou whose happy hand
Had bound the flowers I wore with faithful tie:
Sweet flowers, at whose inaudible command
Her countenance, phantom-like, doth reappear;
Oh lost too early for the frequent tear,
And ill-requited by this heartfelt sigh."

It was into the bosom of this cultivated English family that the old English spirit chose to descend in one of its noblest and purest forms.

In due time the young poet was sent to Hawkeshead Grammar School, which was then under the mastership of a relative. We have few notices

of his schoolboy life, but it is stated that he prosecuted with great zeal the study of the classics; and there can be no doubt, from such poems as "Dion" and "Laodamia," that the stately and sculptural spirit of the highest classic poetry must have entered into and become a part of his very being. It is not unlikely that this would combine, with his passionate devotion to nature, to heighten his radical disinclination to join in the every-day occupations and sympathize with the ordinary interests of the world. If there be no high moral law by which a great poet is produced in immediate contact with the scenes most fitted to develop his peculiar genius—a law in no degree more inconceivable than that by which the camel is located among the sands of Arabia—it was, at all events, a happy accident which cast Wordsworth's lot among the lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland. That whole district may be said to stand single in the world, and to have, in the peculiar character of its beauty, no parallel elsewhere. It is in the concentration of every variety of loveliness into a compass which in extent does not greatly tax the powers of the pedestrian, that it fairly defies rivalry, and affords the richest pabulum to the poetical faculty. There, every form of mountain, rock, lake, stream, wood, and plain, from the conformation of the country, is crowded with the most prodigal abundance into a few square miles. Coleridge characterizes it as a "cabinet of beauties." "Each thing," says he, "is beautiful in itself; and the very passage from one lake, mountain, or valley to another is itself a beautiful thing again." Wordsworth, in his own "Description of the Country of the Lakes," dwells with the zest and minuteness of idolatry upon every feature of that treasury of landscape. The idea he gives of the locality is very perfect and graphic. If the tourist were seated on a cloud midway between Great Gavel and Scafell, and only a few yards above their highest elevation, he would look down to the westward on no fewer than nine different valleys, diverging away from that point, like spokes from the nave of a wheel, towards the vast rim formed by the sands of the Irish Sea. These vales—Langdale, Conistone, Duddon, Eskdale, Wastdale, Ennerdale, Buttermere, Borrowdale, and Keswick—are of every variety of character; some with, and some without lakes: some richly fertile, and some awfully desolate. Shifting from the cloud, if the tourist were to fly a few miles eastward, to the ridge of old Helvellyn, he would find the wheel completed by the vales of Wytheburn, Ulswater, Hawswater, Grasmere, Rydal, and Ambleside, which bring the eye round again to Winandermere, in the vale of Langdale, from which it set out. From the sea or plain country, all round the circumference of this fairy-land, along the gradually-swelling uplands, to the mighty mountains that group themselves in the centre, the infinite varieties of view may be imagined—varieties made still more luxuriant by the different position of each valley towards the rising or setting sun. Thus a spectator in the vale of Winandermere will in summer see its golden orb going down over the mountains, while the spectator in Keswick will at the same moment mark it diffusing its glories over the low grounds. In this delicious land, dyed in a splendour of ever-shifting colours, the old customs and manners of England still lingered in the youth of Wordsworth, and took a firm hold of his heart, modifying all his habits and opinions. Though a deluge of strangers had begun to set in towards this retreat, and even the spirit of the factory threatened

to invade it, still the dalesmen were impressed with that character of steadiness, repose, and rustic dignity, which has always possessed irresistible charms for the poet. Their cottages, which, from the numerous irregular additions made to them, seemed rather to have grown than to have been built, were covered over with lichens and mosses, and blended insensibly into the landscape, as if they were not human creations, but constituent parts of its own loveliness. In this old English Eden, all his schoolboy days, Wordsworth wandered restlessly, drawn hither and thither by his irresistible passion for nature, and receiving into his soul those remarkable photographs which were afterward to delight his countrymen. There can be no doubt that the charms of this lake scenery added still more strength to the poet's peculiar tendencies, and developed a conservative sentiment, which, though temporarily overcome, afterwards reared itself up in haughtier majesty than before. The poet was naturally led to indulge much in out-of-door wanderings and pastimes, such as skating, of which he has left a picture unapproachable in its vividness and precision.

Considering the effect of Wordsworth's subsequent theories upon his style, it is remarkable how pure, unaffected, and dignified it was at this time. Indeed, so far as the style is concerned, he never, in the vigour of manhood, excelled his juvenile productions. In 1786 he wrote some verses in anticipation of leaving school, which are chaste and sweet. Thus, in illustration of the idea, that wherever he might be, he would ever turn his look backward to his native regions—he says—

“ Thus from the precincts of the west
The sun, while sinking down to rest,
Though his departing radiance fail
To illuminate the hollow vale,
A lingering lustre fondly throws
On the dear mountain-tops where first he rose.”

Among his sonnets there is one written in very early youth, which is remarkable for precocious maturity of diction:—

“ Calm is all nature as a resting wheel:
The kine are couched upon the dewy grass;
The horse alone, seen dimly as I pass,
Is cropping audibly his later meal:
Dark is the ground; a slumber seems to steal
O'er vale and mountain and the starless sky.
Now in this blank of things a harmony,
Home-felt and home-created, comes to heal
That grief for which the senses still supply
Fresh food, for only then when memory
Is hushed am I at rest. My friends! restrain
Those busy cares that would allay my pain;
Oh leave me to myself, nor let me feel
The officious touch that makes me droop again!”

In the year 1789, also, two small pieces were produced which in simplicity and melody he never afterwards surpassed. The one is that beginning—

“ Glide gently, thus for ever glide,”

which has been always much admired; the other is brief enough for

quotation. It is entitled, "Lines Written while Sailing in a Boat at Evening :"—

"How richly glows the water's breast
Before us, tinged with evening hues,
While, facing thus the crimson west,
The boat her silent course pursues !
And see how dark the backward stream !
A little moment past so smiling ;
And still perhaps with faithless gleam
Some other loiterers beguiling.

Such views the youthful bard allure ;
But heedless of the following gloom,
He deems their colours shall endure
Till peace go with him to the tomb.
And let him nurse his fond deceit ;
And what if he must die in sorrow ?
Who would not cherish dreams so sweet,
Though grief and pain may come to-morrow ?"

In 1787, Wordsworth went to Cambridge, but at every convenient opportunity he seems to have made his escape, and pedestrianized among his beloved lakes and mountains. Even at this early date he had fixed on Grasmere as his future place of abode. In the "Evening Walk," which he was engaged in composing during this and the two following years, and which consisted of a series of very striking pictures of the Lake country, he thus alludes to this darling object of his life :—

"E'en now hope decks for me a distant scene,
(For dark and broad the gulf of time between,)
Gilding that cottage with her fairest ray
(Sole bourne, sole wish, sole object of my way ;
How fair its lawns and sheltering woods appear !
How sweet its streamlet murmurs in mine ear !)
Where we, my friend, to happy days shall rise,
Till our small share of hardly-paining sighs
(For sighs will ever trouble human breath)
Creep hushed into the tranquil breast of death."

He varied these trips by a tour among the magnificent mountains of Wales with Mr. Jones, afterwards a clergyman of the Church of England ; and in 1790 the two made a pedestrian journey through France and Switzerland to the north of Italy. The "Descriptive Sketches" arose out of this ramble. It is strikingly illustrative of the effect of the first French Revolution on the European mind, that even the inflexible intellect of Wordsworth was carried away in the general whirl. Indeed he seems at this time to have been subject to a subdued melancholy, or even misanthropy, in looking on the ordinary ways of men, and particularly of politicians. The uprising of the French stirred his blood like "the sound of a trumpet;" and in common with all the young and ardent spirits of the time, he looked for the advent of a new and more blessed era. He seems by the tone of his "Sketches" to have thought with Rousseau, that the "state of nature" is the condition most favourable to virtue and dignity ; and with Shelley, that it is the rulers of the world who "blast the human flower in its bud." Southey and Coleridge, no less eagerly than Byron, were gazing across the Channel on the great drama enacting before the eyes of an excited world ; while Wordsworth, strange to say, more impetuous than any of them, placed his knap-

sack on his back, and with staff in his hand, set out on his pilgrimage to the promised land. All France was in a delirium of enthusiasm: everywhere the rattle of arms and the flapping of the tri-coloured banner. Every warlike sound was music to Wordsworth's ear as he plodded along the endless avenues of elms. To him it seemed that

"From every cot the watchful bird
Crowed with ear-piercing power till then unheard."

The following prayer shows how deeply the youthful poet had imbibed the revolutionary infection:—

"Grant that every sceptred child of clay
Who cries, presumptuous, "Here the flood shall stay!"
May in its progress see thy guiding hand,
And cease the acknowledged purpose to withstand;
Or swept in anger from the insulted shore,
Sink with his servile bands to rise no more."

In this wild exaltation of feeling he ascended among the mists and cata-racts of the Swiss mountains; and the style and language in which he has imbodied his recollections are totally unlike those usual to him, and sometimes remind one of flames crackling and forcing upward through the narrow crater of a volcano. Still, however, his exquisite poetical taste enabled him to extract from his tour more pleasure than is possible to the ordinary pedestrian. He has recorded his experiences and ideas of such perambulations in lines which ought to be learned by rote, as the poetic manual of all travellers on foot. These and future excursions must at that time have cost money; and from a sonnet composed in gratitude to Raisley Calvert, we are led to believe that he was considerably indebted to that gentleman for at least a part of his power to rove wherever fancy carried him.

Thus between desultory study and perpetual wandering his college time was spent. He has himself recorded in his posthumous work the "Prelude" the development of his mind at Cambridge, so far as it was possible to do so with accuracy, looking back from a more mature period of life. In his first session he seems to have given himself up with all the zest of a novice to the boatings, the drivings, the fêtes, and the frivolities that enlivened the banks of the Cam. These unusual gayeties relaxed to some extent the tone of his imagination; and even the delight he felt on first revisiting the scenes of his boyhood scarcely reawakened the poesy within him. But the old familiar objects, and the impressive changes that had passed during his brief absence over many dear friends among the mountains, tended to solemnize his thoughts; and when he returned to the university, it was with a deeper love towards the spiritual world of books. His studies, however, do not appear to have been pursued on any rigid system. He affected, as his inclinations led him, occasionally the classics, and occasionally the abstract sciences; and even in his riper years he felt it difficult to determine whether this careless roving of the intellect tended more to strengthen or to debilitate.

In 1793 he graduated, and published his first poetical venture, "The Evening Walk," and "Descriptive Sketches," already referred to. These works contained no trace whatever of any tendency to that theory which

afterwards led him to adopt a style sometimes bordering on the mean. On the contrary, the style was remarkably dignified and forcible, the faults being too much luxuriance and splendour rather than meagreness and vulgarity. The matter consisted merely of descriptions of scenery, intermingled with a few pensive reflections, and some crude and juvenile theories, if they merit so dignified a title, of man and the world. The best criticism on these pieces in the smallest compass is by Samuel Taylor Coleridge. That extraordinary man laid his hands on them in 1794, while spending his last session at Cambridge, and at once discovered the indisputable marks of an original poetic genius. "There is," says he in his "Biographia," "a harshness and acerbity connected and combined with words and images all aglow which might recall those products of the vegetable world where gorgeous blossoms rise out of a hard and thorny rind or shell, within which the rich fruit is elaborating. The language is not only peculiar and strong, but at times knotty and contorted, as by its own impatient strength; while the novelty and struggling crowd of images, acting in conjunction with the difficulties of the style, demand always a greater attention than poetry, at all events than descriptive poetry, has a right to claim." A few lines will exemplify the golden splendour of the diction, and prove that their writer did not adopt the meagre phraseology of one or two of the lyrical ballads from poverty of fancy:—

"Here half a village shines in gold arrayed,
Bright as the moon; half hides itself in shade;
While, from amid the darkened roofs, the spire,
Restlessly flashing, seems to mount like fire:
There, all unshaded, blazing forests throw
Rich golden verdure on the lake below.
Slow glides the sail along the illumined shore,
And steals into the shade the lazy oar;
Soft bosoms breathe around contagious sighs,
And amorous music on the waters dies."

After leaving the university, Wordsworth, who was uneasy about his future lot, planted himself down in the midst of the metropolis. He had often heard of it in his schoolboy days as of some city paved with gold and peopled with princes. Even now he plunged amid its crowds with the eagerness and delight of a child. He rushed to every sight, and frequented every spectacle and every place of public resort. His imagination was deeply impressed with London: and he found an unlimited field of thought in its endless variety of character. It is curious how little its wonders permanently affected or modified his mind, and how few contributions to his poesy appear to be drawn from this era in his activity. Perhaps this may be partly explained by the fact, that his whole soul was now riveted on the scenes that were rapidly succeeding each other on the other side of the Straits—the drama of France was fast rising into breathless interest. The Royalist legions were mustering in masses on the far bank of the Rhine, and the fate of the new-born Liberty trembled in the balance. The suspense was too great for the poet. He could not breathe in England. Its atmosphere was too stagnant for his wild hopes, and he hurried across the strip of water that severed him from the Revolution. He fixed his abode on the banks of the Loire, where he resided for two successive winters. During all this time he was lapped in a delicious day-dream.

He believed that the old world was passing away, and that all things were to become new. His unsuspecting faith is affecting even in the mere faint description of it given by himself when its ardour had passed away before the stern realities of the world. He principally associated with some Royalist officers, and was favoured with their confidences. But he only smiled at their menaces and their prayers for the destruction of the patriots. All Wordsworth's sympathies were with the latter; and one military man, a patriot, of whom he has left a charming picture, was frequently the companion of his walks. The delighted pair talked in rapt language of the millenium that was approaching. One day they met a poor, half-starved, and half-naked girl; the patriot pointed to the sad object, and said it was *their* mission to banish such spectacles. Wordsworth believed it, and his heart warmed. The old and new systems were now in the death-grapple. The crisis speedily came. The Royalists were driven over the frontier. The imprisonment of the king and the September massacres followed. Wordsworth hurried up to Paris while the blood of the unhappy victims was scarcely yet dried upon the streets. He had never anticipated such libations to freedom. His mind was at this period wrought up to a kind of half frenzy. He listened to all the street orators as well as to the orators of the legislation. He saw what kind of men were at the head of affairs, and divined too truly what was to come. He felt in his solitary attic as if the air of Paris was too stifling for him to breathe. Yet he never once faltered in his republican faith; and he has himself solemnly left it on record, that if he had had even ordinary qualifications as an orator, or as a political writer, he would have plunged at once into the heat of the struggle as the enemy of the faction of Robespierre, and probably have perished obscurely in that terrible convulsion. Fortunately, it was otherwise ordained; and the poet fled from the blood-stained soil of France back to his own country. He did not, however, abandon one jot of his creed. The Girondins perished; things went into utter confusion; horror followed horror, yet still Wordsworth, afterward so conservative, clung with undiminished fervour to the fortunes of the republic. The intervention of Great Britain filled him with abhorrence. He retired more deeply into his inner speculations, and fell into a state of utter doubt, in which the best-established maxims and doctrines were subjected to a merciless scrutiny. This painful condition proved very prejudicial to his higher poetical powers; and it was long till the conversation of his sister, and communion with his beloved nature, produced a renovating process of reaction in his spiritual frame. He then turned himself from his excited dreams to investigate the heart of man, and examine what true hope it might afford him of a more glorious future, and thus gradually attained that firm faith in mankind, and in the progress of the people, to which he may be said, through his posthumous publications, to give melodious utterance from the sepulchre. This whole episode in Wordsworth's inward history is worthy of attention, both morally and psychologically. Coleridge's Gallomania had subsided before 1793; Wordsworth's lasted for some years afterward. Indeed, his mind appears, if we are to trust his "Prelude," to have been in a continual mood of gloomy discontent with established institutions:—

——— "I rejoiced,
 Yea afterward—truth most painful to record!—
 Exulted in the triumph of my soul,
 When Englishmen by thousands were o'erthrown,
 Left without glory in the field, or driven,
 Brave hearts, to shameful flight. It was a grief—
 Grief call it not, 'twas any thing but that—
 A conflict of sensations without name,
 Of which he only, who may love the sight
 Of a village steeple as I do, can judge,
 When in the congregation bending all
 To their great Father, prayers were offered up,
 Or praises for our country's victories;
 And mid the simple worshippers, perchance
 I only, like an uninvited guest,
 Whom no one owned, sat silent—shall I add?
 Fed on the day of vengeance yet to come."

But his somewhat scholarly distrust and dislike of the current ways of the world were perhaps the very influences that turned his hopes to the abnormal force of the Revolution, and the spectacle of its miserable results must in time have tended to confirm this distrust and dislike beyond the possibility of eradication. By and by he emerged the constant advocate of a strong government, which should rigidly administer the institutions matured in a long course of ages, and only suffer them to be altered slowly and gradually according to the dictates of experience.

In 1794 the step was taken by which those remarkable men, afterward known in popular parlance as the *Lakers*, were brought into contiguity. In that year Coleridge, Southey, Robert Lovell, and George Burnet came down to Bristol, as the most convenient port from which they could embark for the wild banks of the *Susquehanna*. On that remote river they were to found a Platonic Republic, where every thing was to be in common, and from which vice and selfishness were to be for ever excluded. These ardent and intellectual adventurers had made elaborate calculations how long it would take them to procure the necessaries of life and to build their barns, and how they should spend their leisure in what Coleridge sung as

"Freedom's undivided dell,
 Where toil and health with mellowed love shall dwell;
 Far from folly, far from men,
 In the rude, romantic glen."

Yet, it is supposed, they knew nothing of the *Susquehanna* more than of any other American river, except that its name was musical and sonorous; and far from having any thing wherewith to convey themselves and their movables across the Atlantic, they had to borrow five pounds to make up their lodging-bill. The sum was advanced them with unalloyed pleasure by Mr. Cottle, a bookseller in the town, a benevolent and worthy man, who seems almost to have been located there for no other purpose than to introduce the three chief *Lake Poets* to the world.

The bubble of the *Susquehanna*, or as it was called, *Pantisocracy*, was exploded by Southey, Coleridge, and Lovell all getting into the bonds of matrimony, which have a miraculous virtue in testing the solidity of schemes of life. They married three sisters of the name of Fricker. It was the perpetual restlessness of Coleridge which first brought him and his com-

panions into contact with Wordsworth. The former wonderful man, in capabilities perhaps the mightiest of that illustrious group, and in his mental constitution one of the most puzzling psychological phenomena which human nature has ever presented, was the originator of the Pantisocratic proposal. He was of luxurious imagination, deep emotiveness, various learning, and an exquisite nervous susceptibility. In 1795, he was making excursions through the lovely and tranquil scenery of Somersetshire, when he became acquainted with a most excellent man, Mr. Poole, resident in the quiet village of Stowey. On his return to Bristol, where he got married, he still exhibited his usual uneasiness. First he removed to his immortal rose-bound cottage at Clevedon, then back to the pent-up houses of Redcliff Hill, and from these again to the more open situation of Kingsdown. Nothing would then satisfy him but he must set up a political serial, to be called "The Watchman;" and his own sketches of his travelling canvass for that periodical might take rank with some chapters of Quixote. Take, for instance, this picture of a great patriot at Birmingham, to whom he applied for his magnificent patronage:—He was "a rigid Calvinist, a tallow-chandler by trade. He was a tall, dingy man, in whom length was so predominant over breadth, that he might almost have been borrowed as a foundry poker! Oh that face!—a face *κατ' ἐμ' ὄψιν*! I have it before me at this moment. The lank, black, twine-like hair, pinguinatescent, cut in a straight line along the black stubble of his thin, gunpowder eyebrows, that looked like a scorched aftermath from a last week's shaving. His coat-collar behind, in perfect unison, both of colour and lustre, with the coarse yet glib cordage which I suppose he called his hair, and which, with a bend inward at the nape of the neck—the only approach to flexure in his whole figure—slunk in behind his waistcoat; while the countenance—lank, dark, very hard, and with strong perpendicular furrows—gave me a dim notion of some one looking at me through a used gridiron, all soot, grease, and iron." This thoroughbred lover of liberty, who had proved that Mr. Pitt was one of the horns of the second beast in the *Revelations* that spake as a dragon, nevertheless declined to take "The Watchman;" and, in short, after a disastrous career, that serial died a natural death. The disappointed editor took refuge for a brief season with Mr. Poole at Stowey, and there, for the first time, he met Wordsworth, who then resided about twenty miles off, at Racedown, in Dorsetshire. He afterwards went on a visit, for a few days, to Wordsworth's mansion. Coleridge was at that time busy with a tragedy, and his host was in the very heat of a similar effort. Wordsworth submitted his to his guest, who in a letter to Cottle pronounced it "absolutely wonderful." "I speak," said Coleridge, "with absolute sincerity, and I think unblinded judgment, when I tell you that I feel myself a little man by his side, and yet I do not think myself a less man than I formerly thought myself." Coleridge procured an introduction for his friend's tragedy to Harris, the manager of Covent Garden, who pledged himself without delay to decide on its fate; but as it does not appear what followed, it is probable that this potentate, as usual, gave himself little further trouble on the subject. Indeed, it is not likely that a drama by a man so stately and unimpassioned as Wordsworth, would be found adapted to the meridian of the stage. But it is curious that many great geniuses have in early youth aimed at this distinction.

The list includes writers as far removed from each other, in the character of their minds, as Plato and Béranger.

Coleridge returned for a short time to Bristol, but, in January, 1797, he removed to Stowey, where he rented a small cottage. This must have been a pleasant episode in the lives of the gifted individuals whom it brought together in that sweet village. Wordsworth, who was now twenty-seven, had come with his sister to Allfoxden, which was within two miles of Stowey. Charles Lloyd, a young man of most sensitive and graceful mind, and of great poetical susceptibility, resided in family with Coleridge. Charles Lamb, then in the spring-time of his life, was also a frequent inmate; and often afterwards, under the cloud which lowered over his noble devotedness in London, his fancy wandered back to that happy valley. Why, says he to Charles Lloyd, who unexpectedly looked in upon him in the great Babylon—

“Why seeks my Lloyd the stranger out?
What offering can the stranger bring
Of social scenes, homebred delights,
That him in aught compensate may
For Stowey’s pleasant winter-nights,
For loves and friendships far away?”

The Pantisocratist, George Burnet, was also a visitor. Mrs. Coleridge herself had a poetical taste, and there is one very graceful piece of hers written on the receipt of a thimble from her kind friend Mr. Cottle. Just such a thimble, sings Sarah Coleridge—

“Just such a one, *mon cher ami*,
(The finger-shield of industry,)
The inventive gods, I deem, to Pallas gave,
What time the vain Arachne, madly brave,
Challenged the blue-eyed virgin of the sky
A duel in embroidered work to try.
And hence the thimble of grave Pallas
To the erring needle’s point was more than callous.
But, ah! the poor Arachne! she, unarmed,
Blundering through hasty eagerness, alarmed
With all a rival’s hopes, a mortal’s fears,
Still missed the stitch, and stained the web with tears.”

Hartley Coleridge, the ærial child who awakened the fears and sympathies of Wordsworth, was a fine boy, rejoicing his parents’ hearts; and the happy pair had cut a road into their neighbours’ orchards, that they might pass to their firesides under arches of blossoms, and with a speed suiting their affections. Alas! that sweet Stowey. Cottle, in his old age, has painted one or two pictures of it and of its gifted habitants, now in their graves, that go to the heart. Take the scene with Coleridge in the jasmine arbour, where the tripod table was laden with delicious bread and cheese, and a mug of the true brown Taunton ale. “While the dappled sunbeams,” says the old man, calling up kindly memories, “played on our table through the umbrageous canopy, the very birds seemed to participate in our felicities, and poured forth their selectest anthems. As we sat in our sylvan hall of splendour, a company of the happiest mortals, the bright blue heavens, the sporting insects, the balmy zephyrs, the feathered choristers, the sympathy of friends, all augmented the pleasurable to the highest

point this side the celestial. . . . While thus elevated in the universal current of our feelings, Mrs. Coleridge approached with her fine Hartley; we all smiled, but the father's eyes beams transcendental joy. But all things have an end! Yet pleasant it is for memory to treasure up in her choicest depository a few such scenes, (those sunny spots in existence,) on which the spirit may repose when the rough, adverse winds shake and disfigure all besides." Or take the more lively visit to Allfoxden on Wordsworth's invitation. Away they all went from Stowey; the poet and Emmeline, Coleridge and Cottle. They were to dine on philosopher's fare—a bottle of brandy, a loaf, a piece of cheese, and fresh lettuces from Wordsworth's garden. The first mishap was the theftuous abstraction of the cheese; and, on the back of it, Coleridge, in the very act of praising the brandy as a substitute, upset the bottle, and knocked it to pieces. Then all tried to take off the harness from the horse. Cottle tried it, then the bard of Rydal; but in vain. Coleridge, who had served his apprenticeship as Silas Comberbatch in the cavalry, then twisted the poor animal's neck almost to strangulation; but was at last compelled to pronounce that the horse's head must have grown since the collar was put on! It was useless, said he, to try to force so huge an *os frontis* through so narrow a collar. All had given up, when lo! the servant-girl turned the collar upside down, and slipped it off in an instant, to the inconceivable wonder and humiliation of the poets, who proceeded to solace themselves with the brown bread, the lettuces, and a jug of sparkling water. Who, knowing the subsequent fates of the tenants of Stowey, would not love to dwell on these delightful pictures of their better days?

It must not be supposed, however, that the tempter never entered into this Eden; but when he did so, it was generally through the mischief-making pranks of Coleridge, who constantly kept his friends in hot water. He and Lamb had just published a joint volume of poems, and Coleridge could not refrain from satirising and parodying their offspring in the newspapers. Take this epigram as a specimen:—

"TO THE AUTHOR OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

Your poem must eternal be—
Dear Sir, it cannot fail;
For 'tis incomprehensible,
And without head or tail."

Of course nobody could suspect Coleridge of this; and indeed, to his infinite amusement, a vain fellow affected to hesitate about being introduced to him, on the ground that he had mortally injured him by the writing of this very epigram! But Lamb could not fail to observe the doings of the poet-metaphysician more closely, and the result was a quarrel, which induced that "gentle creature" to send him an unnaturally bitter series of theological questions, such as—"Whether the vision beatific be any thing more or less than a perpetual representment, to each individual angel, of his own present attainments and future capabilities, somehow in the manner of mortal looking-glasses, reflecting a perpetual complacency and self-satisfaction?" Troubles from without added to this confusion within. The village wisacres, to whom the habits of Wordsworth and his eccentric friend were totally incomprehensible, had decided that they

were terrible scoundrels, who required to be looked after. One sage had seen Wordsworth look strangely at the moon; another had overheard him mutter in some unintelligible and outlandish brogue. Some thought him a conjurer; some a smuggler, from his perpetually haunting the sea-beach; some asserted that he kept a snug private still in his cellar, as they knew by their noses at a hundred yards' distance; while others were convinced that he was "surely a desperate French Jacobin, for he was so silent and dark that nobody ever heard him say one word about politics." While the saturnine and stately Wordsworth was thus slanderously assailed, his fluent and witty associate could not expect to escape. One day, accordingly, while on a pedestrian excursion, Coleridge met a woman, who, not knowing who he was, abused him to himself in unmeasured Billingsgate for a whole hour, as a vile Jacobin villain, who had misled George Burnet of her parish. "I listened," wrote the poet to a friend, "very particularly, appearing to approve all she said, exclaiming, 'Dear me!' two or three times; and, in fine, so completely won her heart by my civilities, that I had not courage enough to undeceive her." This is all very ludicrous and amusing now; but at the time its effect was such, that the person who had the letting of Allfoxden House refused point-blank to relet it to Wordsworth. This was of course a great vexation to Poole and Coleridge, who set about trying to procure another house in the vicinity.

But the two bards were not a subject of jealousy and suspicion to the ignorant peasantry alone. A country gentleman of the locality became so alarmed, that he called in the aid of that tremendous abstraction—the state; and a spy was sent down from headquarters, and lodged in mysterious privacy in Stowey Inn. The poets could never stir out but this gentleman was at their heels, and they scarcely ever had an out-of-door conversation which he did not overhear. He used to hide behind a bank at the seaside, which was a favourite seat of theirs. At that time they used to talk a great deal of Spinoza: and as their confidential attendant had a notable Bardolph nose, he at first took it into his head that they were making light of his importance by nicknaming him "Spy Nosy;" but was soon convinced that that was the name of a man "who had made a book, and lived long ago." On one occasion Bardolph assumed the character of a Jacobin, to draw Coleridge out; but such was the bard's indignant exposure of the Revolutionists, that even the spy felt ashamed that he had put Jacobinism on. Poor Coleridge was so unsuspecting, that he felt happy he had been the means of shaking the convictions of this awful partisan, and doing the unhappy man some good. At last the spy reported favourably, to the great disgust of the rural magnate who had engaged his services, and who now tried to elicit fresh grounds of suspicion from the village innkeeper. But that worthy was obstinate in his belief that it was totally impossible for Coleridge to harangue the inhabitants, as he talked "real Hebrew-Greek," which their limited intellects could not understand. This, however, only exasperated his inquisitor, who demanded whether Coleridge had not been seen roving about, taking charts and maps of the district. The poor innkeeper replied, that though he did not wish to say any ill of anybody, yet he must confess he had heard that Coleridge was a poet, and intended to put Quantock into print. Thus the friends escaped this peril, which was then a formidable one. Coleridge was at the time wandering about

among the romantic coombes of the Quantock Hills, making studies for a poem on the plan afterwards followed out by Wordsworth in his "Sonnets to the Duddon;" and in the heat of the moment he resolved to dedicate it to Government, as containing the traitorous plans which he was to submit to the French, in order to facilitate their schemes of invasion. "And these, too," says he, "for a tract of coast that from Clevedon to Minehead scarcely permits the approach of a fishing-boat."

These troubles and vexations did not, however, prevent Wordsworth from prosecuting his poetical undertakings. His industry must have been incessant. At this time "Peter Bell" was composed, with "An Adventure on Salisbury Plain," and many smaller pieces. But it is curious that he appears to have been principally concerned about his tragedy. Coleridge and he had now formed a plan for making a tour to Germany in company, and it was necessary to raise funds. For this purpose they resolved on making a sacrifice of their darling tragedies, and the ever-serviceable Cottle was applied to. Accordingly, in 1798, Coleridge made a formal offer to that benevolent bookseller of these works, and also of a volume of his friend's pieces, to contain "Salisbury Plain," "Tale of a Woman," a few minor poems, and notes. The tragedies extended, along with the stage directions, to 6000 lines, and the price was to be paid down within four months. Cottle offered thirty guineas for each of them, which, however, was not accepted at the time, owing to the hope entertained by the authors that they might yet succeed in getting them brought upon the stage. Wordsworth asked thirty guineas for the volume of poems; but no arrangement was concluded in respect to it.

In the mean time the "Lyrical Ballads" were fast maturing. The plan had been concocted jointly by the two poets, and a distinct part in its execution had been assigned to each. It had originated in the idea that a series of poems might be composed of two sorts—the one, in which the incidents and agents were to be in part supernatural; the other, in which the subjects were to be chosen from ordinary life. Accordingly, the supernatural and romantic department was assigned to Coleridge, while Wordsworth was "to give the charm of novelty to things of every day," and to "awaken the mind's attention to the lethargy of custom, and direct it to the loveliness and the wonders of the world before us." This noble task was not so easy then as it is now. A continuous series of poets had concentrated the world's admiration on extravagant and melodramatic characters and plots, and had substituted for the truthfulness of nature and the simplicity of diction requisite for its expression, images drawn from the commonplaces of the poetical treasury, and words and phrases which made up for their inapplicability by a fine sonorousness and by pleasant associations. Cowper and Burns had done much to shake this artificial and ruinous system, but in 1798 it was still rampant in literature. Wordsworth, however, from his haughty and uncordial nature, did not proceed on his delicate duty with tact, but sometimes, instead of pruning the poetic tree, stripped it at once of fruit, flowers, and leaves. For in his anxiety to recommend a dignified simplicity of style and the virtues of lowly life, he occasionally fell into poverty of diction and phrases polluted by mean associations, and delivered philosophic lectures and refined sentiments through characters most unlikely to entertain them. These faults were,

however, merely exceptional, and would have escaped general censure but for an imprudence to be afterwards noticed. Notwithstanding the rich luxuriance of Coleridge's own style, it is not unlikely that he had a considerable share in carrying his friend to these extremes. While at Christ's Hospital he had been rigidly tutored by old Bowyer to cut away all superfluous words, and to reject pompous phrases and metaphors. He recalls that veteran's commands with delightful raciness. "*Lute, harp, and lyre,*" says he, "*Muse, Muses, and inspirations, Pegasus, Parnassus, and Hippocrene,* were all an abomination to him. In fancy I can almost hear him now exclaiming—'Harp? harp? lyre? Pen and ink, boy, you mean! Muse, boy; Muse? Your nurse's daughter, you mean! Pierian spring! Oh, ay; the cloister pump, I suppose!'"

At his first interview with Wordsworth, Cottle had heard some of the lyrical poems read, and had earnestly advised their publication, offering for them the same sum he had given to Coleridge and Southey for their works, and stating flatteringly that no provincial bookseller might ever again have the honour of ushering such a trio to renown. Wordsworth, however, strongly objected to publication; but in April, 1798, the poet sent for Cottle to hear them recited "under the old trees in the park." Coleridge despatched a confirmatory invitation. "We will procure a horse," wrote persuasive Samuel Taylor, "easy as thy own soul, and we will go on a roam to Linton and Limouth, which, if thou comest in May, will be in all their pride of woods and waterfalls, not to speak of its august cliffs, and the green ocean, and the vast Valley of Stones, all which live disdainful of the seasons, or accept new honours only from the winter's snow." The three friends did go on their romantic excursion, saw sweet Linton and Limouth, and arranged the publication of the first volume of the "*Lyrical Ballads.*" Accordingly it appeared in the summer of that year, and was chiefly composed of Wordsworth's pieces, but contained the "*Ancient Mariner,*" and other poems, by Coleridge.

In September the two authors set off for the continent. Their different temperaments displayed themselves very remarkably on the voyage. The bard of Rydal seems to have kept very quiet; but his mercurial companion, after indulging in most questionable potations with a motley group of eccentric foreigners, got up and danced with them a succession of dances, which, he says, might very appropriately have been termed *reels*. Where Wordsworth was may be conjectured from Coleridge's remark, that those "who lay below in all the agonies of sea-sickness must have found our Bacchanalian merriment

———'a tune
Harsh and of dissonant mood from their complaint."

One of the party was a Dane, a vain and disgusting coxcomb, whose conversation with Coleridge, whom he first took for a "Doctor Theology," and then for "un philosophe," actually outburlesqued burlesque. The astounded bard for the first time in his life took notes of a dialogue, of which a single sample is enough:—

The Dane. Vat imagination! vat language! vat vast science! vat eyes! vat a milkwhite forehead! Oh my heafen! vy, you're a got!

Answer. You do me too much honour, sir.

The Dane. Oh me, if you should tink I is flattering you! No, no, no. I haf ten tousand a year—yes, ten tousand a year—yes, ten tousand pound a year! Vell, and vat is dhat? Vy, a mere triffe! I 'ouldn't gif my sincere heart for ten times dhe money! Yes, you're a got!—I a mere man! But, my dear friend, dhink of me as a man! Is—is—I mean to ask you now, my dear friend—is I not very eloquent? Is I not speak English very fine?

And so his Daneship, in this extraordinary style, went on fishing for compliments, and asking whether he did not speak just like Plato, and Cato, and Socrates, till he lost all opinion of Coleridge on finding that he was a Christian. The discarded poet then wrapped himself in his great-coat, and looked at the water, covered with foam and stars of flame, while every now and then detachments of it “darted off from the vessel's side, each with its own small constellation, over the sea, and scoured out of sight like a Tartar troop over a wilderness.” By and by he lay down, and “looking up at two or three stars, which oscillated with the motion of the sails, fell asleep.”

They landed at Hamburg, on the Elbe Stairs, at the Boom-House. Wordsworth, with a French emigrant, whose acquaintance he had cultivated at sea, went in search of a hotel, and put up at “Die Wilde Man,” while the other wild man, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, strolled about, amusing himself with looking at the “Dutch women, with large umbrella hats shooting out half a yard before them, and a prodigal plumpness of petticoat behind,” and many similar striking and unusual spectacles.

In Hamburg the pair were introduced to the brother of the poet Klopstock, and to Professor Ebeling, a lively and intelligent man, but so deaf that they had to “drop all their pearls into a huge ear-trumpet.” At Mr. Klopstock's they saw a bust of the poet, whom they afterward visited. It had a solemn and heavy greatness in the countenance, which corresponded with the notions entertained by Coleridge of his style and genius, and which were afterward discovered not to exist in the prototype himself. Coleridge, whose chief object in coming to Germany was to become acquainted with the German language and literature, left Wordsworth in Hamburg, and went to Ratzeburg, where he boarded in the pastor's house. He returned, however, for a few days, to take final leave of his friend, and the two paid a visit to Klopstock together. His house was one of a row of what appeared small summer-houses, with four or five rows of young meagre elms in front, and beyond these a green, bounded by a dead flat. The bard's physiognomy disappointed them as much as his domicile. Coleridge recognised in it no likeness to the bust, and no traces either of sublimity or enthusiasm. Klopstock could only speak French and German, and Coleridge only English and Latin, so that Wordsworth, who was accomplished in French, acted as interpreter. It may here be mentioned that this ignorance of Coleridge's brought upon him a peculiar sort of civility at Ratzeburg. The *amtman* of that place, anxious to be civil, and totally unable to find any medium of communication, every day they met, as the only courtesy he had it in his power to offer, addressed to him the whole stock of English he possessed, which was to this effect:—“ddam your ploot unt eyes, my dearest Englander, vhee goes it?” The conversation with Klopstock turned entirely upon English and German

literature, and in the course of it Wordsworth gave ample proofs of his great taste, industry, and information, and even showed that he was better acquainted with the highest German writers than the author of the "Messiah" himself. On his informing the latter that Coleridge intended to translate some of his odes, the old man said to Coleridge—"I wish you would render into English some select passages of the 'Messiah,' and revenge me of your countrymen." "This," says Coleridge, "was the liveliest thing he produced in the whole conversation." That genius was, however, deeply moved, but could not help being disgusted with the venerable bard's snow-white periwig, which felt to his eye what Mr. Virgil would have been to his ear. After this Coleridge left Hamburg, and resided four months in Ratzeburg, and five in Gottingen. Wordsworth had two subsequent interviews with Klopstock, and dined with him. He kept notes of these conversations, some of which are given in "Satyrane's Letters," in the second volume of the "Biographia Literaria." One or two incidents strongly illustrate Wordsworth's peculiar character and poetical taste. He complained, for example, of Lessing making the interest of the "Oberon" turn upon mere appetite. "Well, but," said Klopstock, "you see that such poems please everybody." He immediately replied, that "it was the province of a great poet to raise people up to his own level—not to descend to them." Klopstock afterward found fault with the Fool in "Lear," when Wordsworth observed that "he gave a terrible wildness to the distress"—a remark which evinced a deep appreciation of that awful drama. Wordsworth subsequently made a short tour, and visited Coleridge at Gottingen on his return.

During their absence their joint venture had fared ill. Some congenial spirits had indeed marked it with prophetic eye. Wilson, then in the heyday of his life, noted the advent of a great poet, and it seemed to him as "if a new sun had risen on midday." Hannah More also used to express herself strongly on the subject, and made Cottle read over the "Lyrical Ballads" to her at her mansion of Barleywood. She was much delighted with the universally-decried "Harry Gill;" and when Cottle came to the words, "Oh may he never more be warm!" she held up her hands in smiling horror. But the reviews were very severe; and though the mighty organs of criticism had not yet arisen, and their formidable artillery still slept in the arsenal of the future, the volume was almost dead-born. Mr. Arch, a London bookseller, to whom the first edition had been sold, made nothing of it. On Coleridge's return to Bristol, he and Cottle went on a visit to Wordsworth, then in the north. At this interview the "Ballads," being a sore subject, were only once alluded to by the chief party interested, and that merely to account for their failure, which he attributed partly to the reviews, and partly to the unintelligibility of the "Ancient Mariner!" On his return, Cottle went to London, and sold the copyright of the "Ballads" to Longman and Rees, who on a subsequent occasion told him that the valuator had estimated it at *nothing*, and at his request gave it back to him. Cottle then presented it to Wordsworth, who has thus reaped all the profits of this part of his works.

Probably this is the fittest place to notice the few love poems of Wordsworth, as most of them bear date in 1799. These refer to a girl whom he denominates Lucy, and speaks of as dead; but whether she was a real or

an imaginary character does not appear. More probably she was real; and his pieces relating to her may be taken as representing the utmost what he was capable of in that department. There are few writers who have depicted female character in all its lovable features more graphically and delicately than Wordsworth, or have more charmingly given utterance to the domestic and family affections. He himself took the stockdove as his emblem. Nay, in one or two pieces he even describes, with highly-polished taste, and in rich strains of poetry, the sufferings and the woes of lovers. But even in the most exquisite passages of "Vaudracour and Julia," he always appears to describe the passion of love from without, and never to penetrate it from within itself. Indeed, he was without strong passions, except his single passion for external nature; and, in particular, he was defective in that most dithyrambic of all passions—love; which, during its brief sway in its most exalted phases, suspends calculation, and emerges in the character of the beautiful and winged, but blind child, which the fancy of the ancients has represented. Accordingly, not his power only, but even his taste, abandons him in his attempts to body forth the feeling of love. Thus in one fine lyric, expressly written to commemorate a "strange fit of passion," he gives some exquisite pictures of the effects of the moon's apparent motions on a dreamy mind, equal to any thing in "Christabel." He is riding towards Lucy's cot—

"My horse moved on; hoof after hoof
He raised, and never stopp'd,
When down behind the cottage roof
At once the bright moon dropp'd."

But just as he has wrought up the reader to expect a fine development of the superstitious feeling pointed at, he suddenly strikes upon the rock ahead of love, and goes sheer down a thousand fathoms—

"What fond and wayward thoughts will slide
Into a lover's head!
'Oh mercy!' to myself I cried—
'If Lucy should be dead!'"

Another love lyric he closes in this way—

"Few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave; and oh,
The difference to me!"

And in another he sings of his dead Lucy as if she had been a fossil in some sepulchral mine—

"No motion has she now, no force;
She neither hears nor sees;
Roll'd round in earth's diurnal course,
With rocks, and stones, and trees."

Indeed, where his love verses are most graceful, and even faultlessly beautiful, the rhythm, the cadence, the dying fall, the tremulous tenderness—in short, the spirit and divinity of the passion—are totally wanting. Thus the fine poem—

"They say that men have died for love,"

which in its music and style is perfect, yet seems a succession of *comedia*, like those of the Italian sonnetteers, rather than the utterance of passion; and this becomes the more manifest on comparing it with the effusions of great and emotive minds. Thus the verse—

"Thou thrush! that singest loud, and loud, and free,
Into yon row of willows flit,
Upon that alder sit,
Or sing another song, or choose another tree!"

is in itself undoubtedly a fine one, but contains not a trace of that inexpressible plaintiveness which seems to breathe even more from the rhythm than the words of the similar piece in Burns—

"Oh stay, sweet warbling woodlark, stay!"

which ends—

"For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair,
Or my poor heart is broken."

And even the most fiery sparkles of Wordsworth in his fieriest moods pale before the glow of such passages as those of Rousseau in the chamber of *Heloise*, or Goethe when he depicts his *Wilhelm Meister* at the door of the youthful actress, while the moon whitened the poplars overhead, and the music of the wandering minstrels came through the silent midnight. The moderns are uniformly inferior to the ancients in every thing of the dithyrambic species, amorous or not, and have never reproduced any work analogous to those Grecian religious dithyrambs, where the heat and hurry of the poet melted a score of words into one, which stretched its giant length through half-a-dozen lines. And of all modern poets, Wordsworth is the least successful in this style. Thus his ode to the lark—

"Up with me—up with me into the clouds"—

is by no means equal to Shelley's fierce lyric to the same bird—

"Like a cloud of fire
The blue deep thou wingest—
And singing ever soarest,
And soaring ever singest."

Nor can it stand comparison with Keats's wild verses to the nightingale, in which he longs with that melodist

"To fade away into the forest dim."

In 1800, we find that Wordsworth, who was doubtless by this time quite cured of his *Lucy*-mania, had attracted Coleridge down to the Lake country. The latter arrived in Keswick, where he resided for so many years, in July, and so fascinated his landlord, that he at first refused to take any rent, and at last consented to accept about half what he would have got from others. Wordsworth lived twelve miles off; and close at hand was the eccentric Guilfred Lawson—a country knight, who kept wild beasts as playthings, to whom Coleridge in a letter laughingly alludes, mentioning particularly an epistle which that magnate received, ending in a postscript of two lines, coolly asking whether the writer might forward him a buffalo and a rhinoceros. Here Coleridge agreed

to supply Wordsworth with a poem for the second volume of the "Lyrical Ballads," to be called "Christabel;" but notwithstanding solitary walks on the misty mountain-tops, his brain was exhausted by "Wallenstein," and was utterly paralyzed. At last by chance, when dining out, he got what ordinary men would call drunk; and next day his poetic power returned, and poured forth verses so exuberant and rich, that Wordsworth now declined the contribution, both as too long and too good. The "Lyrical Ballads" were therefore published without the "Christabel;" and this time they excited even more intense hostility than at first. This was not owing entirely to the causes formerly mentioned, and inherent in the original plan of the work, but more to a preface containing certain canons of poetry which he laid down as the main articles of his poetical creed. The substance of these may be expressed in two or three propositions:—*First*, he purposely chose his incidents and situations from low and rustic life, because in it our elementary feelings coexist in a state of greater simplicity, and consequently may be more accurately contemplated and more forcibly communicated; and in it also the passions of men are incorporated with the beautiful and lasting forms of nature. *Second*, he preferred the language of low and rustic life, (purified from what appear to be its real defects, from all lasting and rational causes of disgust,) because in that condition men communicate hourly with the best objects, from which the best part of language is derived, and convey their notions in simple and unelaborated expressions. And *third*, he asserted that the language of poetry is in noway different, except in respect to metre, from that of good prose. It is needless to enter into an elaborate argument, as Samuel Taylor Coleridge has already done with unsurpassable ability, to expose these principles, and to show that what is new in them is not true, and what is true, not new.

It is probable that Wordsworth did not propound them in the unlimited sense in which they were interpreted by his critics; and in a subsequent edition the preface in which they were contained was removed to a subordinate position. But there can be no doubt that this theory induced him to be needlessly prolix and tedious on feelings and incidents without poetical interest, and occasionally to use mean phrases, and language polluted by undignified, or even disagreeable associations. These were indeed rare and exceptional cases, for his own naturally stately and dignified genius protected him from frequent transgressions. But though a hundred lines deleted might have made all right, the public, who felt outraged by his critical defiance, took these hundred lines as illustrating the predominant character of two volumes of very beautiful and various poetry. The critics rose *en masse* against him. Jeffrey's first assault was in 1802, in a critique on Southey's "Thalaba," and was directed against the Lakers as a school. It is amusing to observe his then idea of their characteristics. He charges them in a body with the antisocial principles of Rousseau, his discontent at things as they are, his paradoxical morality, and his hankering after a state of voluptuous virtue and perfection; and endows them with the simplicity and energy of Schiller and Kotzebue, the homeliness and harshness of Cowper, the innocence of Ambrose Phillips, and the quaintness of Quarles and Dr. Donne. The storm continued year by year to increase; and the charges multiplied so ludicrously fast, that Southey in his "Doctor"

thus satirized them :—"The poet Southey is said to carry shaving to its *plus ultra* of independency, for he shaves *sans* looking-glass, *sans* shaving-brush, *sans* soap, or substitute for soap, *sans* hot water, *sans* cold water, *sans* every thing except a razor. . . . But on reflection I am not certain whether it is of the poet Southey that this is said, or of the poet Wordsworth. I may easily have confused one with the other in my recollections, just as what was said of Romulus might have been repeated of Remus while they were both living and flourishing together. . . . Indeed, we should never repeat what is said of public characters without qualifying it as a common report or magazine authority. It is very possible that the Lake poets may both of them shave after the manner of other men."

With all the defects before mentioned, it cannot now be disputed that the prevailing features of the "Lyrical Ballads" were aptness and simplicity, and occasionally dignity and richness of diction—a power of picturing objects and landscapes with much precision of outline—tenderness and delicacy of feeling—and a tendency to direct the eye to all that is really beautiful and elevating in the ordinary incidents of common life: a tendency at times leading to portraiture purely ideal. The "Pet-Lamb," and "We are Seven," are well-known examples. The following is a fine picture of the dawning from the loudly-decried "Idiot Boy:"—

"By this the stars were almost gone—
The moon was setting on the hill,
So pale you scarcely look'd at her;
The little birds began to stir,
Though yet their tongues were still."

And how gorgeous are some of the verses of "Ruth:"—

"He told of the magnolia spread
High as a cloud, high over head!
The cypress and her spire;
Of flowers that with one scarlet gleam
Cover a hundred leagues, and seem
To set the hills on fire.

The youth of green savannas spake,
And many an endless, endless lake,
With all its fairy crowds
Of islands that together lie
As quietly as spots of sky
Among the evening clouds."

Of his feminine tenderness of feeling, the fine pastoral of "Michael" is an example. Space forbids all but one brief quotation, but few will be able to read the poem itself without the relief of tears:—

"Thus living on through such a length of years
The shepherd, if he loved himself, must needs
Have loved his helpmate; but to Michael's heart
This son of his old age was yet more dear—
Less from instinctive tenderness, the same
Fond spirit that blindly works in the blood of all,
Than that a child, more than all other gifts
That earth can offer to declining man,
Brings hope with it, and forward-looking thoughts
And stirrings of inquietude, when they,
By tendency of nature, needs must fail."

But, indeed, while blamed for his mean diction, he had already commenced the composition of those Sonnets, not frequently rivalled in the English language in purity, precision, and dignity—qualities which find fit representation in this dedication:—

"Happy the feeling from the bosom thrown
In perfect shape (whose beauty Time shall spare
Though a breath made it) like a bubble blown
For summer pastime into wanton air:
Happy the thought best liken'd to a stone
Of the sea-beach, when polish'd with nice care
Veins it discovers exquisite and rare,
Which for the loss of that moist gleam atone
That tempted first to gather it. That here,
Oh chief of friends! such feelings I present
To thy regard, with thoughts so fortunate,
Were a vain notion; but the hope is dear,
That thou, if not with partial joy elate,
Wilt smile upon this gift with more than mild content."

Wordsworth was not latterly inaccessible to conviction in regard to the phraseology of some parts of his "Ballads," and has altered it, sometimes for the worse. Thus, in the "Leech-Gatherer," the lines—

"He answer'd me with pleasure and surprise,
And there was while he spoke a fire about his eyes,"

has been altered into

"Ere he replied, a flash of mild surprise
Broke from the sable orbs of his yet vivid eyes."

Indeed his defects were all the more remarkable, that he was all along fastidiously studious of his words, and his criticisms upon some of his own lines and phrases are very striking. Thus in his lines in the "Ode to the Cuckoo"—

"Shall I call thee bird—
Or but a wandering Voice?"

he remarks—"This concise interrogation characterizes the seeming ubiquity of the voice of the cuckoo, and dispossesses the creature almost of a corporeal existence; the imagination being tempted to this exertion of her power by a consciousness in the memory that the cuckoo is almost perpetually heard throughout the season of spring, but seldom becomes an object of sight." It was by this fine combination of critical acumen, great industry, and perpetual self-examination, united to a cool and stately flow of temper, that Wordsworth produced those splendid series of sonnets which—whatever contemporary criticism may have said—are rapidly taking rank with those of Milton and Shakspeare.

In 1802, he bade a brief adieu to his beautiful cottage at Grasmere in some delightful verses, which did not forget even the primroses on the rocks, and set off to bring home one who was to share henceforth in all his pleasures and attachments. This was his cousin, Miss Mary Hutchinson of Penrith, to whom he now united himself in marriage. In August, he made a very short trip to France, returning in September. By this time he had imbibed a rooted hatred of the turn which events had taken in that

country, and particularly of its tyrannical interference with the liberties of other nations. The day he spent in Calais saw Bonaparte consul for life, and wrung from the poet one or two bitter but beautiful sonnets, contrasting the pretentious pomp of that occasion with the wild delirium of exultation which met him at every step as he plodded along, a younger man, in the joyous July of 1790. It was with undisguised emotion he once more recognised old England in

"The cock that crows, the smoke that curls, that sound
Of bells: those boys who in yon meadow-ground
In white-sleeved shirts are playing; and the roar
Of the waves breaking on the chalky shore."

From that day his anti-Gallican fervour increased continually. Burying himself, with scarcely laudable gratulation on his own tranquillity, in the peaceful solitudes of Grasmere, he watched with increasing indignation the march of the Corsican toward empire, and launched sonnet after sonnet at each successive step of his triumph, till he rose to a climax of almost divine wrath; which passed into an equally divine furor of thanksgiving on the flight from Russia and the route at Waterloo. His ode on the last occasion has a dithyrambic audacity akin to the wildest rhapsodies of Pindar:—

"We laud
And magnify thy name, Almighty God!
But thy most awful instrument
In working out a pure intent
Is man—array'd for mutual slaughter—
Yea, Carnage is thy daughter!"

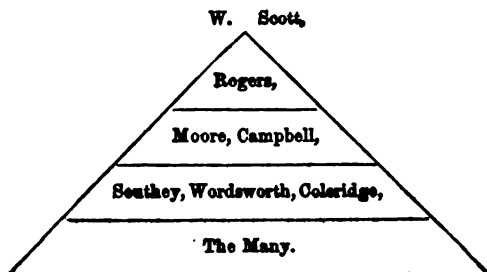
In 1803, after the birth of his first child, the poet paid a visit to Scotland; and, as on every future occasion, he appeared to indicate a dislike to Edinburgh, the head-quarters of the hostile Reviewers, passing it by with marked slight, so that Christopher North complained long afterward, and pleaded that Auld Reekie was as much worth a few days' stay as Glasgow, even though it had no such phenomenon to exhibit as the Glasgow Gander. Wordsworth on this occasion visited the grave of Burns, the Braes of Kirtle, Loch-Lomond, Loch Awe, Loch Katerine, and many other spots hallowed either by their own beauty or by traditional associations, wherever he wandered marking his track with song. His sister, who accompanied him, kept a very interesting diary. On their return they called on Sir Walter Scott, to whom Wordsworth had been already spoken of by mutual friends; and the party went together to Roslin, and all the interesting localities of that district. Wordsworth was delighted with Sir Walter's manly nature, and with his recitations of his "Last Minstrel," and everywhere found his name an "Open Sesame." At Hawick the landlady would on no account listen to the southern's putting up in Scott's bedroom till she heard what the "sherra" himself had to say. At this time the circuit court was holding at Jedburgh, and the minstrel was anxious that his friends should not enter the presence of justice, and catch him in his horrible official costume. But they, nevertheless, managed to get a glimpse of him in the procession, marching along in a cocked-hat and sword to the music of a solitary cracked trumpet. This visit to the Great Magician was long remembered with unmingled pleasure.

On Wordsworth's return to Grasmere, which he heralded, as usual, by a very beautiful sonnet, he went to Keswick to visit Coleridge, and there became acquainted with Southey, who had just arrived in the Lake Country from Bristol. In October, Hazlitt came down on a visit, and painted a portrait of Wordsworth, who was his *beau idéal* of physiognomical perfection, in so hideous a style, that a wag wrote underneath, "At the gallows, deeply affected by his deserved fate, but determined to die like a man!" There was a dignified and stately flow of enjoyment in the life which these great poets now led in their romantic retreat, but broken, alas! by the sad incidents of humanity. Charles Lamb, who came among them, was greatly changed from the frolicsome youth of Stowey; and Coleridge was already visited with those terrible nervous disorders which formed an apology for his ruinous vice of opium-eating. On one occasion, when he stayed a month at Grasmere, Mrs. and Miss Wordsworth used to sit up with him all night, and waken him at the slightest symptom of the approach of his paroxysmal dreams. His screams were so heart-rending, that these ladies often shed tears for him even in their sleep.

Wordsworth seems now to have retreated wholly into the sanctuary of family duties and affections, and to have retired from the every-day bustle of the social and political world, in the pride of a philosophy which was certainly not the loftiest nor the wisest, though perhaps the best fitted to his own saturnine and contemplative nature. Indeed, even Southey saw him but rarely; and Scott, who could not manage to draw an epistle out of him, used to inquire at the laureate about him in these somewhat emphatic terms—"What the devil is Wordsworth about?" In 1805, however, Scott visited Grasmere in person, and ascended with the solitary to the top of Helvellyn. In the same year the latter met with a sore affliction, in the loss of his brother in the *Abergavenny* East Indiaman. It is curious that about this period, notwithstanding the ultra-conservatism of Southey and Wordsworth, Lord Somerville, who dined with them at General Peachey's, said everywhere, that however they had got into good society, they were beyond doubt Jacobins at the heart. In 1806, Wordsworth read "The Wagoner" in manuscript to Charles Lamb. This airy and truly humorous poem commemorates a misadventure which induced Coleridge's landlord to turn one of his wagoners out of his service. This fellow was a genuine original, and years after his mishap, on meeting his immortalizer, he referred to his successor very contemptuously, as "a man of no ideas," who would never do.

In 1807, Jeffrey launched his first special review at Wordsworth. In the same year, in the "Monthly Literary Recreations," Byron inserted a very favourable critique, particularly noting the poet's simplicity and contempt for inane and tinsel phraseology. No doubt, in his letter to Bowles he spoke more bitterly, when he hinted that the Roman toga was more poetical than the tattooed skin of a New-Zealander, even though sung by William Wordsworth; but he seems never to have greatly disliked him, though Hogg's imprudence in showing the Lakers a letter from his lordship, speaking lightly of their fishing and angling, made him fancy that they detested him. Moore and Shelley, however, were always urging Wordsworth's merits on him; and he certainly repented of his attack in the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," and drew his pen through it in

his own copy. The following is his estimate of Wordsworth at a subsequent period:—



Byron often visited Sir George Beaumont, to whom Wordsworth was much attached. Sir George supplied illustrations for the edition of the latter's poems in 1815. Wordsworth was a great admirer of the art of the painter, and his pieces on it are worthy of a place side by side with Keats's "Lines on a Grecian Urn." He addressed warm poetical tributes of praise to the illustrious and unhappy Haydon, to Sir George himself, and to Gillies, whose relative, in gratitude, painted one of the best portraits of the bard. At this time Wordsworth was composing his "Immortality." He also visited Bolton Priory in Yorkshire, and began, in connection with its traditions, his graceful poem of "The White Doe." He had met with a severe family affliction, in which he and his bereaved wife found some consolation in the beautiful Spenserian allegory of "Heavenly Una with her Milk-white Lamb;" and the mysterious "White Doe" was designed as a companion to that beautiful wanderer in fairy-land.

In 1810, Jeffrey paid his famous visit to Keswick, where he met with a courteous reception from Southey; but was much more fascinated by the still brilliant Coleridge, who walked him and lectured him through the fields all the forenoon, dined with him in the inn in the afternoon, and disarmed the terrible king of criticism so completely by his witcheries, that he promised to remove his name from the proscribed catalogue of the Lakers. It was afterward made a bitter charge against Jeffrey that, in spite of the hospitable treatment he received, he waxed fiercer than ever against his entertainers and their school. In 1812, the reviewer put Wilson's name in the black list; and if glorious rackets on the green margins of the lakes, and triumphal galas on Wastwater in their company, constituted Christopher a Laker, the charge was assuredly well deserved. Horace Smith now published his well-known "Rejected Addresses," purporting to be written by most of the living poets on the opening of Drury-Lane; and, as might have been anticipated, Wordsworth was not omitted from the Immortals who were stretched on the rack of parody. His Address was put into the mouth of a little girl drawn on the stage in a go-cart, and maundering in this style of supposed Wordsworthian simplicity:—

"What a large floor! 'Tis like a town.
The carpet, when they lay it down,
Won't hide it, I'll be bound;

And there's a row of lamps—my eye!
 How they do blaze! I wonder why
 They keep them on the ground?"

The ever-watchful Jeffrey of course did not fail to follow up the blow by declaring that the parody was a flattering imitation of the poet's style! In 1814, Wordsworth made a second trip to Scotland, and this time visited Yarrow, which he commemorated in a beautiful piece called "Yarrow Visited." He was now appointed collector of stamps for his native district, which post he held for a long time without any sacrifice of real dignity, except, perhaps, on a single occasion, bitterly alluded to by Southey, when the government sent him a circular, requesting him to employ spies to buy some prohibited article, and then give information. In this year, also, the great poem of "The Excursion" was published, and provoked a furious onslaught from Jeffrey.

This poem consists of sketches of life and manners among the mountains, intermingled with moral and devotional reflections. It is merely a part of a larger poem, which was to be entitled "The Recluse," and to be prefaced by a minor one delineating the growth of the author's mind, published since his death under the name of "The Prelude." "The Recluse" was to be divided into three parts. "The Excursion" forms the second of these. The first book of the first part is extant in manuscript, but the rest of the work was never completed. With respect to what has been given to the world, there is neither poverty in the style nor meagreness in the diction, but both, on the contrary, are clear, musical, and dignified. The sketches of character being derived from his own actual observation, are striking and truthful, though often highly idealized, and have an inherent pathos that touches the unsophisticated heart. They are all, however, the production of one who feels for his personages from an unapproachable eminence, and not of one who mingles and sympathizes with them; and the tone on that account, not seldom, has a certain coldness and uncordiality attaching to it. His pictures of landscape are remarkably definite in the outline and minute in the tracings, and his figures seem as deeply cut as sculptures, and impress the mind like objects of sense. The moral is a stern inculcation of duty, and the religion a half-sylvan Christianity, evasive of some of the doctrines, and without that precision which it seems afterward to have assumed in his mind. For the philosophy, it is a complete delusion to search for any system in "The Excursion." The poet's feelings, however, had one or two highly developed tendencies—such as his devotion to nature, and reverence for the humble and the ordinary; and the extravagance with which these master sentiments are often expressed, and the uniformity with which every other thought and feeling group themselves round these spiritual poles, simulates the appearance of a philosophical system. The purification of the soul is to a great extent placed on the basis of a continual communion with the more permanent forms of nature, while the expression of the belief that the ever-varying phases even of these majestic objects extricates within the spiritual depths the consciousness that they are but garments in which the Everlasting clothes himself, is apt to the hasty reader to assume the shape of a semi-Pantheism. The faith in immortality is in Wordsworth's poems generally attributed to an innate consciousness, which only becomes eclipsed as the child grows into the man. These constitute almost the

entire cycle of the philosophy of the poet, in whom, though it is not safe to judge of his doctrines from casual pieces, some prominent points of Christianity afterward assumed more force and occupied more space, and whom all his tendencies, political and moral, gradually led more and more into complete harmony with the Established Church, though he was uniformly catholic and tolerant—so far as he ever ventured to express himself—in his doctrinal views. "The Excursion" is, however, faulty in occupying too much space with ideas which are uninteresting to average men. It is often tedious and prolix; and on the whole, as a work of art, it is clumsily and inartistically constructed. The following extract, part of the reflections of the pedlar, who is the hero of the poem, in Margaret's deserted garden, will exemplify the style and manner:—

———"I see around me here
Things which you cannot see. We die, my friend,
Nor we alone, but that which each man loved
Or prized in his peculiar nook of earth
Dies with him, or is changed; and very soon
Even of the good is no memorial left.
The poets, in their elegies and songs,
Lamenting the departed, call the groves,
They call upon the hills and streams to mourn,
And senseless rocks; nor idly, for they speak
In these their invocations with a voice
Obedient to the strong creative power
Of human passion. Sympathies there are
More tranquil, yet perhaps of kindred birth,
That steal upon the meditative mind,
And grow with thought. Beside yon spring I stood
And eyed its waters, till we seem'd to feel
One sadness, they and I. For them a bond
Of brotherhood is broken: time has been
When every day the touch of human hand
Dislodged the natural sleep that binds them up
In mortal stillness; and they minister'd
To human comfort. Stooping down to drink,
Upon the slimy footstone I espied
The useless fragment of a wooden bowl
Green with the moss of years, and subject only
To the soft handling of the elements.
There let it lie! How foolish are such thoughts!
Forgive them. Never—never did my steps
Approach this door but she who dwelt within
A daughter's welcome gave me, and I loved her
As my own child. Oh, sir, the good die first,
And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust
Burn to the socket. Many a passenger
Had bless'd poor Margaret for her gentle looks
When she upheld the cool refreshment drawn
From that forsaken spring; and no one came
But he was welcome; no one went away
But that it seem'd she loved him. She is dead,
The light extinguish'd of her lonely hut,
The hut itself abandon'd to decay,
And she forgotten in the quiet grave."

The unpardonable audacity which put these sentiments into the mouth of a man "of tapes and staylaces," as well as other faults, exasperated Jeffrey, and he greatly increased the storm against the writer by a furious critique beginning—"This will never do," and evincing a mind clear and acute, but

with less of the broad and creative. The assault was renewed with equal bitterness on the appearance, in 1815, of the "White Doe;" an extremely graceful and airy legendary poem. The "Quarterly" rather aided than otherwise in these attacks, and "Blackwood," with a semblance of neutrality, was also unfavourable. The periodicals accurately mirrored the general mind, which is curiously illustrated by some letters in *Maga* about this period. A letter by Wordsworth to Dr. Gray, censuring the spirit in which Currie's "Life of Burns" was written, gave rise to a war of words in its pages; and one of the combatants taunts the bard of Rydal with the fact, that on his name being on one occasion mentioned in a large and polished circle, it was immediately inquired, in terms too emphatic for repetition, who this *fellow* Wordsworth was; and that, having afterward written to Glasgow College Library for a copy of his works, he received it uncourt, and with *carte blanche* to keep it as long as he pleased, as nobody had ever asked after it. These bitter assaults gave rise to a school of devoted Wordsworthians, whose maxim was, that Wordsworth could do no wrong. These ardent disciples tended more and more to bring their king into ridicule. A writer in *Blackwood* for November, 1829, gives an amusing sketch of a party where the "Intimations of Immortality," revered by the initiated as the "Revelation," were read aloud by a true disciple, in a kind of unimaginable chant then peculiar to the sect. There were many true believers present, with a few neophytes, and one or two absolute and wicked skeptics! No sooner had the recitation fairly commenced, than "one of the skeptics, of laughing propensities, crammed his handkerchief halfway down his throat; the others looked keen and composed; the disciples groaned, and the neophytes shook their heads in deep conviction." The reciter proceeded with deeper and deeper unction, till, on being asked by a neophyte to give an explanation, which he was unable to give, he got angry, and "roundly declared that things so out of the common way, so sublime, and so abstruse, could be conveyed in no language but their own." When the reciter came to the words, "Callings from us," the neophyte again timidly requested an explanation, and was informed by one of the skeptics that they meant the child's transitory gleams of a glorious pre-existence that fall away and vanish almost as soon as they appear. The obstinate neophyte only replied, in a tone of melancholy, "When I think of my childhood, I have only visions of traps and balls, and whippings. I never remember being 'haunted by the external mind.' To be sure I did ask a great many questions, and was tolerably obstinate, but I fear these are not the 'obstinate questionings' of which Mr. Wordsworth speaks." This is but a small sample of the Wordsworthian scenes and disputations then of every-day occurrence. In 1816, a kind of shadow of Horace Smith again took the field. It seems that Hogg intended to publish an anthology of the living British bards, and had written to some of them for specimens. A wag, who had heard of the project, immediately issued an anthology, purporting to be this, but containing merely the coinage of his own brain. As may be imagined, Wordsworth occupied a prominent corner; and indeed some of the imitations—for most were rather imitations than parodies—did him no discredit. The "Flying Tattler," however, was not an infelicitous burlesque of the poet's blank verse:--

"Ere he was put
 By his mother into breeches, Nature strung
 The muscular part of his anatomy
 To an unusual strength; and he could leap,
 All unimpeded by his petticoats,
 Over the stool on which his mother sat,
 More than six inches—o'er the astonish'd stool!"

All undismayed by this tempest of criticism and parody, Wordsworth went on issuing work after work. In 1818, he contributed to the Liverpool "Winter's Wreath," the first provincial souvenir. At this time Southey, Coleridge, Lamb, Macaulay, and other great writers, contributed some very beautiful pieces to these annuals. In 1819, "The Wagoner," a short poem, of highly-polished humour and lively fancy, was published, and also the renowned "Peter Bell," which was intended to show the effect of Nature's workings in bringing a hardened potter to repentance, and which, though abounding in the richest poesy, and flowing on in a current of melody, yet, from its being still tainted by some of its author's defects, inartistic construction, prolixity, grotesque associations, and a partially inaccurate conception of human character in the concrete, still further irritated the critics and alienated the public. Yet it may truly be said that the most delicious strains of Coleridge did not surpass some of the verses in the "Peter Bell." The character of the potter is very graphic, but we can only give a verse or two:—

"A savage wildness round him hung,
 As of a dweller out of doors.
 In his whole figure and his mien
 A savage character was seen
 Of mountains and of dreary moors.

To all the unshaped, half-human thoughts,
 Which solitary nature feeds
 Mid summer storms or winter's ice,
 Had Peter join'd whatever vice
 The cruel city breeds.

His face was keen as is the wind
 That cuts along the hawthorn fence:
 Of courage you saw little there,
 But in its stead a medley air
 Of cunning and of impudence.

He had a dark and sidelong walk,
 And long and slouching was his gait;
 Beneath his looks, so bare and bold,
 You might perceive his spirit cold
 Was playing with some inward bait."

In 1820, Wordsworth took a short tour on the continent, of which he afterward published "Memorials." On his return he published his beautiful "Sonnets to the River Duddon." His mind was now becoming more and more conservative, and a walk with a friend to survey the site of a new church suggested his "Ecclesiastical Sonnets;" a noble and varied series, which were given to the world in 1822. Southey was at the same time writing his "Book of the Church," and fondly regarded his friend's work as a poetical companion to his own. A year or two after this, Sir

Walter Scott, on his return from Ireland, was escorted by Wilson to Mr. Bolton's villa on Windermere on Canning's invitation. Wordsworth and a large party were there. These were the days! What cavalcades through the woods in the mornings, and boatings on the lakes in the evenings! Then there was a magnificent regatta in honour of the Minstrel; and on the arrival of the long procession of fifty barges, the bards of the Lakes led the cheer which hailed his triumph. Afterward Scott visited Wordsworth at Rydal, and accompanied him to Southey's, and then to Lord Lonsdale's, where they spent two days in the midst of a splendid circle. In truth Wordsworth was now fast rising, and becoming courtly; and after this date we find greater polish and subdued smoothness, with less vigour in his style, and a gradual multiplication of such gentle pieces as Verses to Needlecases and Gold-Fishes. A portrait of him was painted by Pickersgill for the University of Cambridge, so like as to draw tears from him. Jeffrey now began visibly to relent, and even cited from the "Spirit of the Age" an extract speaking of Wordsworth in very high terms. In 1827, we find Wordsworth with the laureate at the fashionable watering-place of Harrowgate, and both in so high an odour of sanctity, that a very pious lady sent them her album for contributions. Unluckily it was found full of effusions by Calvinistic preachers. "As some of these worthies," says the laureate playfully, "had written in it texts in Hebrew, Chinese, and Arabic, I wrote in Greek, 'If we say that we have no sin;' and I did *not* write in it these lines which the tempting occasion suggested:

"What? will we, nill we, are we thrust
Among the Calvinistics?
The covenanted sons of schism,
Rebellious pugilistics?
Needs must we then ourselves array
Against these state tormentors;
Hurrah! for Church and King we say,
And down with the Dissenters."

A year or two before this Wordsworth took a tour in Wales, and, in 1828, he and Coleridge revisited their old haunts on the continent. In 1830, he was chiefly occupied in writing romaunts—as the "Egyptian Maid," the "Russian Fugitive," and the "Armenian Lady's Love." Next year he revisited Yarrow, Loch Katrine, and his old favourite spots in Scotland. On his way he had an affecting interview—the last he ever had—with Sir Walter Scott. The Great Magician was rapidly failing, and was about to set off for an Italian clime. The evening of the 22d September was a very sad one in his antique library. Lockhart was there, and Allan the historical painter. Wordsworth was also feeble in health, and sat with a green shade over his eyes, and bent shoulders, between his daughter and Sir Walter. The conversation was melancholy, and Sir Walter remarked that Smollett and Fielding had both been driven abroad by declining health, and had never returned. Next morning he left Abbotsford, and his guests retired with sorrowful hearts. Wordsworth has preserved a memento of his own feelings in a beautiful sonnet. In 1833, he visited Staffa and Iona; 1834 was a sort of era in his life, by the publication of his complete works in four volumes. His friends, however, now began to fall around him. That year poor Coleridge bade adieu to his weary life.

This must have touched many a chord of association in Wordsworth's heart. In 1836, his sister and constant friend and companion died, and blow followed blow in fatal succession. Many a melancholy phantom must in his late years have haunted the poet's memory by the margin of silent Rydal. He was not an impromptu writer, but in his works there is one wild wailing impromptu wrung from him by these afflictions. "How fast," says the poet—

"How fast has brother follow'd brother,
From sunshipe to the sunless land!
Yet I, whose lids from infant slumbers
Were earlier raised, remain to hear
A timid voice that asks in whispers,
Who next will drop and disappear?
Our haughty life is crown'd with darkness,
Like London with its own black wreath."

A note is appended to this piece, like a bare tombstone. It is this:—

"Walter Scott died 21st September, 1832.
S. T. Coleridge ... 25th July, 1834.
Charles Lamb ... 27th December, 1834.
George Crabbe ... 3d February, 1832.
Felicia Hemans ... 16th May, 1835."

Many a noble name in literature was added to this funeral list before Wordsworth was laid in his last resting-place among his native lakes.

Honours now flowed fast upon him. In 1835 "Blackwood," under the inspiration of Wilson, raised an irresistible arm in his defence. In 1839, amid the acclamations of the students, he received a degree from Oxford University. In 1842, he published a tragedy, and some very early and very late poems, and resigned his office in favour of his son. Next year he was appointed to the laureateship, left vacant by the melancholy fate of Southey. In 1844, Lord Jeffrey, in republishing his contributions to the "Edinburgh," took occasion to pay a warm tribute of praise to Wordsworth. In 1845, the poet contributed to "Horne's Modernizations of Chaucer;" but though pre-eminently fitted for the task, he was pronounced by Wilson, a most able judge, to have failed. Take a single verse. Chaucer has it—

"The God of Love! a benedicite!
How mighty and how gret a Lord is he!
For he can make of lowe hertes highe,
Of highè lowe, and likè for to die,
And hardè hertes he can maken fre."

Wordsworth's modernization is—

"The God of Love! ah benedicite!
How mighty and how great a Lord is he!
For he of low hearts can make high, of high
He can make low, and unto death bring nigh,
And hard hearts he can make them kind and free."

"The simplicity of the words is kept," observes Wilson, "for they are the very words; and yet something is gone, and in that something every thing."
"The love itself," adds Christopher, "here is not;" and concludes that "there is nothing else to be done with a great poet than to leave him in his glory."

Up to his death on the 23d of April, 1850, Wordsworth lived a quiet and dignified life at Rydal, evincing little apparent sympathy with the arduous duties and activities of the every-day world. At times he exhibited an impatience at the changes which were passing over society, deteriorating his mountains, and invading the solitude of his lakes with the noise of railway trains; but in many parts of his works he shows that he had a perfect appreciation of the great destinies of machinery, and was only afraid that in the hurry to get rich by its means, important social interests should be neglected and ruined. The public feeling at his death was the best proof of the universal consciousness that a great English poet had then taken his departure. Since his death, "The Prelude," already alluded to, has been given to the world. This poem may be said to be the exercise by which he set himself to scrutinize his own soul, and measure its capabilities for the production of the great poem of "The Recluse." It was begun in 1799, and finished in 1805. It is thus the product of the most vigorous period of his poetical life, and as it lay by him unpublished to the end of his career, it had the benefit of all the improvements that a ripe and highly-polished taste could devise. It is in every way worthy of the poet, and is as pure, clear, and sparkling as a diamond. The style is remarkably chaste, vigorous, and musical, and the sentiments are uniformly pleasing and dignified. The poem is, besides, interesting from its singular character and subject. It is something to be thus admitted to the arcana of a poet's development; and it may be observed that Wordsworth appears in this production to lay bare his innermost thoughts and feelings with accuracy and honesty. He commences with his childhood, and traces his spiritual conditions through his schoolboy and college career, to his return from France.

Wordsworth's prose writings were confined to one or two critical essays on his own theories, a political pamphlet, a letter on "Currie's Life of Burns," an "Essay on Epitaphs," and a "Description of the Country of the Lakes." They evince, however, great skill in prose composition, and are uniformly couched in a clear, manly, and highly-polished English style.

To sum up what has been already said of his poetic character and position:—His devotion to external nature had the power and pervasiveness of a passion; his perception of its most minute beauties was exquisitely fine; and his portraitures, both of landscapes and figures, were so distinctly outlined as to impress them on the mind almost as vividly and deeply as the sight of them could have done. Yet his pictures, so to speak, are inodorous, and there is a certain want of richness, which may arise from his deficiency in the sense of smell. He was defective in the stronger passions, and hence, in spite of the minuteness of his portraitures of character, he failed to produce real human beings capable of stirring the blood; and what was even more serious, he himself was incapacitated from feeling a genial and warm sympathy in the struggles of modern man, on whom he rather looked as from a distant height with the commiseration of some loftier nature. From the characteristics enumerated arose the great faults of his works. His landscape paintings are often much too minute. He dwells too tediously on every small object and detail, and from his over-intense appreciation of them, which magnifies their importance, rejects all extrinsic ornaments, and occasionally, though exceptionally, adopts a

style bare and meagre, and even phrases tainted with mean associations. Hence all his personages—being without reality—fail to attract; and even his strong domestic affections, and his love for every thing pure and simple, do not give a sufficient human interest to his poems. His prolixity and tediousness are aggravated by a want of artistic skill in construction; and it is owing to this that he is most perfect in the sonnet, which renders the development of these faults an impossibility, while it gives free play to his naturally pure, tasteful, and lofty diction. His imagination was majestic; his fancy lively and sparkling; and he had a refined and Attic humour, which, however, he seldom called into exercise. He was naturally conservative; and after the heat of youth cooled down, he became more and more in harmony with the system of the conservative party in church and state, modified so much in appearance by his peculiar tendencies, as to simulate the features of a peculiar religious and philosophical creed. As might have been anticipated, he spent most of his life in retirement, and left the solitudes of the lakes principally to wander through other solitudes elsewhere. Indeed, as a whole range of signs in algebra is often expressed by a single sign, so the activities of Wordsworth's life may be aptly enough expressed as the continuous development of a passion for nature, while the entire cycle of his poetry is the efflux of this in song. This occupied him wholly even in those fervent years when youth is generally stirred by more social passions. It was through the agency of this that the old institutions of his country, and the old legends and manners of his district, took so firm a hold of his heart, and made him peculiarly the poet of the old English spirit, in contradistinction to the new influences invading it from abroad or developing from itself. With volcanic power in the heat of his earlier days it drove him into the wild mountains of Wales, and into the recesses of the Alps; and gradually abating its impetus, and contracting its successive sweeps as the chill of age came on, at last left him to die in peace by those beloved lakes among which he was born. With much that might with advantage be curtailed or altogether forgotten, the poems of William Wordsworth, though never likely to be extensively popular, will ever occupy a place in literature next to the highest.

END OF VOL. V.

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CHAMBERS'S
PAPERS FOR THE PEOPLE.

VOLUME VI.



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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE MICROSCOPE AND ITS MARVELS.....	5
PRE-COLUMBIAN DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.....	37
HERMANN—A TALE.....	69
PUBLIC LIBRARIES.....	101
/ AUSTRALIA AND VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.....	133
THE LONE STAR—A TALE.....	165
/ RELIGION OF THE GREEKS.... ..	197
/ HEYNE—A BIOGRAPHY.....	229



CHAMBERS'S PAPERS FOR THE PEOPLE

THE MICROSCOPE AND ITS MARVELS.

IT has been said derisively, and said too we believe by a poet, that man's eyes and reason were given him for a different purpose than to study flies. The good-natured "Spectator," sharing in the same spirit, speaks of microscopical observers as constituting in the main a body of patientless doctors, who for want of a better occupation gave themselves up to this and similar studies. "There are," says the writer of No. 21, "innumerable retainers to physic who, for want of other patients, amuse themselves with the stifling of cats in an air-pump, cutting up dogs alive, or impaling of insects upon the point of needles for microscopic observations." And Pope, in the following lines, appears to consider the inspection of mites as the most unworthy of employments for a being who had the face of heaven whereon to exercise his vision:—

"Why has not man a microscopic eye?
For this plain reason—man is not a fly.
Say, what the use were finer optics given
To inspect a mite—not comprehend the heaven."

It is very true, that for man to be endowed with microscopic vision would be a curse instead of a blessing; but it is also true that he who desires to extend his knowledge of the Creator of the heavens may both usefully and profitably employ himself even in the inspection of a mite, and that he can draw from the minutest objects around him arguments of power and wisdom equalling those of the philosopher whose studies penetrate almost into the outer boundaries of the universe. It is certainly a remarkable fact in the history of natural science, that those studies which

had reference to the minuter portions of the creation of which we form a part have often and long been held up to general ridicule, as though there were something akin to insanity in their prosecution. The science of entomology, dealing, as it chiefly does, with small objects—with mites, atomics, and flies—shared largely in this not-overwise sort of persecution. A certain noble personage (Lady Granville) was accounted a confirmed lunatic in consequence of her devotion to this science, and an attempt to set aside her will was made upon this ground alone. The great naturalist Ray appeared as a witness to her sanity. The revelations of the microscope had no charm for those who laughed at the minute philosophers, and a general discredit long overhung the entire range of natural science relating exclusively to things unseen by the unaided eye. Yet it is deserving of remark, that all objects created by the skill of man of an unusually minute size were at this very time held in higher esteem than perhaps at any former or subsequent period of history. If we would see men packing art into a nut-shell, and rejoicing in the tiniest mechanisms which years of toil enabled them to produce, we must look into the annals of the time when the study of the minute things of nature underwent a perpetual charge of folly, and lay under obloquy and contempt. The same persons who were enchanted with an "Æneid" in a walnut, or a watch in a ring, had no taste for what the microscope taught them of the wonders of the world of little things which floats around us. At the time that public curiosity considered minute organisms too despicable to demand its notice, men of science beheld in them a microcosm of new marvels—a world overlying, underlying, interpenetrating the great tangible world of things which men see, touch, and taste. At the same time also that the despisers of small things were perplexed at the stupendous destructions which visited their crops, their orchards, and stores, men of microscopical expertness beheld the cause itself in the tiny insect, or still more minute fungus, whose rapid propagation exhibited, in the effects produced, the importance of things thought to be insignificant. It is a striking, and in truth a humbling fact, that few of the great phenomena of nature are produced by great and visible causes. The white sea-wall of the southern coast of our island is not an aggregation of the remains of vast, but of the most minute and insignificant beings. The limestone rocks, which form no small part of our planet's crust, were the result of organic agencies—were never formed by creatures so great as an elephant—nay, even so large as a bird—but of little atomics which would perish by hundreds under the foot-tread of a man. The same is true of the rocks of coral—the masonry, not of the great leviathan of the deep, but of a humble animal of the minutest size. Humble, mean, even microscopic, are those beings honoured of God in the construction of so large a portion of our solid earth. By the agency of animalcules and infusoria He has done a work of inconceivable vastness and extent. Yet the science which reveals to us these facts is that which, in common with the things of which it deals, has been the subject of so much contempt and neglect at the hands of men. The world has to learn, and in our day it is only beginning to be taught the fact, that the microscopic life which teems in the ocean, on the land, and in the air, plays a far higher and more important part in the economy of creation than has hitherto been assigned to it. And science is hourly instructing us in a lesson to which

we are singularly averse—that those things which seem to us great and notable in the operations of nature, are immeasurably surpassed in force and extent by those which, without the microscope, cannot be seen at all, at least in their individual states. Cowley tells us, “I love littleness almost in all things—a little convenient estate, a little cheerful house, a little company, and a very little feast!” But the microscopical observer loves littleness because, without a paradox, it is in its combined state the source and even the cause of the greatest phenomena in the visible world, and because it reveals to him the evidence of that Creative Power before whom great and small are terms without meaning. The French writer’s seeming paradox is one which is full of deep meaning and truthful application. “If,” says he, “the Author of Nature is great in great things, He is exceeding great in small ones.”

Roger Bacon, to whom are attributed so many discoveries affecting the present position of science and the welfare of mankind, is held by some to be the inventor of this valuable and now important instrument—the microscope. While at Oxford, he is said to have constructed a glass which exhibited such curious things, as to have gained for him the unenviable reputation of dealing with supernatural agencies. By others it is attributed to Jansen, a spectacle-maker of Holland. One of the instruments made by this optician came into the possession of Cornelius Dubbel, mathematician to King James II., who immediately began to make similar ones, and called the invention his own. A microscope at this date had the following rather extraordinary dimensions:—It was 6 feet long, 1 inch in diameter, consisting of a gilt copper tube, supported on brass pillars, the base being ebony, and embellished with a couple of dolphins! It was, in fact, a transmogrified telescope. Galileo seems to have deserved, but has somehow missed, the honour of being considered the inventor of the microscope. Hooke was among the earliest and best of English microscopical observers. At the request of the Royal Society he published a curious folio volume entitled “*Micrographia, or some Physiological Descriptions of Minute Bodies made by Magnifying Glasses.*” The reader will feel interested to learn one of the first-recorded “observations” made by the microscope in his hands. He observes that as the geometrician begins with a point, so it seemed natural for him likewise—and accordingly he began *with the point of a needle*. This interesting object is engraved for the satisfaction of the curious. Hooke appears first to have perceived the vast difference which this instrument reveals to us between the works of man and those of God; and he shows in a clear and satisfactory manner that works of art, however exquisite, when examined by an organ more acute than that by help of which they were made, disclose to us the fact, that the more we see of their shape, the less beautiful they appear; whereas in the works of nature the deepest discoveries reveal the greatest excellencies. Hooke becomes very facetious over the edge of a razor as seen under his microscope, and the whole of observation the second is occupied therewith. The rest of the volume deals with some more scientific topics; and the excellent plates which embellish it, doubtless must have impressed the minds of the learned with the fact, that an instrument was now in process of being applied to science which promised to unlock many of her hidden treasures.

In Hooke's time, one Divini of Rome made what may be appropriately called a huge microscope! It was nearly a foot and a-half long, was as thick as a man's thigh, and had an eye-glass as large as the palm of the hand! Subsequently Leeuwenhoek gave a new impulse to microscopical study by his magnificent discoveries. He used small double-convex lenses, which he made himself. Each of his microscopes was adapted only to one or two objects. They were made of silver, and he possessed some hundreds of them. He bequeathed a quarter of a hundred to the Royal Society. Sir Isaac Newton exercised his powerful mind upon the perfecting of this instrument, and is said to have invented a compound reflecting microscope, which he recommended to be used with a single-coloured light—such as a yellow. While attention was thus kept upon the subject, a curious little fact was dropped upon by a Mr. Gray: he found that a drop of water, placed over a hole in a piece of brass, instantly assumed and maintained the spherical form, and thus constituted an excellent lens! Water-microscopes were now employed. This discovery has lived to the present time, and books on popular science not unfrequently mention the fact.

In 1738, Dr. Nathaniel Lieberkuhn of Berlin invented the solar microscope. This was an apparatus which for a time excited great attention; but subsequently it was found to be inapplicable to the purposes of observers in microscopical evidence. Great wonder and astonishment were created at the exhibition in London of the magnified images of objects projected upon a screen of paper, and the microscope was thus for the first time made a means of displaying, to a large number of observers at once, the hidden wonders of the little things around them. Lieberkuhn also invented the concave silver speculum, which is still employed for the inspection of opaque objects, and is known by its illustrious discoverer's name. Simple and compound microscopes became subsequently extremely common, and they were generally supplied with a set of little objects in ivory slides, which formed the chief part of the microscopist's study and exhibition in those days. "He who could exhibit these objects well," says M. Quekett, "was considered a proficient in the art." The microscope was still in its non-achromatized state, and when used in the compound form, a prismatic halo was seen to surround every object seen through it. The simple microscope, in which this defect was imperceptible, was consequently chiefly used, though with a great loss of light, in consequence of the very small diameter of the lenses employed, and the shortness of their foci. To remedy this, precious stones were employed to form lenses. The diamond, from its peculiar properties with respect to light, appeared specially applicable for this purpose, but the labour of grinding it was immense. Mr. Pritchard had the annoying misfortune of having nearly completed a minute lens out of a brilliant, when it disappeared, and could nowhere be found. A rose-diamond was then selected, and the labour commenced anew, and this time with a successful issue—the patient operator having, after prolonged toil, the satisfaction of being the first to look through a diamond microscope. Lenses of garnet and other precious stones were subsequently made, and the results were highly satisfactory: but the labour and expense incurred in their manufacture proves an insuperable barrier to the employment of such materials in the advancement of microscopical science. Fortunately the invention of the compound achromatic instrument supplies at

once a vastly superior microscope, and at a cheaper rate. Among other important matters relating to microscopic instruments, the invention of what are called doublets deserves to be specially noticed. As improved by Wollaston, this instrument, or one substantially similar, forms one of the most powerful combinations at present in use, next to the compound achromatic microscope itself.

The introduction of the principle of achromatism in the construction of microscopes forms so important a part of the history of the science, that we are justified in a simple endeavour to explain what is meant by this term, which is now coming into general use. The rays of light, when collected by a lens, and transmitted through it, are differently affected in their passage through the glass. Some are more, some less bent out of their course than others; consequently all the rays of light are not brought to one and the same focus. Those which pass through the outer edges of the lens are much more bent aside, and brought to a nearer focus, than those passing through its centre. This defect is called spherical aberration. But there is another, and not less important defect, which has received the designation chromatic aberration, and the correction of which, no less than that of the former, was an essential element in the construction of a perfect microscope. By chromatic aberration is implied that difference in the refrangibility of the different prismatic rays, or coloured rays, which causes some of them to come to one focus, and some to another. If all united in a common focus, after passing through a lens or a combination of lenses, the colours would not be seen, and the light would be perfectly white. On this principle the construction of what is termed an achromatic lens depends. It is an optical arrangement of glasses, which unites into a common focus those primary rays of red, blue, and yellow, which, when combined, and mixed in certain proportions, constitute white light. The defect of spherical aberration is overcome by a combination of two lenses of different forms. But the defect of chromatic aberration is overcome by a combination of lenses of a different density, and consequently exercising different properties over light transmitted through their substance. In the construction of the achromatic lens, glass of different kinds is used. One lens is of crown-glass, which has a comparatively low refractive and dispersive power over the rays of light; the other is of flint-glass, which has a higher refractive and dispersive power than crown-glass. These lenses are consequently capable of correcting each other, if we may so speak; and the result is, that a perfectly white light is perceived through them. When not only the chromatic, but the spherical aberration of the rays is to be corrected, two or three lenses are employed. The following description of the state of the compound microscope, prior to the introduction of these improvements, will give an idea of its imperfections, and of its total inapplicability to the purposes of science:—"The image formed by the object-glass," says Mr. Ross, "was not a simple one, but made up of an infinite number of variously coloured and variously sized images. Those nearest the object-glass would be blue, and those nearest the eye-glass would be red—the effect of this being the production of so much confusion, that the instrument was reduced to a mere toy, although these errors were diminished to the utmost possible extent by limiting the aperture of the object-glass, and thus restricting the angle of the pencil of light from each point of the

object. But this proceeding made the picture so obscure, that, on the whole, the best compound instruments were inferior to the simple microscopes having a single lens, with which, indeed, almost all the more important observations of the preceding century were made." The application, however, of the principles of constructing an achromatic lens was an extremely difficult undertaking, and long defied the skill of many of the most eminent in science. The extreme smallness of the lenses formed one of the chief difficulties. "When it is considered," says Dr. Carpenter, "that in the highest powers now made, the largest of three pairs of lenses is very little larger than a pin's head, and the smallest is much smaller than a pin's head, we can easily understand the difficulty of producing the required achromatic corrections in these cases, and admire the marvellous mechanical skill and precision of hand, as well as correct knowledge in the maker, to produce the perfect correction required. The aperture of one-sixteenth of an inch is not more than would be made by the prick of a small pin, and yet through that small hole the most perfectly distinct and beautiful images could be produced, which reveal the most extraordinary structures in bodies that were previously considered to present no mark or indication of structure whatever. A compound achromatic microscope, as now constructed by the best makers, consists, so far as the optical part of the apparatus is concerned, essentially of a reflecting mirror, of the object-glasses or magnifying powers, and of the eye-pieces. Each eye-piece consists of two plano-convex lenses, placed at a distance from each other equal to half the sum of their focal lengths. The lens next the eye of the observer is called the eye-glass, while that the most distant is called the field-glass. The field-glass contracts the size of the picture, by bringing together the rays of light, and so enables a larger part of it to be seen at once than would otherwise have been the case. The best achromatic object-glasses consist of two or three compound lenses, which are fixed in a separate tube. An idea of the amount of labour, skill, and care requisite in the construction of this small but vital part of the apparatus may be formed from the fact, that the highest-power object-glass is sold at about £12; and six or seven object-glasses of lower powers, and consequently somewhat lower cost, are the adjuncts of every first-rate instrument. From £60 to £70 sterling is the value of a first-rate compound achromatic microscope, supplied with its necessary accessory apparatus."

It is time our attention were now directed to the application of this beautiful and perfect instrument to the revelations of the minute and invisible worlds of life which surround us, and which populate alike the thin air, the waters, and the dry land. In attempting to furnish a sketch of what the microscope has disclosed us concerning the minute world of organic life, which we have spoken of as interpenetrating, overlying, and surrounding the larger worlds of visible and tangible organization, and also its revelations of the minute structure of bodies, it is necessary to adopt a somewhat desultory arrangement of facts. Our endeavour will be to furnish an outline of the most remarkable of these discoveries, accompanied with such instances of the application of the microscope to the purposes of science and of every-day life as appear the most interesting. Let us take a glance at what this wonder-working

apparatus reveals to us of the structure of the solid crust of our globe. In 1839, Professor Ehrenberg communicated to the Natural History Society of Berlin the remarkable fact of his having discovered a bed of earth which the microscope revealed was composed almost wholly of living infusoria. This formation is situated in Berlin itself, and extends to twenty, and in some localities, it is said, even to sixty feet in depth, in the form of a funnel. It is situated at a depth of about fifteen feet. It is composed in about two-thirds of its mass of minute siliceous infusoria, of which the most astonishing fact concerning is, that a very considerable portion is still living and breeding. The organisms cannot come in contact with the air for the purpose of oxygenation in any other way than by the water which percolates through the mass; yet life is sustained, and apparently actively carried on, in this enormous population of microscopic beings. Twenty feet below the pavement of this city lies the city of the infusoria; and the bustle of human life, thick and crowded above, bears no comparison to the intensity of that below, where in a few cubic feet are contained billions more than the population of the city of men. In some quarters of Berlin the solidity of buildings is actually endangered by this bed of living beings. About the same period, a mass more than twenty feet in thickness of light siliceous earth was found near Ebsdorf, in the neighbourhood of Lüneburg in Hanover. This bed is covered with one of peat earth only one foot and a-half thick. The upper stratum is about ten feet thick, and is very white; the under one is coloured, and is about the same thickness. On examination by the microscope, it was found that these beds not only contained the minute shields of invisible infusoria, but actually consisted of them. These coverings were in a beautiful state of preservation, and were recognised as identical with those of infusoria living in the ponds in the neighbourhood. Individually, it need scarcely be said that they were wholly invisible to the naked eye. On the discovery of these interesting facts, other observers set to work, and in a short time a mass of microscopic intelligence was received relating to these beds, composed of the bodies or coverings of individually invisible beings. In Virginia there are extensive beds of siliceous marl, which consist in the main of the shields of infusoria. When a few grains of this earth are examined with a good microscope, forms of exquisite beauty and variety reveal themselves. In fact, the slightest stain left by the evaporation of a drop of slightly muddy water teems with these beautiful forms of minute existence. The towns of Richmond and Petersburg in Virginia are built upon the bodies of infusoria; the strata being several yards in thickness. The polishing powder commonly called Tripoli, and largely employed in the arts for polishing metals, furnishes us with another wonderful evidence of the vast accumulation of microscopic forms of being. This substance is obtained from Bilin in Bohemia; but it is also found in other places. It forms a series of beds fourteen feet thick, and is entirely composed of the siliceous shields of infusoria. These shields are in a state of very perfect preservation, and are supposed to have been exposed to the action of a high temperature, by which all organic matter has been driven out. It is said that a single druggist's shop in Berlin consumes yearly more than twenty hundredweight of this substance, and yet the supply is by no means exhausted. What an idea does it give us of the immensity of microscopic

life, to learn that a cubic inch of this polishing-slate, weighing 220 grains, contains upwards of forty thousand millions of individual organisms!

Of the minute dimensions of these animals, the powers of ordinary language fail in conveying an approach to an adequate idea. Yet their organization is by no means simple. They possess several stomachs and a mouth. They are furnished with a number of movable processes called cilia, millions of times more minute than the most delicate hair of the human head! Some of them possess the most exquisitely carved and sculptured shields, consisting of a perfectly pure and colourless flint or silice. The pattern on these shields is distinct and constant for the same species; and they can thus be classified and arranged. Yet the field of the microscope is to one of these beings pretty much what England would be to a single man. Of the most minute of these wonderful beings it would require more than ten millions of millions of individuals to fill the space of a cubic inch! Within how small a compass can the Almighty Author of life enshrine that principle! "We have been accustomed," says Dr. Mantell, "to associate the presence of vitality with bodies possessing various complicated organs for the elaboration and maintenance of the energies of existence; but here we see perfect and distinct creatures in the condition of single globules and cells, that live, and move, and have their being, and increase in numbers with a rapidity so prodigious, and in modes so peculiar, as to startle all our preconceived notions of animal organization.

Ehrenberg's discoveries in the same direction—namely, in the influence of microscopic life in the formation of vast deposits—lead to still more important conclusions. In 1839, he instituted special researches upon the form of the harbour of Wismar in the Baltic. The result of his investigations shows that from one-twentieth to one-fourth of the mass of deposited mud consisted of living infusoria in part, and partly of the empty shells of dead ones! In this harbour it appears that every week there is deposited upwards of 200,000 lbs. of mud. During the last hundred years there have been deposited by the running waters at Wismar 3,240,000 hundredweight of this mud. About one-tenth of this deposit consists, on the average, of infusorial animalcules! At Pillau, M. Hagen found that often half the entire volume of mud consists of infusoria. He calculates that at this place not less than from 7,200 to 14,000 cubic metres of pure microscopic organisms are annually separated from the waters, and deposited in the form of mud. In the course of a century this would form an accumulated deposit of from 720,000 to 1,140,000 cubic metres of infusory rock, or Tripoli stone. Ehrenberg pursued his inquiries, with his all-revealing microscope, upon the mud of the Nile, the fertilizing properties of which have for ages attracted the notice of mankind. In all the specimens he has examined, he has found that infusory animalcules—beings of microscopic size—exist in such vast abundance, that there is not a particle of the soil left by the retiring waters of the size of half a pin's head which does not contain one, and frequently many, of these animals. How striking the idea thus furnished to us! From time immemorial, it has been customary to attribute much of the fertilizing influence of these deposits to their chemical constituents derived from degraded rocks, or to decaying vegetable remains. Yet the microscope has told us, on the contrary, that it is to neither of these causes that this effect is chiefly attributable, but

rather to the multitudinous accumulation of infinitely minute living forms of animal life, wholly undiscernible to the naked eye in themselves, but in the mass constituting no insignificant portion of the solid soil. Truly it is an humbling thought for man—as year by year he plies his huge dredging machines, summoning the aid of steam, and the appliances of mechanism, to remove an aggregation of beings thousands of which would lie on the end of his finger—to reflect that he is put to all this labour and cost by the most insignificant objects in the whole range of creation! The microscope, which discloses these particulars, also seems to promise to be of service in the purposes of agriculture. The deposit of all rivers and irrigation are not always successfully resorted to by the agriculturist. Probably this instrument would inform him whether the deposit in the muddy waters of the river were suited, or otherwise, to the necessities of his fields. Particles of the mud of various rivers in many parts of the globe were sent to Ehrenberg for examination by his microscope, and it may convey an idea of the skill of this observer, and of the delicacy of microscopic research, when it is stated that though these particles did not in many instances exceed the twelfth of an inch in thickness, yet that several hundreds of distinct species were accurately made out.

Yet wide as is the prevalence of microscopic animal life, coextensive as it is with the realms of nature, the minute forms of what are now considered to be vegetables are scarcely less abundant, nor their influence and importance in the operations of nature less intense.* The microscope, when applied to the investigation of the green scum of a stagnant wayside pool, or to the mud of the ocean itself, tells us of a world of what are now considered to be vegetable forms, full of marvellous thought for us. Those plants which are included in this microscopic world are divided by botanists into two families, of which the one called *Desmidiæ* exclusively inhabit fresh water; while the others, or *Diatomaceæ*, are principally marine. Most unlike plants are these singular creatures! And indeed the zoologist and botanist have scarcely yet ceased their disputations as to which science has the strongest claim upon them for its own. From very recent researches it appears, however, that the botanists have got the best of the day; the *Desmidiæ* and *Diatomaceæ* are now exclusively their own. In shape they resemble mathematical figures of microscopic dimensions rather than vegetable organisms. They form circles, parallelograms, triangles, to the utter overturning of our ideas about the line of beauty as applied to organized beings. From their property of withdrawing silica from its solution in the waters in which they are found, their bodies are indestructible; hence their constantly accumulating remains are gradually being deposited in beds under the waters of the sea, as well as in lakes and ponds. “At first,” says Dr. Harvey in his agreeable *Sea-Side Book*, “the effect produced by things so small—thousands of which might be contained in a drop and millions packed together in a cubic inch—may appear of trifling moment, when speaking of so grand an operation as the

* Most probably many of the minute forms which Ehrenberg has shown to be of such importance in the preceding details, and which he considers to be animals, belong to the two families *Desmidiæ* and *Diatomaceæ*.

deposition of submarine strata. But as each moment has its value in the measurement of time, to whatever extent of ages the succession may be prolonged, so each of these atoms has a definite relation to space, and their constant production and deposition will at length result in mountains. The examination of the most ancient of the stratified rocks, and of all others in the ascending scale, and the investigation of deposits now in the course of formation, teach us that, from the first dawn of animated nature up to the present hour, this prolific family has never ceased its activity. England may boast that the sun never sets upon her empire, but here is an ocean-realm whose subjects are literally more numerous than the sands of the sea. We cannot count them by millions simply, but by hundreds of thousands of millions. Indeed, it is futile to speak of numbers in relation to things so uncountable. Extensive rocky strata, chains of hills, beds of marl, almost every description of soil, whether superficial, or raised from a great depth, contain the remains of these little plants in greater or less abundance. Some great tracts of country are literally built up of their skeletons. No country is destitute of such monuments, and in some they constitute the leading features in the structure of the soil. The world is a vast catacomb of *Diatomaceæ*; nor is the growth of those old dwellers on our earth diminished in its latter days."

Dr. Hooker gives a remarkable account of the abundance of these microscopic vegetables—if such they shall be ultimately allowed to remain. The waters—nay, even the ice of the whole Antarctic Ocean, between the parallels of 60 and 80 degrees south, abound in them. In such countless myriads do they people these waters, disadvantageous though the external conditions appear to be to the multiplication of life, that the sea was everywhere stained of a pale ochreous brown; in some cases causing its surface, from the locality of the ships as far as the eye could reach, to assume a pale-brown colour. Though thus peculiarly abundant in the Icy Sea, these microscopic plants are probably uniformly dispersed over the whole ocean; but being invisible from their minuteness, can only be recognised when washed together in masses, and contrasted with some opaque substance. On this vegetation the whole of the animal kingdom which swarms in the waters of the Antarctic Ocean probably ultimately depends for its existence. What a link—rather what an amazing system of links—is that in nature which connects by an undis severable bond the microscopic plant with the immense forms of animal life which people the ocean! The death and decomposition of this minute vegetation—for it, too, like all terrestrial things, has its allotted period—are gradually producing a submarine deposit or bank of vast dimensions. It flanks the whole length of Victoria Barrier—a glacier of ice some 400 miles long; and it occupies an area of 400 miles long by 120 broad. All the soundings over this deposit—and the lead sometimes sank two feet in it—brought up nothing, or scarcely any thing besides *Diatomaceæ*. The Infinite Mind alone can enumerate the individuals lying in this deep sea-grave.

This is much; but this is not all that the microscope has revealed to us as to these wonderful plants. The *Diatomaceæ* perform long journeys through the air! They have been found floating in the atmosphere that overhangs the tropical Atlantic. Darwin, during the voyage of the *Beagle*, collected an impalpable dust which fell on Captain Fitzroy's ship when to

the west of the Cape de Verd Islands; and this, on examination with the microscope, proved to consist of the skeletons or framework of Diatomaceæ. These remains must have been ejected from some volcano then in activity. In consequence of their siliceous skeletons they resist the action of fire, and form with infusoria constituents of the pumice and ashes which are vomited from the burning crater. "In fact," says Dr. Harvey, "it is difficult to name a nook on the face of the earth, or in the depths of the sea, where they are wholly absent, either in a dead or living state; and their office in the general economy, besides affording food for the humble members of the animal kingdom, seems to be the preparation of a soil for a higher class of vegetables. This they effect by the minute division of the siliceous particles laid up in their tissues, and probably make this really insoluble earth (silex) more fit for assimilation by other plants. We must also suppose them endowed, like other vegetables, with the power of decomposing carbonic acid and liberating oxygen, and thus in countless myriads exercising no mean place in the household of nature. Like their mistress, these her humblest servants work in secret. We know not what we owe them. But continued as their existence is through all time, and dispersed as they are through every part of the world, even where the ice-bound sea is peopled by nothing else, we may rest assured that they perform some work which renders them worthy the care of a Providence who creates nothing superfluous."

Let us again return to the crust of the earth, and inquire in another direction what part minute organization of a different kind has performed in rearing up its massive substance. Let the reader mentally follow the track we shall point out to him, and endeavour, if he can, to estimate the cubic contents of such a mass of solid matter, if he would gain an idea of the importance of microscopic life in the work of creation. Commencing at Dover, or Beachy Head, follow the course of the North or the South Downs up to their point of junction in the east of Hampshire, where they are joined by another branch of similar downs commencing near Weymouth. These three chalk ranges enclose an area which includes all the north of Hampshire, and the larger portion of the south of Wiltshire. Yet this is not all. By the Marlborough Downs, by the Ilsey Downs and the Whitehorse Hills, the chalk runs into Oxfordshire, and continues, with some interruptions, through Buckinghamshire, Bedfordshire, and Cambridgeshire into Norfolk. Neither is this all. The lofty cliffs between Cromer and Huntanton, the Wolds of Lincolnshire and those of Yorkshire, all are chalk. Southward, let the tourist say how much of the Isle of Wight is chalk. Chalk along the coast, chalk in hills, chalk in valleys—chalk forms the Inkpen Beacon, Wilts, a thousand feet above the sea, chalk forms the Needles crumbling into it; all is chalk, nothing but chalk—chalk and flints! Yet stay—take up a pinch of the white mass, lay a particle of it no bigger than a pin's head on the field of the microscope, and what a startling spectacle discloses itself! The dust is thick with organized forms. All is shells and corals! The Needles are shells and corals—the Downs are shells and corals! Underneath the thin green turf of the Wolds lie shells and corals. The great Humber rolls over shells and corals. The white walls of England are—shells and corals.

Shakspeare's cliff is shells and corals. The waters which sweep round Margate, Ramsgate, and Dover, white as milk, are full of the remains of shells and corals! A million of shells and corals lie in a cubic inch of chalk! What inconceivable millions in a hill, and what in the whole range! And these of the most beautiful forms, all once replete with life! How large a part of England's southern and western coasts is made up of individual beings more minute than a pin's point! These minute beings—and the idea is still more strange—approach us in our homes. Do we whitewash our ceilings, it is with shells and corals! Shells and corals, it is said, come to us in our London milk! Shells and corals form the beautiful glazing of a lady's card, and oftentimes the ornamental covering of her work-boxes or show-books! The doctor sends us shells and corals in his physic, and the confectioner, as we are told, in his comfits! The microscope, skilfully applied, makes all this plain, and reveals to us in a language appreciable to the eye, though barely capable of being fully comprehended by the mind, how vast a share in the operations of nature the Creator has assigned to beings so infinitely minute.

The *Foraminifera*, of which these shells chiefly consist, swarm in inconceivable numbers in our present seas, and are constantly adding largely to submarine deposits. The individuals of a very minute species, called, from their resemblance to a grain of millet-seed, *miliola*, entirely compose several thick beds of a rock called *calcaire grossier*, in the neighbourhood of Paris. A cubic inch of this stone from the quarries of Gentilly contains, on an average, 58,000 of these minute shells, and the beds are of great thickness and considerable extent. "It may even be asserted," says Professor Ansted, "without fear of contradiction, that the capital of France, as well as the town and villages of the neighbouring departments, are almost entirely built of Foraminifera; and these little fossils are scarcely less abundant in other tertiary formations, extending in the south of France from Champagne to the sea; and being found also in the basins of the Gironde, and again in that of Vienna." Dr. Buckland has well observed that the remains of such animalcules have added a thousand times more to the mass of materials which compose the exterior crust of the globe than the bones of elephants, hippopotami, and whales.

It has long been known that in times of scarcity certain savage nations have been in the habit of eating earth, either by itself or mixed with their other food, in order to eke it out. Humboldt, in his recent edition of the "Aspects of Nature," makes the following observations upon this point:—"The earth which the Otomacs eat is an unctuous, almost tasteless clay, true potter's earth, (Ehrenberg detected infusoria in it,) of a yellowish-gray colour. They select it with great care, and seek it in certain banks on the shores of the Orinoco and Meta. They distinguish the flavour of one kind of earth from that of another—all kinds of clay not being acceptable to their palates. They knead this earth into balls measuring from four to six inches in diameter, and bake them before a slow fire until the outer surface assumes a reddish colour. Before they are eaten the balls are again moistened." During the intervals of the periodical swellings of the rivers the fishing is stopped,* and the Otomacs for two or three months are

* These savage people obtain their fish by shooting them, as they rise, with a bow and arrow with infinite dexterity.

deprived of their ordinary means of subsistence—fish and turtles. They then devour enormous quantities of earth. Humboldt found in their huts considerable stores of these earth-balls piled up in pyramidal heaps. An Indian will consume from three-quarters of a pound to a pound and a quarter of this food daily, and in fact it constitutes their main support during the rainy season. So partial do they become to this food, that even in the dry season, when there is abundance of fish, they still partake of some of these earth-balls, by way of a *bonne bouche*, after their regular meals. If an Otomac be asked what are his winter provisions—the term winter in the torrid parts of South America implying the rainy season—he will point to the heaps of clay in his hut. It is often found necessary in other tropical countries to shut children up, in order to prevent their running into the open air to devour earth after recent rain. “The Indian women,” says Humboldt, “who are engaged in the river Magdalena, in the small village of Banco, in turning earthenware pots, continually fill their mouths with large lumps of clay, as I have frequently observed, much to my surprise.” In Guinea the negroes are said to eat a yellowish earth, which they call *caouac*; and when they are carried as slaves to the West Indies, they even endeavour there to procure for themselves some similar species of food, maintaining that the eating of earth is perfectly harmless in their African home. It appears, however, that this luxury is not so harmless, for the West Indian planters forbid it to their slaves, whose health was becoming impaired thereby. Yet the treat could not be altogether forborne, and a species of reddish-yellow earthy substance was recently sold in the market of Martinique. So passionately fond do these poor creatures become of this singular food, that no punishment can prevent them from devouring it. In the island of Java, earth-cakes are sold as commonly as tarts in the streets of our towns in Britain. In Samarang, a species of edible earth is tastefully prepared in the form of tubes, resembling sticks of cinnamon; and in Popayan we are told that calcareous earth is sold in the streets as an article of food for the Indians. This is eaten together with the Coca, the leaves of a tree which have an intoxicating property. Humboldt remarks that this practice of eating earth is common throughout the whole of the torrid zone, among the indolent races who inhabit the most beautiful and fertile regions of the earth.

The practice is not, however, confined to the southern regions of the globe. In Finland, earth is mixed with the bread. It consists, says Humboldt, of empty shells of animalcules, so small and soft, that they break between the teeth without any perceptible noise. The inhabitants of Swedish Lapland are also in the habit of mixing with their food in times of dearth a peculiar substance resembling earth, which is found under a bed of decayed moss. This they call *Berg* or mountain-meal. On examination with the microscope, it has been found to consist almost entirely of minute organized forms, the presumed presence of organic matter in which has been considered to form the chief of the useful properties of the substance as an article of food. In a letter written to Stanislaus Julian by a Chinese missionary, an account is given of a substance called *Fossil-flour* by the Chinese. In times of great dearth it is sold at a certain rate per pound. It is used in the form of powder, mixed with wheat or rice-flour, and flavoured with salt or sugar. It was only had recourse to

in times of great scarcity. Those who partook of it generally complained of a weight at the stomach, and other uncomfortable feelings. It is said they could subsist on it, mixed with other food, for two months, when without it the same quantity of food would only last for one month. Examined by the microscope, this substance was also found to consist of the remains of organized beings. Thus, then, the microscope discloses to us the singular fact, ascertainable by no other means, that in these remarkable instances—that is, in all which have been carefully examined—of the adoption of a mineral food in times of scarcity, mankind in its rudest state have been singularly directed to a choice of a similar material.

While upon the subject of microscopic disclosures, allusion may be made to some, the singularity of which deserves our notice. On the 31st of January, 1687, a great mass of a paper-like black substance fell with a violent storm from the atmosphere near the village of Rauden in Courland. It was seen to fall, and after dinner was found at places where the labourers at work had seen nothing similar before dinner. This meteoric substance excited great curiosity at the time, but all attempts to unravel its constitution were unsuccessful. An able chemist considered it to be a meteoric mass. Some of this substance was deposited in the Berlin Museum, and lay there, its structure a problem to the learned. Ehrenberg at length took a piece of it, and applied the microscope to its elucidation—fortunately with a successful issue. It was found that this paper-like mass consisted of a compactly matted heap of minute organisms—a few *confervæ*, and about thirty species of *infusoria*. Thus, after a puzzle of more than 150 years, the microscope came to the aid of the learned, and in a few minutes solved the problem. In 1736, after an overflow of the river Oder in Silesia, a mass of paper-like substance was found which excited some attention, and was called Natural Paper. A portion of it was preserved in the library at Breslau. A little more than a century elapsed before its true nature was made out, and again by the indefatigable Ehrenberg with his all-penetrative microscope. This substance, which is called by Humboldt Natural Flannel, was found to consist of a filamentous tissue of *confervæ* and nineteen species of *infusoria*. A somewhat similar mass was recently found in one of our British rivers, and its true nature was ascertained in a similar manner. In a letter to the editors of the “Annals of Natural History” for 1839, a small piece of a curious substance resembling white dressed glove-leather was forwarded. It was found in a meadow at Schwartzenberg. The outside resembled fine paper in texture, or more nearly soft-dressed glove-leather; it had a glistening surface, and was smooth to the touch, and as tough in texture as ordinary unsized paper. The microscope unfolded its structure, and it was found to consist of a compact belt of *confervæ* bleached by the sun on the upper surface, and containing a number of siliceous *infusoria*. Vulgar superstition in a past age would have, and in all probability did attach a supernatural character to all these productions. How many a fairy-tale does science resolve into hard facts and ungilded expressions of truth; and the instrument which is at present occupying our attention has contributed its share to the dethronement of fiction and the erection of fact.

It has been seen what part—how vast and important!—microscopic life

has performed and continues to act in reference to the solid structure of the globe. It may be useful to suggest a few thoughts as to its multitudinous presence in the waters of the ocean. And here, not less than in other instances, the microscope enables us to perceive the truth and force of the expressions of the poet,—

“See through this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and bursting into birth.”

Before, however, we draw attention to a few facts connected with the abundance of microscopic life in the waters, it may be useful to make the reader acquainted with one or two members of this immense family, the individuals of which outnumber the sands, and the stars of heaven. The term infusoria, as applied to these minute forms of existence, may appear at first sight wholly out of place, since the existence of these minute creatures is as universal as the waters of the earth, and by no means confined simply to infusions of vegetable substances. Its origin is thus explicable. The presence of these microscopic organisms was first detected by that instrument in water containing vegetable matter; and for some time it was considered that they were peculiar to certain infusions. The name still remains, and is useful both as a general designation, and also as an historical record of the first revelation of the world of minute life in the waters. The characters essential to this group of organized life have been described to be the following:—Their bodies are destitute of true articulated or jointed limbs and locomotive members; their movements are performed by means of peculiar processes resembling minute hairs, called *cilia*, from their resemblance to those of the eyelash. These minute processes are arranged in different methods: in some they are distributed over the general surface of the body, in some they are arranged in zones or circles on its upper part, and in others they are disposed in a circle around the mouth or aperture of the digestive organs. The arrangement of these cilia, and the structure of the digestive apparatus, supply the elements for arranging infusoria. One class is called the many-stomached or *Polygastria*, the other the *Rotifera*, from their apparent rotatory movements when seen on the field of the microscope, giving to them somewhat of the appearance of a wheel revolving on its axis. The polygastric animalcules form a class which includes some of the most minute forms of animal life revealed by the microscope. Some, however, are visible to unassisted sight. Their home is the waters; and in these, fresh and salt, they often accumulate in such prodigious numbers, that the mind shrinks from applying the powers of figures to their calculation. Yet these minute beings, which the most powerful microscope just brings within the narrow confines of human perception, live, move about, and show a wonderful degree of vital activity. Their movements are all effected by the assistance of the tiny cilia; and when it is mentioned that some of the minuter forms of polygastric animalcules are actually less than the full stop of the present paragraph, an idea of the excessive minuteness of the locomotive apparatus of such a creature may be formed. So active are these cilia, and such bustling little creatures are those to whom they belong, that a most animated spectacle is presented to the eye in the examination of almost any drop of stagnant water placed on the microscope. The observed of all observers—whose

sight is sufficiently acute, we should add, are the active little members of the group called *monads*. There is something about these minute organisms peculiarly attractive to the microscopic observer. Beneath his eye, in the tiny drop of liquid which lies on the glass-plate below his object-glass, numerous little points are seen sailing gayly about and with the most *nonchalant* air, as though life went easily enough with them; now darting rapidly across, now leisurely moving from one spot in this mighty sea to another. Of such Ehrenberg has said that a selected drop of water may actually contain as many as there are men upon the surface of our great globe itself! These minute creatures are not destitute of colour. Some are apparelled in shining green, others in pink or yellow. Perhaps one of the most interesting of the group is that originally discovered—in spite of the imperfection of his instruments—by Leeuwenhoek. It was then thought to be a single animalcule, but it now appears that it consists in reality of a group enclosed in a little globular case. Each is a distinct individual, yet each, in some mysterious way, maintains an organic connection with its companions. This group of monads rolls round with a peculiar revolving movement as it passes across the microscopic field; hence its name—*volvox*. Within the outer case may be seen frequently six or eight small ones. These are young *volvores* preparing to come out into the world. This little colony, urged forward by its ciliary processes, passes from place to place in the waters, and effects all the functions of its narrow sphere of life as perfectly as if it were a group of beings of infinitely more importance and higher organization. It is a good illustration of the fact, that all the works of God are perfect. The smallest living object in the world is in itself, and for the part it is destined to perform in nature, as perfect as the largest. Night and day seem both alike to these polygastric animalcules. No matter to the monad whether the great luminary of the earth lights up the unwholesome waters in which its existence is carried on, or whether the darkness of night overlies them. Its circling movements seem never to be wearied, and appear to cease only with life itself.

The rotifera form a class not less interesting, and probably better known than the polygastric. The organization of these animalcules is much higher than that of the polygastric. They are found, however, in similar situations; and in almost every infusion of vegetable matter which has been allowed to decompose, the remarkable and beautiful Wheel-animalcule may after a time be discovered. This minute creature—*Rotifer vulgaris*—excited the most intense curiosity on its first discovery, in consequence of the surprising appearance it presented when viewed by the microscope. At the anterior part of the body the learned beheld two little organs exactly resembling wheels, and, like them, moving apparently upon their axes! The most minute investigation failed to render this phenomenon, which was as extraordinary for a living animal, as for a man's head to be always turning round on its axis—in a word, a motion of the kind seen, and which any reader may see if he will get a microscope and search for the creature in stagnant water, was impossible in an organized being, the union and connection of whose parts forbid the idea. Yet the motion existed, and remained long a puzzle to philosophers. It is now universally allowed to be an optical illusion. At the anterior part of the body of this animalcule, there are two circular rows of cilia rather larger in

size than those of the polygastria. The combined appearance of a number of cilia moving in a particular direction, and the alternate appearance and disappearance of the several processes as they move, contributes to impress the eye with the image of a wheel in motion. The object of this movement it is easy to see if we will sprinkle a little finely powdered carmine upon the water in which the animalcules are contained. If the coloured grains are watched, it will soon become evident that our rotifers are, though so minute, a very voracious set of creatures. The effect of the cilia is to produce such a current in the surrounding waters as to form a miniature whirlpool, and the grains are rapidly sucked into it. In this manner hundreds of unfortunate animalcules are drawn into the dangerous vortex, and yet more formidable digestive apparatus of the rotifer. Surprising though it may appear, this wheel-animalcule, not the thirty-sixth part of an inch long, possesses both jaws and teeth! Some of them have a very powerful pair of nippers, by which they seize and tear to pieces their living prey: and others have an equally efficient crushing apparatus, which reduces to pulp the bodies of luckless beings of the bigness of a needle's point, or smaller! The multiplication of the wheel-animalcules is extremely rapid. They are produced from germs. Some are viviparous, others oviparous; and twenty-four hours is a sufficient period for an individual to be born, be developed, and itself become a parent.

The revivification, as it has been called, of the rotifera has long engaged the attention of microscopical observers. That the bodies of these animalcules should retain the principle of life after the lapse of a considerable period, during which they remained to all appearance dead, appeared so startling, that few were disposed to believe it possible. Yet a number of experiments seemed to leave little doubt on the matter. Fontana, in his treatise on poisons, distinctly states that he succeeded in restoring to animation, after two hours' immersion in water, a wheel-animalcule which had lain in a dry and motionless condition for the space of two years and a half! More recently, a careful and experienced observer, Doyère, performed a number of beautiful experiments with the intention of elucidating this phenomenon. He comes to the result, that under certain circumstances these wonderful animalcules undoubtedly may be revived after remaining in an apparently dead state. He states that their dry and motionless forms may even be exposed for three or four weeks in barometric tubes in vacuo, so as to withdraw, one would suppose, every particle of moisture from them, and yet revivification will subsequently take place! It appears, in fact, that the sole condition necessary to their re-awakening is the perfect integrity of their organic structure and continuity. In Ehrenberg's great work on "Infusoria," this subject is fully entered into. He believes that notwithstanding all the means of desiccation employed, the organization-fluid still remains in the apparently dead animal. He contests the hypothesis of latent life; for death, he says, "is not life in a torpid state, but the absence of life." And Humboldt evidently embraces the same opinion, for he says, "the apparent revivification of the rotifera, and of the siliceous-shelled infusoria, is only the renewal of long-enfeebled vital functions—a condition of vitality never entirely extinguished."

Leaving the infusoria after this short special consideration of them, we

may apply the microscope to the waters of the ocean, as the astronomer his telescope to the unfathomable heavens, and with a very similar result. For as the one discovers in the depths and far out-lying regions of space worlds and spheres innumerable, so the other beholds, wide as the waters of the ocean roll, a world of minute organic life equally beyond his highest powers of enumeration. Scoresby throws out an idea as to the numbers of the minute forms of life in the Arctic Ocean, which has always appeared to us to furnish the most astounding view of this inconceivable multitude. In these seas the water generally—like all water free from earthy impurities—is of a deep ultramarine hue. But parts of it, often covering an area of twenty or thirty square miles, are rendered green, and even turbid, from the quantity of minute animalcules contained in them. It was found that these creatures extended down to the depth of 1500 feet. Now Scoresby estimates that it would require 80,000 persons, working unceasingly from the creation of man to the present day, to count the number of minute beings contained only in the space of two miles of that turbid water! What, then, must be the sum which shall represent the aggregate of organic life in the waters of the Polar Sea, where one-fourth part of the Greenland Sea, for ten degrees latitude, consists of water thus surcharged with animalcules! These organisms differ from those we have been just describing, and belong to the tribe of medusæ. On the coast of Chili, says Dr. Darwin, “a few leagues north of Concepcion, the *Beagle* one day passed through great bands of muddy water, exactly like that of a swollen river; and again, a degree north of Valparaiso, when fifty miles from land, the same appearance was still more extensive. Some of the water placed in a glass was of a pale-reddish tint; and, examined under a microscope, was seen to swarm with minute animalcules darting about and often exploding. They were exceedingly minute, and quite invisible to the naked eye, only covering a space equal to the square of the thousandth of an inch. Their numbers were infinite, for the smallest drop of water which I could remove contained very many. In one day we passed through two spaces of water thus stained, one of which alone must have extended over several square miles. What incalculable numbers of these microscopic animals! The colour of the water, as seen at some distance, was like that of a river which has flowed through a red-clay district; but under the shade of the vessel's side it was as dark as chocolate. The line where the red and blue water joined was distinctly defined. The weather for some days previously had been calm, and the ocean seemed to an unusual degree with living creatures.” Poeppig mentions his having observed a somewhat similar phenomenon near Cape Pilares. In this instance the bed of discoloured water was tinged of a reddish colour for a space twenty-four miles in length and seven in breadth. Seen from the mast-head, the sea assumed a dark-red tint, as though the blood of some marine monster the multitudinous waters did “incarnadine, making the green one red.” As the ship proceeded, the tint changed to a brilliant purple, and the wake of the vessel was a delicate rose-colour. The water is described as having been perfectly transparent, but small red dots could be seen in it moving in spiral lines. Even in the dark abysses of the ocean, at depths where hitherto it has been considered that the functions of animation could not be exercised, 6000 feet below the surface, the existence of minute organic life has been

distinctly proved in the recent antarctic voyage of Sir James Ross. Humboldt's remarks on this vast prodigality of animal life in the ocean are very pertinent to our subject:—"It is," he says, "still undetermined where life is most abundant: whether on the earth, or in the fathomless depths of the ocean. Ehrenberg's admirable work on the relative condition of animalcular life in the tropical ocean, and the floating and solid ice of the antarctic circle, has spread the sphere and horizon of organic life before our eyes. Siliceous-shelled *polygastria*, and even *coscinadiscæ*, alive with their green ovaries, have been found enveloped in masses within twelve degrees of the pole; even as the small black glacier flea and podurellæ inhabit the narrow tubules of ice of the Swiss glaciers, as proved by the researches of Agassiz. Ehrenberg has shown, that on some microscopic infusorial animalcules other species live parasitically; and that in the *gallionellæ* the extraordinary powers of division and development of bulk are so great that an animalcule invisible to the naked eye can in four days form two cubic feet of the Bilin polishing slate."

That natural phenomenon—beautiful in any latitude, but gorgeous beyond description in the tropics—the phosphorescence of the sea, appears due in great part to the light-emitting powers of innumerable hosts of minute animals sporting on the wave. Coleridge well describes this phenomenon in his "Ancient Mariner:"

"Beyond the shadow of the ship
I watch'd the water-snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they rear'd, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship
I watch'd their rich attire:
Blue, glossy-green, and velvet-black,
They coil'd and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire."

"Indelible," says the last-quoted world-renowned traveller, "is the impression left on my mind by those calm tropical nights of the Pacific, where the constellation of Argo in its zenith, and the setting Southern Cross, pour their mild planetary light through the ethereal azure of the sky, while dolphins mark the foaming waves with their luminous furrows." There has been much discussion as to the cause of this phenomenon; but the microscopist and the chemist seem to have settled it between them by a sort of compromise. For it now becomes apparent that it is due both—as the chemist affirms—to the decomposition of organic matter, (Schönbein says, by the agency of ozone,) and also to that power of emitting light which is the peculiar attribute of many marine creatures, and particularly, as the microscopist has discovered, of an innumerable host of tiny medusæ, and the ever-present infusoria. Ehrenberg adopted an ingenious method of procuring a collection of luminous infusoria. He passed a large quantity of fresh sea-water through a filter, and by collecting what was left upon it, he soon accumulated a vast number of these light-emitting creatures. The appearance of these minute torch-bearers of the seas, beheld on the darkened field of the microscopic, is highly interesting. A minute drop of an acid will irritate them, and cause the development of a mimic flash instantly. "When,"

observes Ehrenberg, "the *Photocharis* is irritated, in each cirrus a kindling and a gleaming of separate sparks may be observed, which gradually increase, and at length illuminate the whole cirrus, until the living flame runs also over the back of this nereid-like animalcule, making it appear under the microscope like a burning thread of sulphur with a greenish-yellow light. The manifestation of this wreath of fire is an act of vitality, and the whole development of light an organic vital process, which exhibits itself in infusorial animals as a momentary spark of light, and is repeated after short intervals of rest." This light has been generally considered to be electro-magnetic; and it has been well remarked, that if such is the case, these minute infusoria must be capable of an enormous electric tension of their organs, to enable them to shine so vividly in a medium which forms of itself such a powerful conductor of the electric energy. In addition to the light-emitting living organisms, the microscope has detected in phosphorescent water vast quantities of torn, jagged shreds of organic matter, probably the remains of medusæ, which shine by virtue of a chemical decomposition set up in all dead organic matter. When Humboldt and his companions bathed at Cumana, in the Gulf of Cariaco, and walked on the solitary beach on emerging from the waters, parts of their bodies remained luminous from the fibres and membranes which adhered to the skin, nor did they lose this luminosity for some minutes.

In addition to the diatomaceæ, the vegetable kingdom has also its minute representatives abounding in numbers infinite in certain seas. A very interesting fact in connection with this is the recently established one of the colour of the Red Sea being ascribable to the presence of an inconceivable multitude of minute vegetable bodies. The fact that these waters are in reality coloured has often been questioned, and travellers have denied that any such colour is present as to justify the application of the title. Others, however, have been more fortunate in witnessing the phenomenon, and their accounts fully confirm what history has long handed down to us—that a red shade of a very singular character is in reality present in the waters. Dr. Harvey ingeniously reconciles these conflicting statements, by supposing that the observations were not made at the same season of the year, for if the colour depends upon the presence of vegetable matter, it is highly probable that it will vary in degree at different seasons. That these waters are occasionally coated, says the same writer, with a scum of red colour, is certain, and portions of it have been brought home and carefully examined by several naturalists. M. Montagne, employing the microscope to the investigation of the subject, has given an elaborate account of specimens which were forwarded to him for examination, and has distinctly proved that the scum is entirely made up of very minute algæ, consisting of delicate threads, collected in bundles, and containing rings of some red matter within a slender tube. During the voyage of the *Beagle*, Darwin's attention was called to a reddish-brown appearance in the sea; the whole surface of the water, when viewed by a low microscopic power, seemed as if covered with bits of chopped hay with the ends jagged. These, on examination, proved to be minute algæ, and were of the same species with that found in the Red Sea. The numbers of these pelagic vegetables must be infinite. The *Beagle* passed through several bands of them, one of which was ten yards wide, and, judging from the mud-like colour of the

water, at least two and a-half miles long. Sailors give the phenomenon the name of "sea sawdust."

MM. E. Dupont and Montagne have given a curious account in the *Comptes Rendus* of the redness of the Red Sea, and its cause. "I entered the Red Sea," says one of these gentlemen, "by the straits of Babelmandel on the 8th of July, 1843, on board the Arabian steamer. On the 15th the burning sun of Arabia suddenly awoke me with its brilliancy unannounced by dawn. I was leaning mechanically out of the poop windows, to catch a little of the fresh air of night before the sun had devoured it, when imagine my surprise to find the sea stained red as far as the eye could reach behind the vessel! If I was to attempt to describe this phenomenon, I would say that the surface of the ocean was entirely covered with a close thin layer of fine matter, the colour of brick-dust, but slightly orange. Mahogany sawdust would produce such an appearance. When put into a white glass bottle, it became in the course of a day deep violet, while the water itself had become a beautiful rose colour. This appearance extended from Cosseir, off which we were at daybreak on the 15th of May, to Tor, a little Arabian village, which we made about noon the next day, when it disappeared, and the sea became blue as before. During this time we must have passed through about 256 miles of the red plant."

Leaving the domains of the waters, and the regions of the earth, let us direct a few thoughts toward a subject at present ill understood, but at the same time highly interesting—life in the air. It is to be remarked, however, at the outset, that it is inconceivable that any species of either vegetables or animals should constantly live in the air. While the earth is the great dwelling-place, and the sea the broad home of an innumerable multitude of those minute organisms to which we have directed attention, the air is merely a temporary residence to any of them. No animal or plant with which we are acquainted, however minute, can ever carry on the functions of life in the air. Vegetable and animal existence, in its minutest forms, has exclusively a relation to the earth or to the waters as the scenes in which the development and propagation of such life is to have its place. When, therefore, we speak of life in the air, we desire simply to express the fact—and a wonderful fact it is—that the atmosphere is at all times charged with minute and invisible particles of organic existence, which, upon falling on the earth, or into the waters, spring at once into activity. Regarding the manner in which such minute organisms are received by the atmosphere, there prevails some difference of opinion and much obscurity. A number of circumstances are, however, on record, which show that the force with which bodies are lifted into the air is abundantly more than adequate to account for the elevation of such light particles as the germs of a microscopie plant or animal. The records of meteorology teem with instances of the transporting powers of aerial currents, which render the matter positively certain. Thus we are told that even fish and similar substances have been carried up into, and then precipitated from, the atmosphere. On the 9th of March, 1830, in the isle of Ula in Argyleshire, after a heavy rain, numbers of small herrings were found scattered over the fields: they were perfectly fresh, and some not quite dead. In a town in France, some distance from Paris, a violent storm took place, and when

the morning of the day following broke, the streets were found strewed with fish of various sizes: the mystery was soon solved, for it was discovered that a fishpond in the vicinity had been blown dry, and only the larger fish left behind. Dust, ashes, frogs, and other such bodies, have also been lifted into and dropped from the atmosphere at different times and in different places. What marvel, then, if the thin and delicate structures which form the life-beginnings of an animalcule or a fungus should be for ever found floating around us, present under all circumstances, and ready, wherever opportunity offers, to drop and be developed into their highest activity?

We are too apt to regard the atmosphere as consisting only of air, forgetful of the innumerable organic particles—some living, or ready to live, and some dead—which float in the folds of its all-enveloping mantle. Humboldt's remarks regarding microscopic life in the air deserve extraction:—"Wheel-animalcules, and a host of microscopic insects, are lifted by the winds from the evaporating waters below. Motionless, and to all appearance dead, they float upon the breeze, until the dew bears them back to the nourishing earth, and bursting the tissue which encloses their transparent rotating bodies, instils new life and motion into all their organs. The yellow meteoric sand or mist (*dust nebulae*) often observed to fall in the Atlantic, and not unfrequently borne in an easterly direction as far as Northern Africa, Italy, and Central Europe, consists, according to Ehrenberg's brilliant discovery, of agglomerations of siliceous-shelled microscopic organisms. Many of these float, perhaps for years, in the highest strata of the atmosphere, until they are carried down by the Etesian winds, or by descending currents of air, in the full capacity of life, and actually engaged in organic increase by spontaneous self-division. Together with these developed creatures, the atmosphere contains countless germs of future formations; eggs of insects and seeds of plants, which by means of hairy or feathery crowns, are borne forward on their long autumnal journey. Even the vivifying pollen scattered abroad by the blossoms is carried by winds and winged insects over sea and land to the distant and solitary plant. Thus wheresoever the naturalist turns his eye, life, or the germ of life, lies spread before him." What an instructive lesson as to the universal presence of these minute invisible germs quick with life, and awaiting the combination of only a few simple circumstances to display their vital energies, is afforded us by simply exposing to the air a drop or two of water containing a very small proportion of organic matter in solution! It is one of the most wonderful spectacles in the world to behold, after a little lapse of time, the peopling up of this drop of fluid with living beings not to be seen in it before.

We shall content ourselves with a short review of a few of the more remarkable phenomena which reveal to us the fact, that the realms of air are peopled with germs and seeds of animal and vegetable life, which float upon every breeze, are wafted up and down the heavens, round and about the earth. The history of the extraordinary tribe of fungi supplies many singular instances of the presence in the air of innumerable particles ready to burst into life immediately upon their alighting on a suitable matrix. Nothing, in fact, is more wonderful than the apparent omnipresence of fungus-germs in the air. A morsel of ripe fruit, a little water spilt on

a crumb of bread, a drop of stale ink, a neglected bottle of medicine, afford ample evidence of the activity of this teeming life-world around us. In a very short time a delicate velvet-like covering envelops the decomposing mass, and presently acquires the utmost luxuriance of growth. What a scene is presented when we point the eye of the microscope to such objects! Myriads of delicate forms stand up in jaunty attitudes, rearing their delicate filaments over the decaying mass on which they are living in luxurious plenty. Beneath the observer's eye they multiply, they lengthen, they swell, they burst, and scatter their light and invisible germs into the ambient air! A wonderful race are the earth's scavengers—the fungi! Fries, the great fungologist, writing of them, says, "Their sporules are so infinite, (in a single individual of *Reticularia maxima* I have reckoned above 10,000,000,) so subtle, (they are scarcely visible to the naked eye, and often resemble thin smoke,) so light, (raised perhaps by evaporation into the atmosphere,) and are dispersed in so many ways, (by the attraction of the sun, by insects, wind, elasticity, adhesion, &c.,) that it is difficult to conceive a place from which they can be excluded." Germs of minute fungi are in the air we breathe, for they have been found living within the lungs of a living man: they are in the waters also, for a fungus envelops with its deadly folds the fish of our ornamental ponds, and suffocates them: they descend wherever an ingress presents into the bowels of the earth itself, for a luminous fungus lights the coal-mines of Dresden, and turns the regions of darkness into the semblance of a bejewelled and illuminated enchanter's palace.

The presence of minute forms of animal life in the air is not less certain than that of vegetables. The atmosphere at St. Domingo is described by Darwin as generally hazy, and this is attributed by him to the falling of an impalpably fine dust, which was found to have slightly injured the astronomical instruments. Darwin found no less than fifteen different accounts of dust having fallen on vessels when out in the Atlantic. From the direction of the wind whenever it has fallen, and from its having fallen during those months when the harmattan is known to raise clouds of dust high into the atmosphere, it appears probable that the dust chiefly comes from Africa. This dust, on microscopic examination, proved to consist in great part of infusoria, with some of the diatomaceæ. Yet, singularly enough, Ehrenberg could not detect in it many of the infusoria peculiar to Africa, while he found in it two species which hitherto he knew as living only in South America. This organic dust is described as falling in such quantities as to render dirty every part of the ship, and to create much annoyance and inconvenience to the eyes. Vessels are said to have even run ashore owing to the obscurity of the atmosphere. It has fallen on ships when several hundred, and even more than a thousand miles distant from the coast of Africa. A somewhat similar phenomenon was witnessed at Genoa on the 16th of May, 1846. Dust fell from the atmosphere after a storm, which was collected by Professor Pictet, and sent to Ehrenberg for microscopic examination. Ehrenberg found that it was in every respect identical with that met with off the Cape de Verd islands. Above forty species of microscopic infusoria were detected in it. Ehrenberg observes, that it is natural to suppose that these dust-clouds are of African origin;

but they contain, besides continental infusoria, several marine organisms, which are met with only in seas, and never in fresh water.

The phenomenon of coloured snow has long been familiarly known to those acquainted with popular science; and perhaps it may surprise some who have been accustomed to look upon the cause of its colour as of vegetable nature, to find it here noticed under the head of animal life in the air. It will be found, however, that both views—the vegetable and animal—of the colouring matter of red and green snow—are right when combined. Sir John Ross collected red snow upon a range of arctic hills rising about 800 feet above the level of the sea, and Sir W. E. Parry found the same phenomenon when investigating these regions in 1827. He had previously observed that the impressions of the loaded sledges were of that colour, but now he noticed that the footsteps of the party produced the same effect. Wherever heavy pressure was made upon the snow, the blood-like stain appeared, and every impression of their feet was tinged with crimson. Sometimes the colour was paler, approaching to a salmon hue. In March, 1808, rose-coloured snow fell in the Tyrol and Carinthia; and over Carnia, Cadore, Belluno, and Feltri, to the depth of nearly six feet. Green snow has also occasionally been seen. It was observed by Martins in Spitzbergen under the following circumstances:—The surface of the snow was natural, but the impressions of their footsteps displayed a coloured appearance, and a little depth below this the snow seemed as if it had been watered with a green decoction. When this snow was melted, the water was slightly tinged. The minute organization which all allow to be the cause of this phenomenon, must be present in such cases in inconceivable numbers. Upwards of two millions and a half of these bodies are required to cover a surface not exceeding a square inch! The colouring matter has been by some considered to be a microscopic member of the vegetable family—the *Algae*, and has been called accordingly *Protococcus nivalis*. On evaporation of the snow upon a piece of white paper, the colouring matter was left in minute granules; and on these being examined by a microscope, it was considered that distinct evidence of its vegetable nature was afforded. But the application of the same means of investigation has produced different results in other hands. In some red snow collected by Shuttleworth, above the line of perpetual congelation, he detected vast numbers of microscopic animals of exceeding minuteness and surprising agility. Several observers of the highest authority maintain that the supposed vegetable granules are in reality the ova of a rose-coloured rotiferous animalcule. It has been suggested by Martins, that in all probability the truth lies midway; and he conceives the colour to be due to the presence of innumerable vegetable cells enclosing fluid in which multitudes of infusoria find a nidus and support. The fact that the phenomenon, whatever its cause, reveals to us—namely, the existence of minute life in the highest regions of the air, and under circumstances where we should naturally suppose life and organization alike impossible—is of the highest interest.

Occasionally the indications of minute animal life in the air have assumed a more alarming character. The student of history must be familiar with the fact, that every now and then down the annals of time chroniclers have noted the appearance of blood-spots, or *signacula*, as they have been super-

otionously called. One of the most graphic accounts of a phenomenon of this kind is contained in Dr. Merle D'Aubigné's recently published work on the Reformation. "A widow chancing to be alone before her house in the village of Castelen Schloss, suddenly beheld a frightful spectacle—blood springing from the earth all around her! She rushed in alarm into the cottage—but oh horrible! blood is flowing everywhere—from the wainscot and from the stones! It falls in a stream from a basin on the shelf, and even the child's cradle overflows with it. The woman imagines that the invisible hand of an assassin has been at work, and rushes in distraction out of doors, crying murder! murder! The villagers and the monks of a neighbouring convent assemble at the noise. They succeed in partly effacing the bloody stains; but a little later in the day, the other inhabitants of the house sitting down in terror to eat their evening meal under the projecting eaves, suddenly discover blood bubbling up in a pond, blood flowing from the loft, blood covering all the walls of the house! Blood, blood—everywhere blood! The bailiff of Schenkenberg and the pastor of Dalheim arrive, inquire into the matter, and immediately report it to the lords of Berne and to Zuingle!" It is very evident that there is much in this account which is overdrawn. It is plain, for example, that the bubbling up of blood in the pond, and its flowing over the basin and cradle are mere figures of speech. Such never actually took place. A blood-like appearance was seen on and within the basin, and in the pond, and on the ground; but that was all. Evidently considerable alarm was excited; and fear, with dilated vision, saw more than nature presented. The cause of these blood-like spots has been generally considered to be found in the abundant and excessive development, under peculiarly favourable circumstances, of a little monad, (*Monas prodigiosa*.) It is always an unsatisfactory course to set down as false certain wonderful phenomena reported by history; and the microscope, among other instruments of science, comes acceptably to our aid. It admits the phenomenon, and explains the circumstances under which it is naturally conceivable it might have taken place.

Relinquishing the further consideration of these mysterious microscopic animal and vegetable worlds, it becomes us to inquire for what end they appear to have been created. For what wise purpose has He who makes naught in vain, peopled the waters, the earth, and the air with hosts innumerable of invisible animals and plants? It is to be confessed we are really ignorant. The conception, that they have relation to the minute organic particles of matter which abound in these kingdoms of nature—that they feed upon, and thus remove these effete atoms, preparing them for again entering into the round of animal or vegetable vitalities—deserves consideration, and may be accepted for want of a better and more perfect understanding of the true and proper functions of microscopic life. Professor Owen well expresses this idea in his lectures on the invertebrata. "Consider," he observes with reference to the infusorial animalcules, "their incredible numbers, their universal distribution, their insatiable voracity, and that it is the particles of decaying vegetable and animal bodies which they are appointed to devour and assimilate. Surely we must in some degree be indebted to these ever-active, invisible scavengers for the salubrity of our atmosphere. Nor is this all: they perform a still more important office in preventing the gradual diminution of the

present amount of organized matter upon the earth; for when this matter is dissolved, or suspended in water, in that state of comminution and decay which immediately precedes its final decomposition into the elementary gases, and its consequent return from the organic to the inorganic world, these wakeful members of nature's invisible police are everywhere ready to arrest the fugitive organized particles, and turn them back into the ascending stream of animal life. Having converted the dead and decomposing particles into their own living tissues, they themselves become the food of the larger infusoria, and of numerous other animals; and thus a pabulum, fit for the nourishment of the highest organized beings, is brought back by a short route from the extremity of the realms of organized matter. These invisible animalcules may be compared in the great organic world to the minute capillaries in the microcosm of the animal body, receiving organic matter in its state of minutest subdivision, and when in full career to escape from the organic system, and turning it back by a new route towards the central and highest point of that system." Dr. Young wrote, "How populous, how vital is the grave!" The microscope tells us how populous and vital is the entire earth—how life rises into the lofty regions of the air, and descends into the bowels of the earth, and into those profound abysses of the ocean where no eye but that of Him who formed these wonderful organisms can behold them in their fulfilment of the functions of their existence.

Before drawing our sketch of the microscope and its marvels to a close, it may furnish a practical illustration of the value of this instrument for the purposes of science, and indeed for those of commerce, if we supply a few notes relative to its application in these ways. A remarkable evidence of its applicability to the purposes of geological research, and an interesting illustration of the connectedness of narrative which an acute naturalist can form out of the most slender materials, is supplied to us in the celebrated discovery by Professor Owen of the phyllophagous or leaf-eating giants of the South American forests, who could uproot and haul down the loftiest members of a tropical forest, and at their ease strip them of their foliage—from the fragment of a tooth! An interesting and popularly intelligible account of this remarkable discovery, and of the method of its accomplishment, has been given by Dr. Carpenter, the substance of which well admits of reproduction in these pages. It is necessary to state that the manner in which the microscope led to this discovery was as follows:—When a human tooth is cut perpendicularly downward, and examined, the following structures are disclosed: the great mass of the tooth consists of a hard, bony substance resembling ivory, and called dentin. External to this is a layer of much harder material, forming what is termed the enamel. The dentin is characterized, on microscopic examination, by the passing of a series of tubes through its structure. Now, the arrangement of the structure of the teeth of different animals is by no means the same; and this difference in the arrangement of its structure constitutes, therefore, an important means of discovering to what group of animals any particular tooth may happen to belong. Seeing that such arrangement is always constant for the same group, we become enabled, on using the microscope, to determine with some precision to which group the animal from which the

specimen of dentin was taken originally belonged. Thus a fragment of a tooth, examined by this beautiful apparatus, conveys to us the most satisfactory knowledge as to the character of its possessor, even though we should be in possession of no other part of its body than a fragment of its tooth, which might not exceed the twelfth of an inch in size! The teeth of the megatheria—that great extinct race of sloths, transcending in size the modern sloths as much as an elephant a pig—have their peculiar type. The tooth is continually growing from a pulp at the base, so as to repair the waste of material caused by its constant employment. Its structure, on examination with the microscope, was discovered to be precisely analogous to that of the sloths of the present day. The tooth was not calculated to grind down very hard substances, and the present race of sloths are well known to live upon the soft shoots and leaves of trees.

Let us now trace this ingenious process of scientific induction, and see what had been established. The fossil tooth, on examination by the microscope, proved that its possessor belonged to the family of sloths. But its enormous size, in comparison with the teeth of recent sloths, also proved that the creature must have been vastly superior to the present sloths in size and strength. The tooth was a vegetable-crushing sort of tooth, not hard enough to grind down roots, but very suitable to crush leaves and sappy shoots; consequently, as modern sloths live upon such a pabulum, so must also this ancient monster, despite his immense size. But now arose a new difficulty. How was this enormous brute to climb trees in order to get at their tender shoots and leaves? What tree could support so great a weight? Reasoning upon these facts, and upon the habits of the animal, Professor Owen was led to work out a most curious train of investigation, which led to the most complete history of the habits of any fossil animal differing so widely from the animals of the present time that had been ever given to the world, from the material supplied to the anatomist. By its enormous digging-forefeet (for there was no question that they were organized for digging) it burrowed down and excavated beneath the roots of trees, and then rearing itself up upon its hindlegs and tail, as upon a tripod, it pushed against the tree, swaying backward and forward until the tree fell; then it browsed upon the leaves and young shoots, until it had completely stripped them.

The most curious part of the tale has yet to be told. Professor Owen was explaining to Dr. Buckland, who advocated the theory that the megatherium fed upon roots, his views upon the subject, when the latter remarked that if the new account of its habits were correct, then very probably the animals would be killed by the fall of the trees. Professor Owen replied that their gigantic strength might possibly push the tree down in a direction from them, and that they would have sufficient instinct to get out of the way. Singularly enough, the very next specimen that was brought home from South America, and now deposited in the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, showed a *very large fracture in the skull of the animal*—a fracture of such a kind as to prove that it had taken place during the life of the animal, and had reunited again. The fracture was one the animal must have received from such an accident as a tree falling upon its head: but being provided with a very thick skull, of which the brain only formed a small portion, it escaped vital injury, perhaps lay

insensible for a time, but afterward led a long and active life, and probably died from some very different cause.

The wide range of palæontological and geological science to which the microscope may be made to render service, cannot be better indicated than in the words of that philosopher who experienced this remarkable success in its employment. "When," he observes, "we submit to the microscope the structure of a piece of drift-wood, buried from ancient times in the eocene-clay deposits of the great estuary of the diminished but still noble river (the Thames) that flows past our metropolis—when conditions of the vegetable structure are detected in the fossil, to which the nearest approach is made in the ligneous tissue of that family of plants from which the pepper of commerce is obtained—do we not derive from such a comparison a conviction that these primeval *Piperaceæ* must have co-existed with the vultures, turtles, crocodiles, and boa-constrictors of Sheppey, under atmospherical conditions more nearly approaching to those of a tropical climate than any dependent on the mere equalization of temperature, little if at all superior, in the average, to that which now prevails in the south of England? And if the microscope is thus essential to the full and true interpretation of the vegetable remains of a former period, it is not less indispensable to the investigation of the fossilized parts of animals. By the microscope, the supposed monarch of the saurian tribes—the so-called *Basilosaurus*—has been deposed, and removed from the head of the reptilian to the bottom of the mammiferous class. The microscope has degraded the *Sauropscephalus* from the class of reptiles to that of fishes." In fact, the hammer and the blowpipe are not so essential to the geologist as is the microscope; and there can be little question that advancing time will display still newer and more extraordinary evidences of the vast fund of information upon the sciences in question this apparatus is capable of opening up.

At the meeting of the Microscopical Society on April 26, 1848, a most curious paper was read by Mr. J. Quekett, upon the application of the microscope to a very singular sort of antiquarian research. Early in the month of April, 1847, Mr. Quekett was asked by Sir Benjamin Brodie whether it were possible to determine if skin which had for many years been exposed to the air, were human or not? He replied in the affirmative, if any hairs were present. It was then mentioned that Mr. Albert Way was very desirous of ascertaining whether certain specimens of skin stated to have been taken from persons who had committed sacrilege, and which for centuries had been attached to the doors of churches, were unequivocally human. Subsequently, a communication from Mr. Way, containing a specimen of skin, together with an account of the tradition which narrated the circumstances of its having been taken, was made to Mr. Quekett. The tradition, which resembles many others of a similar kind, exists in Worcester, that a man having been caught in the act of committing robbery in the cathedral, was flayed, and his skin nailed upon the doors as a terror to the sacrilegious. The doors have been recently replaced by new ones, but they are still to be seen and a portion of the skin which was found under the iron hinges and clamps of the door was submitted to microscopical examination. With a power of a hundred diameters, it was found that the skin was really human, as it had two hairs on its surface, and very probably the unfortunate wretch from whom it had been taken had light hair! A piece of skin,

traditionally given to a Danish pirate, existed for nine hundred years on a door of a church in Essex. In 1848 the microscope revealed the fact, that it was in all probability taken from the back of the Dane, and that he too was probably a light-haired individual. A more singular application of this instrument than that in question can scarcely be imagined. Besides showing its great scientific value in bringing to light otherwise hidden truths, these specimens establish the wonderful power of skin and hair to withstand for centuries atmospheric influences, and serve to point out that, next to the bones, they are the most durable parts of the human frame.

It might be thought that the science of chemistry was in itself complete, and needed no extraneous assistance; that the tests with which it has furnished itself are sufficient for all the purposes of scientific inquiry. And there can be little doubt that such is the case by any who have made themselves familiar with the progress of this splendid system of knowledge of late years. Yet while this is admitted, the microscope promises to furnish the chemical philosopher with a test-apparatus not inferior in the instances in which it is applicable to any with which he is acquainted. We can state from experience, that the corroborative testimony furnished by this instrument in chemical investigation is of the highest value. Let us take a simple instance. Some years since a continental professor of medical jurisprudence discovered the remarkable fact, that by certain manipulation small strips of copper ribbon might be made to supply a most delicate test for the presence of the acrid and virulent poison, arsenious acid—in common language, arsenic. The chemist whose aid was called in in a case of suspected poisoning, had simply to take some of the poisoned food or contents of the alimentary canal, apply his strips of copper ribbon, afterward collect the latter and dry them, and he would be able in the course of a few minutes to ascertain the guilt or innocence of the suspected party, and in the following singular but simple way:—The strips of copper were put into a clean glass tube, the flame of a spirit-lamp was applied to the bottom of the tube, and in a few minutes the arsenic, if any were present, crystallized in a brilliant zone around the upper end of the tube. Now, arsenious acid forms very beautiful crystals of an octohedral figure. The application of a microscope to this zone finished the proof—the octohedral figure became splendidly conspicuous—the evidence was complete. We have repeated these experiments many times, and the evidence thus afforded by the microscope has always appeared to us one of the most satisfactory of any in the whole range of chemical investigation.

Dr. John Davy, in a paper written in 1846, and published in the "Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal" and other periodicals, says that in his belief the time is not far distant when the philosophical chemist will require the microscope as much as, and even more frequently than, the balance, and that the one will be considered as essential to a laboratory of research as the other; and to the inquiring traveller, limited as to apparatus, more useful than any other single implement that can be mentioned hitherto attainable. Particularly in affording preliminary information as to the nature of the subject under investigation, this instrument will prove of the highest value. An instance of its application in this way is given by the same author. It is a disputed point whether those peculiar, and in many respects singular birds, the humming-birds, feed on insects or the sweet juice of flowers—

some naturalists maintaining that they live exclusively on the one, others that they live exclusively on the other. By repeated observation—first microscopical, afterward chemical—made on the contents of their minute stomachs, Dr. Davy ascertained that insects are their solid food, and that the sweet juice of the nectary of the flowers is the ordinary drink of these birds. The tongue of the humming-bird, projectile and bifid, is peculiarly fitted for taking insects; and when moist with a honied viscid lure, its power is even increased. In every stomach of this bird that Dr. Davy examined, he detected with the microscope parts of insects, and sometimes entire and living ones.

It appears that M. Orfila, the renowned toxicologist, was one of the first to apply the microscope to the elucidation of questions connected with medical jurisprudence. A very curious evidence of its importance in those investigations, in which the science of medicine has to be united with the study of the law, occurred in France in 1837. A murder had been committed under peculiar circumstances, and the corpse was found covered with blood, and wounded in several places. The murderer was wholly unknown. Suspicion at length fell upon an individual, whose house was immediately searched for evidences of the deed. But nothing was found calculated to implicate this person beyond a hatchet, on which were some stains and a few hairs. It was thought that a clue was now obtained to the discovery of the murderer, and the hatchet was submitted to microscopical investigation. M. Ollivier undertook the task, and in a short time he confidently declared, that so far as this evidence against the individual went, it was futile. The hairs proved, on examination, to belong to an animal, and not to man. The events of the trial fully confirmed this, and the evidence fell to the ground. At another period, it may be easily imagined how poor would have been the suspected person's chance of escape, against whom circumstantial evidence of such a nature could be brought! To the microscope, it is scarcely too much to say, this person was indebted not only for the declaration of his innocence, but for the preservation of his life. From a difference which physiologists well know to exist between the blood globules of animals and those of man, it would be possible by the assistance of the microscope to ascertain whether the blood on a dagger were human or animal, and thus to establish the fact whether or not it had been innocently or guiltily employed.

Some years ago it was publicly announced in Paris, that the milk-dealers in that city were adopting a wholesale system of adulterating milk, and one on an entirely new principle. It was stated that these ingenious artists—for so they must be called—first removed the cream of the milk, and then, in order to restore the richness of the fluid, added a certain quantity of the brain of the calf or sheep. This was afterwards denied by the paper that at first announced it, but failed to quiet a great portion of the population of Paris, who were thrown into great excitement about it, as the use of milk is almost universal among all classes. It became, therefore, of extreme importance to discover whether this adulteration actually took place. M. de Chaubry, in a memoir read before the Royal Academy of Medicine, asserted that by means of the microscope this adulteration, when present, could be certainly detected. When the brainy matter of the sheep or calf is added either directly to the milk, or in emulsion with water

in the proportion of 5 per cent., the physical properties of the milk—its odour, savour, colour, and density—are not so notably altered as to allow the adulteration to be at once perceived. But on microscopic examination the foreign matter was immediately detected. On employing a power of from 300 to 500 diameters, fragments of tubes known to form part of the cerebral substance were seen by the side of the ordinary milk globules. MM. Soubeiran and Henry confirmed these results; and it is to be hoped that the inhabitants of Paris reaped the benefit of the microscopical discovery. It may be interesting to a portion of our readers, to be informed that the instrument has been applied to milk for other purposes. M. Duvergie has written an interesting paper in the "*Bulletin de l'Academie Royale de Médecine de Paris*" on the microscopical examination of milk—with a view to the selection of nurses. His report has shown that there is great variety in the nutritient properties of the milk of different nurses, and points to an easy and simple method of ascertaining which is the best. The microscope has thus been called in as a mother's aid for her infant, and it has been determined by its means which of a number of candidates for the office of nurse should be selected. This is a discovery of great and practical importance, and one of which English medical men would do well to avail themselves in special cases.

The merchant is beginning also to appreciate the wonderful powers of discrimination furnished to him by this instrument. There can be no question that a most extensive system of adulteration is in practice in foreign countries, exporting their products for consumption in our own. Our tea is adulterated; our sugar is likewise largely adulterated; and as to drugs, it is a matter of extreme difficulty to procure really pure, unsophisticated articles. It may be important also to the agriculturist, to inform him that the new manure, guano, is almost constantly adulterated; and that of this fact, as to many of the others, the microscope may be made instrumental in the detection. Mr. E. J. Quekett has recently shown that it is perfectly possible to distinguish the Ichaboe guano from the Peruvian, while adulterations may with facility be almost immediately detected in it. The microscope has also been successfully employed in determining the composition of various fabrics. Thus armed, the purchaser can determine whether what he buys for linen-cloth is really made of flaxen fibre, or of a mixture of cotton and flax. In short, we are only at the commencement of a series of applications of this valuable instrument, which will in a short time become necessary to many who at present disregard its assistance. Medical men have long perceived its value; and it may truly be said, that to members of this profession we are indebted for many of our most valuable microscopic researches. "In conclusion," observes Dr. Davy in the paper before quoted, "this, it appears to me, may justly be said in commendation of the microscope in all its applications, that its tendency is equally to facilitate and increase the accuracy of observation, and hence to remove vagueness and give precision of views, and at the same time to add wonderfully to the interest of inquiry and to extend its sphere—in this respect having an influence in relation to subjects for chemical (and it may be added, for scientific) research resembling that of the most powerful telescopes in relation to the objects of astronomical research, both conducing, the one hardly less than the other, by the phe-

nomena they display, to excite in the mind of the philosophical inquirer feelings of admiration and of awe, and not less of humility."

No person can lay down the sketch we have here attempted to portray of the extent, importance, and variety of minute existence surrounding us, without feeling that the microscope has brought man into relation with a new world of organization—a world quick with vital energy, inconceivably abundant and incessantly active. Galileo, Newton, and Herschel have introduced man to the knowledge of a world of worlds infinitely great, glorious, and all-extending. But the instrument in question lays open to us a yet more wonderful field of study, and informs us of the existence of millions of minute beings, of which the unheeding multitude are as entirely ignorant as though they had never been created. The emotions which researches such as these excite in the mind are at once deep and humbling. "When," says Humboldt, "the active spirit of man is directed to the investigation of nature, or when, in imagination, he scans the vast fields of organic creation, among the varied emotions excited in his mind there is none more profound or vivid than that awakened by the universal profusion of life." And truly it is to the microscope that we are indebted for the results which such investigation has supplied. The life it reveals is unbounded—in the air, in the earth, and in the waters; alike under the genial influences of a tropical sun and the chilling frosts of a polar winter; in the living tissues of plants and animals, as well as on their decaying remains; and not unfrequently operating with such activity, and in such myriadfold force, that creatures in themselves insignificant elaborate results which rank among the grandest phenomena of nature.

PRE-COLUMBIAN DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

UPWARD of two hundred years the glorious epithet of World-discoverer had been attached to the name of Christopher Columbus, before it was known that the eye of any inhabitant of the old world had prior to his gazed upon any part of the wide regions which his genius laid open to its enterprise.* It was at the commencement of the eighteenth century that Thorfæus, a learned Norwegian antiquary, while searching those inestimable treasuries of ancient lore, the Icelandic Sagas, in quest of materials for the history of Greenland, came upon proofs not only of the early colonization of this northernmost point of the habitable globe by the Scandinavians, but also of the discovery of the American continent by these adventurous colonists in the tenth century. Thorfæus made the interesting fact known in a Latin treatise, which did not fail to awaken the attention of Scandinavian antiquaries and historians, several of whom have treated of the subject in the scientific journals of their respective countries, or in larger historical works; but only very few copies of Thorfæus's essay (which has now become a literary rarity even in the north) ever passed the limits of Scandinavia; and as the literature of that region has hitherto in a great measure been a dead letter to the rest of the world, the pre-Columbian discovery of America by the Northmen remained, until a very recent date, an unknown fact to the general public of Europe and America. Twelve years ago, Professor Raffn, a distinguished Danish antiquary, desiring to make the subject more generally known, and being aided by the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, published a volume embracing every portion of ancient Icelandic literature bearing upon the discovery, together with Danish and Latin translations, with *fac-similes* of several of the manuscript Sagas, and with charts and maps, and delineations of American antiquities, believed to be connected with the presence of the Northmen in the countries where they were found. The character and costliness of this volume were, however, such as to prevent its having a wide circulation; and though two British authors have since its publication

* The discovery of unknown countries to the south and west of Greenland and Iceland by the ancient Scandinavians, is indeed mentioned by Adam of Bremen and Orderic Vital, who both wrote in the eleventh century; and claims of the same kind have also been advanced by the Italians of the middle ages; but such isolated facts, mentioned by old chroniclers, carry very little weight with them when not substantiated by concurrent evidences.

drawn attention to the matter in a more popular form,* we believe that to the generality of our countrymen the claims of the Northmen to share in the glory of Columbus are as yet unknown. However disconnected the two discoveries may seem, there is still some probability that the first may not have been entirely without influence on the second. In 1477, Columbus, anxious to obtain every information which could facilitate the realization of the great undertaking that had become the object of his life, visited Iceland on board a Bristol trading-vessel; and as the Sagas of that country were not shut up in libraries, and known only to a few learned men, but their perusal formed then, as it does now, the favourite pastime of the people, it is more than probable that the fact of the discovery, by men of their race, of unknown lands to the south-west of Greenland and Iceland, was communicated to him. Who can tell whether his faith in the conclusions of his own abstract reasoning could have withstood the threats and fears of his impatient and mutinous crew, had it not been strengthened by the evidence contained in the records of the Northmen?

In the beginning of the tenth century, when Harold the Fairhaired (*Haarfager*) was subjecting to himself the different petty sovereignties into which Norway had until then been divided, and was making great changes in the tenure of land and other time-honoured customs, many of the proud *Böndert* of that country, disgusted with the new state of things introduced by the usurper, left their homes, and sought an asylum—some in the mountainous and desert regions of *Helsingeland* and *Jenmeland*, others in the *Færö* islands, others again in the *Orkneys* and *Hebrides*, and some in the “great island in the Arctic Ocean, many miles north of *Troadhiem*,” which had been discovered by chance a few years before by some adventurous mariner of their race, and had obtained the name first of *Gardarsholm*, subsequently of *Snowland*, and ultimately of *Iceland*. In this island, so appropriately named, under whose eternal snows glow the fires of innumerable volcanoes, where springs of boiling water gush forth from the frozen earth, where barren lava-tracts stretch on for several miles until they merge in verdant valleys, which afford herbage for large flocks of sheep and cattle—in this land of contrasts, so rich in natural phenomena of the most sublime and imposing character—the Norwegian colonists, who were subsequently joined by other emigrants from the three Scandinavian countries, established communities governed according to the laws and customs the violation of which had driven them away from their native land. These communities, which ultimately merged into one great commonwealth, have proved of the utmost importance for the history of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark; for here the language and religion, the manners, customs, and individual characteristics of the ancient Scandinavians maintained themselves in their purity for many centuries, and it is therefore in the historical compositions of the Icelanders that we must seek for almost all that refers to these subjects. Cut off by their isolated position from active participation in the political life of other nations, and forced by the natural features of their island to devote them-

* Beamish: *Discovery of America by the Northmen in the Tenth Century*; with *Notices of the Early Settlements of the Irish in the Western Hemisphere*. Boon, 1841.—Laing: *Chronicles of the Kings of Norway*. Longmans and Co., 1844.

† Possessors of freehold property.

selves in a great measure to the peaceful vocations of pastoral life, the love of Scaldic lore, always a leading characteristic of their race, was still more decidedly developed among the Northmen of Iceland; and the pleasure of listening to the poetical traditions of the exploits of their forefathers, in some degree compensated them for the less active life to which they were condemned. As time passed on, the more recent events in the mother countries became of secondary importance to them; but the past history of those countries was also theirs, and among them were the descendants of men whose glorious exploits formed the theme of many a Scandinavian Scald. These descendants, proud of their ancestry, were particularly anxious to keep up the remembrance of the past, and to transmit it unimpaired to their posterity; and thus every family of note in Iceland came to have its own history, or Saga, growing in extent as generation succeeded generation. Within the republic itself, the old passions of the Northmen were not at rest: the same love of adventure, the same impatience of opposition, the same impetuosity, the same thirst for revenge, which characterized them in their original countries, followed them to their more northern abode; and the Viking expeditions, the party feuds, the family broils and bloody deeds of vengeance, which so frequently formed the theme of the Scandinavian Scalds, were not wanting in Iceland, and furnished abundant materials to the Saga-teller, whose prosaic narratives in a great measure superseded the rhythmical compositions of the Scalds. The lively interest in every thing that concerned the community to which they belonged, made them listen as eagerly to narratives of passing events as to the mythic feats of the past; and there were therefore always persons ready to collect information relative to affairs of public importance, or to the leading personages of the country, whose histories thus became part of the traditionary lore of the people. The warm welcome which a good Saga-teller was sure to receive wherever he presented himself, caused the art of narrating to attain a high degree of development among the Icelanders; and the men who distinguished themselves in this profession were as highly honoured as the performers of the most heroic deeds. The love of the people for information grew with the food it fed upon. When strangers arrived in the island, or natives returned from abroad, the inhabitants flocked around them, to hear accounts of their personal adventures, or of the progress of events in other countries; and no severer reproach could be addressed to a traveller, than that "no one was the wiser for his adventures." How great was the love of the Icelanders in those days for information of this kind we learn from an amusing incident related in one of the Sagas. A bishop of the island returned in the year 1135 from a voyage to Germany and Norway on the day the people were assembled on the Thing; a great quarrel had arisen because different opinions prevailed, and the one party would not yield to the other. When the quarrel was at its height, tidings were brought of the arrival of the bishop. This at once put an end to the angry discussion.* The assembly forthwith dispersed, and hastened to

* It is curious to observe how alike human nature is in all ages and all climes. A Demosthenes of Iceland might on this occasion have addressed the same reproaches to his countrymen which the Demosthenes of Athens thundered in the ears of the Athenians.

meet the prelate, who was obliged to ascend the eminence on which the church was built, and give a full account of what had taken place in Norway during his stay there.

A Saga narrated by a trustworthy and respected man passed from mouth to mouth; and if the same series of events formed the theme of different narratives, that one was in particular committed to memory whose first narrator bore the best character, or the style of which was best suited to impress it on the memory. The several narratives were collected, and their trustworthiness weighed, and they were either extended or corrected in accordance with the testimony of respected contemporaries, or others likely to be well informed. Thus the verbal traditions of the country came in course of time to form connected and uniform historical narratives, which were committed to writing in the beginning of the twelfth century,—about one hundred years after the establishment of the Christian religion in Iceland, and two hundred and forty years after the first colonization of the island, and when the Icelanders had become familiar with the art of writing in the Latin character. Thenceforward the history of the country was no longer intrusted to the memory only of its inhabitants, but was faithfully recorded in written annals.

Such is the origin of the Sagas and songs on which so great a part of ancient Scandinavian history is founded; and also of those which contain the history of the discovery of America by the Northmen, and with which we are here more particularly concerned.

The principal information relative to the voyages of the Northmen to Wineland—as they denominated the country supposed to have been America—is derived from two sources: the one being an account of discoveries made by Eric Rauda, or Red, episodically introduced into the version of King Olaf Tryggveson's Saga, contained in a collection of manuscript Sagas found in the year 1650, in the island of Flatö, in Breidafjord in Iceland, and thence called the "Flatö Annals;" the other being a Saga called Karlsefne's Saga, after the personage whose history is the theme of the narrative, and which also forms part of the "Flatö Annals." The accounts of the adventures of Eric Red and his sons and daughter, as given in these annals, though evidently extracted from a more extensive history, and interpolated in a disjointed form in another Saga, nevertheless form a consecutive narrative, to which Professor Rafn has given the name of Eric Red's Saga, which we will adopt when alluding to it.

Eric Red was the son of a Norwegian who had fled from Norway on account of lawless deeds committed there, and had settled in Iceland. Eric followed his father's example, and was outlawed in Iceland, as his father had been in Norway. Being obliged to leave the land of his adoption, he proceeded to seek for a country which, tradition said, had been seen by a man named Gunbiörn, once "when he was driven westward out into the ocean." Eric discovered the land, and gave it the name of Greenland; "for," said he, "if the country has a good name, people will be drawn to it." In the year 986, he founded a settlement in the newly discovered land, and was followed thither by several of his countrymen. Among the latter was a man named Herjulf Bardson. Biarne, the son of Herjulf, returning to Iceland from a trading voyage to Norway, and hearing of his

father's removal to Greenland, determined to visit him there; though, as he said to his companions and crew: "Senseless our voyage will be deemed, as none of us have ever been in the Greenland Sea." "But nevertheless," continues the Saga, "they put out to sea as soon as they were ready, and sailed during three days, until the land was lost sight of under the water; but then the favourable wind fell, and there arose north winds and fogs, and they knew not whither they were sailing; and thus it went on for many days. After that they again saw the sun, and could now descry the points of the heavens. They now hoisted sail, and sailed this whole day before they saw land; and they then spoke together about what land this could be, and Biarne said he thought this could not be Greenland. They asked him if he would sail into this land or not. 'It is my advice,' he said, 'to sail in close to the land;' and they did so, and soon saw that the country was without mountains, and was covered with woods and small hills. They left the land on their larboard side, and had their sheet on the land side. Afterward they sailed one day and a night before they saw land again. They asked if Biarne thought this was Greenland, but he said that he thought as little that this was Greenland as the former, 'for in Greenland they say there are large mountains of ice.' They soon drew near to this land, and saw that it was a flat country overgrown with wood. Then the wind fell, and the crew talked about its being advisable to land here; but Biarne would not consent. They pretended that they were in want of both fuel and water. 'Of neither of these do ye stand in need,' said Biarne; but his men blamed him somewhat for this. He bade them hoist sail, and they did so; and they turned the ship's bow from land, and sailed out into the open sea with a south-west wind for two nights and a day; they then saw the third land, and this was high, and covered with mountains and icebergs. They then asked of Biarne if he would land here, but he said that he would not, 'for this land did not seem to him inviting.' They did not, therefore, take in their sails, but kept along the land, and saw that it was an island. They again turned the stern of their vessel toward this land, and sailed out into the open sea with the same wind; but the wind increased, and Biarne bade them take in a sail, and not sail faster than the ship and the tackle could bear. They now sailed two days and two nights, and then saw the fourth land. They then asked Biarne if he thought this was Greenland or not. Biarne answered, 'This looks most like Greenland, according to what has been told me of that country, and here we will take the land.' They did so, and landed in the evening on a promontory where there was a boat. Here on this promontory dwelt Biarne's father, Herjulf; and after him the promontory was named, and has since been called Herjulfness, (Herjulf's Promontory.)"

When Biarne's countrymen in Greenland heard of the countries he had thus accidentally discovered, they upbraided him for not having explored them; and Eric Red's son, Leif, determined to undertake an expedition for the express purpose of so doing. Having purchased Biarne's ship, and enlisted a crew of thirty-five men, Leif accordingly set sail; and, says the Saga, "They came first to the land which Biarne had discovered last. They sailed in to land and cast anchor, put out their boat, and went on shore, and saw there no grass. Large mountains there were everywhere in the interior, but between the sea and the mountains the land was like one

great stony plain, and the country seemed to them to possess no attractions. Leif then said, 'Now it has not been with us with regard to this country as it was with Biarne, that we have not set foot on shore; now I will give the country a name, and call it Helluland, (Stone Land.)' After this they went on board; sailed out into the sea again, and discovered another country. Again they sailed in to land, and cast anchor, then put out the boat, and went on shore. This country was flat and covered with wood, and wherever they went there were large tracts of white sand, and the coast was low. Then said Leif, 'This land shall be named according to its nature, and it shall be called Markland, (Wood Land.)' After this they hastened down to the ship again. Now they sailed thence in the open sea, with a north-west wind, and were out a day and a night before they again saw land; and they sailed toward it, and came to an island that lay to the north of the land. They went on shore there, and looked about them in fair weather, and they perceived there was dew upon the grass, and it so happened that they touched the dew with their hands, and then put their fingers into their mouths, and they thought they had never tasted any thing so sweet. Afterward they returned to the ship, and sailed into the sound which was between the island and a promontory that stretched northward from the land, and they sailed in, holding to the west, past the promontory. There was very shallow water in ebb-tide, and their ship therefore lay dry, and it was a great distance from the land to the sea. But their desire to get to the land was so great, that they gave not themselves time to wait until the water again rose under their ship, but ran directly on shore, at a place where a river flowed out of a lake; but as soon as the water rose under the ship, they took the boat, and rowed to the ship, and brought it up through the river into the lake, where they cast anchor, carried their hammocks up from the ship, and erected for themselves wooden booths. Afterward they determined to make preparations to remain there during winter, and for this purpose they built large houses. There was no lack of salmon in the river and in the lake, and the salmon were larger than any they had before seen. The nature of the country was, they thought, so good, that the cattle would not require fodder during the winter, for there was no frost, and the grass was not much withered. Day and night were more equal than in Greenland and Iceland, for on the shortest day the sun was there above the horizon from half-past eight o'clock in the morning until half-past four o'clock in the afternoon. When they had finished their house-building, Leif said to his companions, 'Now I will divide the men into two parties, and have the country explored, and the half of the people shall remain at home to take care of the house, and the other half shall explore the country; yet they must not go farther than that they may return in the evening, and they must not separate.' They did accordingly for some time, and Leif took his turn, so that one day he went with them, and the next he remained at home in the house. Leif was a tall and strongly-built man, of commanding and dignified appearance, and, with this, sensible and moderate in all things.

"It happened one evening that they missed a man of their company, and it was the German man Tyrker. This distressed Leif very much, for Tyrker had lived long with his father and himself, and had loved Leif

much in his childhood. Leif now soundly rated his people, and prepared to go out in search of him with twelve men. But when they had got a little way from the house, Tyrker came toward them, and was received with great joy. Leif directly perceived that his foster-father was not quite in his senses. Tyrker had a high forehead and quick glancing eyes, was freckled in the face, and low and weak of stature, but distinguished in all kinds of artifices. Then Leif said to him, 'Why wert thou so tardy, foster-father, and why didst thou separate from the rest of the party?' He first spoke long in German, rolled his eyes to all sides, and made wry faces; but they understood not what he said. After some time he spoke in the Northern tongue, 'I did not go very far, yet I have a new discovery to make known: I have found vines and grapes.' 'Can that be true, my foster-father?' said Leif. 'Certainly it is true,' said he, 'for I was born in a country where there is no lack either of vines or of grapes.' They slept that night, but on the morrow Leif said to his ship's crew, 'Now we will undertake two things, so that the one day we gather grapes, and on the other we cut down grape-vines and fell trees, that we may have a cargo for our ship thereof;' and they accordingly determined to do thus. It is said that their long-boat was filled with grapes. They now felled timber to load their vessel with; and when spring drew nigh they prepared to sail away, and Leif named the country after its delightful produce, and called it Wineland, (Vinland.) They afterward sailed out into the open sea, and had a favourable wind until they came within sight of Greenland and the cliffs below the icebergs."

The fame and riches which Leif acquired by this expedition encouraged one of his younger brothers to follow his example; and Thorvald Ericson, having borrowed his brother's vessel, set out for Wineland in the year 1002, with the intention of still further exploring these regions. He and his crew arrived safely at Leif's booths, and there spent the winter.

"But in the spring Thorvald told them to prepare the vessel, and said that some men should sail in the long-boat along the western coast of the country, and explore it during the summer. They found the country beautiful to look at, and rich in woods; there was but a short distance between the woods and the sea, and tracts of white sand; there were many islands and shallow water. They found nowhere either human dwellings or the lairs of animals, except on one island which lay to the west, where they met with a wooden corn-shed, but they found no other works of man. They then turned back, and arrived at Leif's booths in the autumn. But the next summer Thorvald went with the ship eastward, and along the land to the north: Then came upon them a heavy squall just as they were opposite a cape, and they were thrown upon land, and the keel was loosened from the vessel, and they remained long there, and repaired their vessel. Then said Thorvald to his companions, 'Now we will raise up the keel here upon the ness, and call it Kialarness' (Keelness;) and they did accordingly. Afterward they sailed eastward round the land into the mouths of the fiords (firths) that were nearest, and to a cape that stretched out into the sea, and was entirely overgrown with wood. Here they moored their vessel to the beach, threw a plank across to the shore, and Thorvald went up into the land with all his followers. He then said,

'This place is beautiful, and here I would wish to raise my dwelling.' Afterward they returned to the ship, and then saw on the sand, on the other side of the cape, three hillocks; and they went thither, and found three boats made of skin, and under each three men. They then divided their forces, and caught all the men with the exception of one, who escaped with his boat. The eight others they killed, and then returned to the cape, and explored it, and discovered some hillocks farther up the fiord, and they supposed that these must be dwelling-houses."

Subsequently the Northmen were attacked by the Esquimaux, called Skrælings in the Sagas, and to whom probably belonged the eight men whom they had put to death. Thorvald Ericson, fatally wounded in the encounter, was buried on the promontory which he so much admired, and to which was given the name of Krossaness, (Promontory of the Cross,) and his crew returned to Greenland with a rich cargo of vines and timber.

Eric Red's Saga next gives an account of an abortive attempt of a second brother of Leif to reach Wineland, and bring back the body of Thorvald; and then follows the narrative of a more fortunate expedition, undertaken by a man named Thorfin Karlsefne, (that is, a man destined to achieve great things,) who came to Greenland in his own ship, along with two other vessels, likewise commanded by their owners, who are also named. Having spent the winter with Leif Ericson at Brattelid, and espoused the widow of Leif's brother Thorstein, Karlsefne, being a man of an enterprising spirit, and feeling his ambition fired by the frequent mention of the Wineland expeditions of the Greenlanders, which formed a constant theme of conversation among the colonists, determined likewise to visit those countries.

"He enlisted for the crew of the vessel sixty men and five women. Karlsefne and his crew made this agreement—that they were to have an equal share in all that they obtained of the excellent products of the country. They had all kinds of cattle with them, for they intended to make a settlement in the land, if they found it possible. Karlsefne asked Leif for his houses in Wineland, but he answered that he would lend him, but not give him the houses. After this they sailed out into the open sea with the ship, and arrived safely at Leif's booths, and carried their hammocks up on land. They soon secured a great and good prize, for a whale had been thrown on shore, and it was both large and good: they drew nigh and cut up the whale, and thus they did not lack food. Their cattle went up into the land; but soon the males grew unruly, and were very ferocious. They had brought a bull with them. Karlsefne ordered them to fell trees, and to cut timber thereof for their ship's cargo, and had the timber spread out on a rock to dry. They availed themselves of all the excellent products of the country—of the grapes, as also of different kinds of fish which they caught, and of other good things. After the first winter came the summer; they then saw Skrælings, and a great troop of men issued from the woods. Their cattle was grazing close by, and the bull began to bellow very loudly; this frightened the Skrælings, and they ran away with their bundles, wherein were skins of gray foxes, sables, and different other kinds of skins; and they ran toward Karlsefne's house, and wanted to get into the house, but Karlsefne ordered the doors to be defended against them. Neither of the parties understood the language of the other. Then the

Skrælings put down their bundles, opened them, and offered their goods for sale; and wished, in preference, to have weapons in exchange for them; but Karlsefne forbade his men to sell their weapons; and he now bethought him of letting the women carry out milk food to them, and as soon as they saw this they would not buy any thing else. The Skrælings thus traded in such manner that they carried away their purchases in their stomachs, but Karlsefne and his people got their bundles and their furs. Having thus settled matters, they went away. Now it is to be related that Karlsefne had a strong wooden fence erected round his house, and he got every thing ready for defence. About this time Gudrid, Karlsefne's wife, gave birth to a male child, and to this boy was given the name of Snorri." At the commencement of the following winter the Skrælings returned. A fierce battle ensued, in which many of the Esquimaux fell; but the Northmen, tired of their stay in a strange country, exposed to the constant attacks of the natives, returned to Greenland in the spring.

The next expedition to Wineland was undertaken five years later, in 1011, by Freydisa, a daughter of Eric Red, in company with two Iceland traders; but being solely intent on obtaining rich cargoes for their home voyage, this party undertook no farther exploration of the country, and no new facts are learned from this part of the narrative. Relative to Karlsefne, however, Eric Red's Saga contains an anecdote which serves to shed some light upon the estimation in which the products of America were held at that period. From Greenland, Karlsefne had proceeded to Norway:—

"But the following spring he put his ship in order to go to Iceland; and when he was quite ready, and his ship was lying outside the pier, waiting for favourable wind, there came to him a German man from Bremen, in Saxland: he asked Karlsefne to sell him his broom. 'I will not sell it,' said Karlsefne. 'I will give you half a mark in gold for it,' said the German man. Karlsefne thought this was a good offer, and thereupon they concluded the bargain. The German man went away with the broom. Karlsefne did not know what wood it was; but it was mæsurs, which had come from Wineland."

Such is the first of the narratives that acquaint us with the colonization of Greenland in the tenth century, and the subsequent expeditions of the colonists of this northern land to other countries until then unknown. From the internal evidence of language and style, the profoundest Icelandic scholars have pronounced the written record to date from the twelfth century, (though the copy in the "Flatö Annals" is of later date;) and for the same reasons Karlsefne's Saga, the second of the narratives to which we have alluded, is believed to have been committed to writing at about the same period, but by a different hand, and probably in a different locality. Though treating of the same events, and of the same personages, this Saga, in many points differs from that of Eric Red; and the differences are not always such as would naturally arise from the greater or less importance attached to the chief personages, according as the one or the other is looked upon by the narrator as the hero of his tale, but, on the contrary, lead one to suppose that the original information relative to both cannot have been received from the same source. In both, the same implicit faith of the

narrator in the truth of the events recorded by him is apparent, and the same simple-hearted belief in his being equally trusted by others; and although supernatural occurrences are related in both, this ought not to militate, in our eyes, against their veracity, for a belief in supernatural agencies was then as much a matter of course as the reverse is the case in the present day.

Karlsefne's Saga, though in style and character as simple as that of Eric Red, shows greater art in design and composition. Although Thorfin Karlsefne and his voyage to Wineland are evidently intended to be the prominent subjects of interest, we are not at once introduced to the chief personage, but are first made acquainted with the subordinate actors, who have exercised an influence on the fate of the hero. Thus Eric Red's settlement in Greenland, and the subsequent discovery of Wineland by his son Leif, having led to Karlsefne's voyage to that country, the Saga opens with an account of Eric Red, his descent, his life in Iceland, and his subsequent removal to Greenland—in all which points there is perfect agreement with the narrative above quoted. Next we are introduced to Gudrid, Karlsefne's future wife, who seems, indeed, irrespectively of her connection with Eric Red and Karlsefne, to have been a person held in high esteem among her contemporaries. Gudrid, we are here told, was the daughter of a man by name Thorbiörn, of ancient and honourable descent; "a good Bonde, and one who kept up great state," but who, in consequence, having suffered much in his pecuniary circumstances, left Iceland, and settled in Greenland, in the neighbourhood of his friend Eric Rauda.

The next chapter of Karlsefne's Saga relates to Gudrid's marriage with Thorstein Ericson, to the introduction of Christianity in Greenland by Leif the Fortunate, and the discovery of Wineland by the same. With regard to each of these points there are, however, strange discrepancies between this and Eric Red's Saga. No mention is here made of Biarne's first accidental discovery of the unknown lands in the West; on the contrary, the chronicler represents Leif as having been the first who saw them, when returning from his voyage to Norway, where he had been converted to Christianity by King Olaf Tryggveson. On his arrival in Greenland, a voyage of discovery to the unknown lands seen by him is proposed by his brother Thorstein; and both the brothers, accompanied by their father Eric and twenty men, set sail in the ship which had brought Thorbiörn and Gudrid to Greenland; but after having been driven about on the sea for some time without obtaining sight of the looked-for shores, they are obliged to return without having accomplished their object. On their return Thorstein's and Gudrid's wedding takes place, and in the following winter Thorstein dies—the account of his death including the same supernatural apparitions as are recorded in Eric's Saga, except that relative to these, as to all other matters, Karlsefne's Saga enters more into details. It is not until we have learned Thorbiörn's death, and Gudrid's consequent removal to Eric's house, (not Leif's, as in Eric Red's Saga,) that we are introduced to the hero of the tale. The genealogy of the latter proves him to have been the descendant of an illustrious family resident in Iceland. Having devoted himself to the honourable and peaceful vocations of a trader, he had acquired for himself the reputation of a

skilful sailor and merchant, the merchants being in those days always the commanders of their own vessels.

"One summer, Karlsefne prepared his ship with the intention of making a voyage to Greenland; Snorri Thorbrandson from Alptefjord went with him, and they were altogether forty men on board. There was a man by name Biarne Grimolfson from Bredefjord, and another whose name was Thorhal Gamleson, a man from the Eastfjord, they also got ready their ship that summer with the intention of going to Greenland; they were also forty men on board. Karlsefne and the others sailed out in the ships as soon as they were ready. It is not related how long they were at sea; but it is told that both the ships arrived in Ericsfjord in the autumn. Eric and several of the inhabitants rode down to the vessels, and began to trade with them, and soon concluded bargains with them. The owners of the ships first bade Eric take as much of their goods as he liked; but Eric on his side showed them hospitality in return, and invited the crews of the two ships to come and spend the winter with him in Brattelid. The traders accepted, and thanked him. Next, their goods were carried up to Brattelid; there was no lack of large out-buildings to stow them in, nor was there much want of any thing that was necessary, and therefore they were well contented during the winter. But towards Yule, Eric began to be silent, and was not so cheerful as was his wont. Therefore Karlsefne once spoke to Eric, and said, 'Hast thou any cares, Eric? People think they remark that thou art not so cheerful as is thy wont: thou hast entertained us with the greatest generosity, and it is our duty to requite thee with such services as we have it in our power to perform; say now what is it that grieves thee?' Eric answered, 'You receive graciously and in a friendly manner what is offered you here; therefore I do not fear that as regards what passes between us there will be any difficulties; but on the other hand, I fear that when you go to other places, it will be said that never did you spend a worse Yule than the one which is now approaching, when Eric Red entertained you in Brattelid, in Greenland.'

"It shall not be so, Bonde,' said Karlsefne. 'We have in our ship both malt and corn; take of them as much as you like, and prepare with them a feast as costly as you deem proper.'

"This offer was accepted by Eric, and he then made preparations for the Yule entertainment. And the entertainment was so magnificent, that people thought that never had the like been seen in a poor country. And after Yule, Karlsefne opened to Eric that he wished to marry Gudrid, for it seemed to him that he was the one to decide in the matter. Eric answered favourably, and said that she must fulfil her destiny, and that he had heard naught but good of him; and it ended so that Thorfin was betrothed to Gudrid, and the entertainment was made still more brilliant, and their wedding was celebrated; and all this happened in Brattelid, during the winter."

Frequent mention being made of the unknown countries seen by Leif on his voyage from Norway, Thorfin Karlsefne and Snorri determine in spring to undertake a voyage thither.

"With them went Biarne and Thorhal, the men mentioned before, with their ship. A man by name Thorvard, who was married to Freydis, a natural daughter of Eric Red, also went with them, and Eric's son Thor-

vald, and Thorhal, surnamed the Huntsman, who had been long with Eric, and served him as huntsman in summer, and as house-steward in winter. He was tall and strong, black, and like a Jætte;* taciturn and foul-mouthed when he did speak, and always spurred on Eric to evil. He was a bad Christian; he was well acquainted with all the desert places; he was on board the ship with Thorvard and Thorvald. They had the ship that Thorbiörn had brought thither. They were in all 160 men when they sailed to the Westerbygd, and thence to Biarney. Thence they sailed a day and a night southwards, when they saw land, and put out a boat, and explored the country. They found there large Hellur, (flat stones,) many of which were twelve ells broad; there were a great many foxes there. They gave the country a name, and called it Helluland. Thence they sailed a day and a night, and turned from south to south-east, and found a country covered with wood, and many animals in it. Outside the land, in south-east, lay an island: on this island they killed a bear, and afterward called it Biarney (Bear Island;) but the land they called Markland. Thereafter they sailed for a long while in a southerly direction along the coast, and came to a promontory. The land was on the starboard side of the ship; they were long and sandy coastlands. They rowed to land, and found on the promontory the keel of a ship, and called it thence Kialarness, (the Promontory of the Keel,) and the coastlands they called Furdurstrandi (the Long and Wonderful Beaches,) for it took long to sail past them. Then the country appeared intersected by creeks: they steered the ship into a creek. King Olaf Tryggveson had given Leif two Scottish people—a man whose name was Hake, and a woman called Hekia: they were swifter than animals. These people were on board the ship with Karlsefne; but when they had sailed past Furdurstrandi, they put the Scottish people on shore, and bade them run southwards into the interior of the country, and examine its character, and return before the lapse of two days and a night. These people were clad in a kind of habiliment called Kíafat, which was made in such a manner that the upper part formed a hat; it was open on the sides, and had no sleeves, and buttoned together between the legs with a button and a strap; but otherwise the limbs were bare.* They remained there the appointed time; but when they returned, the one had in his hand a bunch of grapes and the other an ear of wheat recently sown. They went on board the ship, and they then sailed farther. They sailed into a frith, on the outside was an island round which went strong currents; for this reason they called it Straumey, (Island of the Currents.) There were so many eider ducks on the island that they could hardly walk without treading on them. They called this place Straumfiord, (the Frith of the Currents.) They unloaded their ships here, and prepared to remain; they had various kinds of cattle with them. The country was very beautiful: they did nothing but explore the country."

The winter is spent in this locality; but the enterprising Northmen had neglected to lay in a sufficient stock of provisions, and toward summer, when fish begins to be scarce, this neglect is grievously felt. Thorhal the Huntsman also caused them much distress by his blasphemous words

* Gigantic beings, represented in the myths as the enemies of the gods, and as endowed with superhuman strength.

and extraordinary conduct; and such was the simplicity and the faith of these untutored children of the north, that when a whale was at length caught, and they were on the point of eating of its flesh, the religious feeling proves itself stronger even than their hunger, when they learn that Thorhal has obtained it by invocations of his heathen gods. "When they learned this, they cast the whale into the sea, and committed their fate to God. The weather then mended, and it became possible to row out and catch fish; and thenceforward they did not lack provisions, for they could hunt the animals on the continent, gather eggs on the island, and catch fish on the sea."

They now determine to proceed farther in search of Wineland; but as they disagree as to the direction in which to steer, they separate; and Thorhal and nine other men take their course northward past Furdurstrandi and Kialarness; a strong west wind drives them upon the coast of Ireland, where they are made prisoners.

Karlsefne and his people proceed southward along the coast. "They sailed a long time, until they came to a river that flowed down from the country and ran through a lake into the sea; there were dangerous shoals in this place, and they could not get into the river except at high tide. Karlsefne sailed with his people into the mouth of the river, and called the place Hopi. They found on the land self-sown wheat-fields in the low soils, and vines on the rising grounds. Every rivulet there was full of fish. They dug trenches where the dry land began, when the water was highest in the river; and when the sea receded, there were flounders in the trenches: there were many animals of all kinds in the woods. They remained there half a month and amused themselves, and saw nothing new; their cattle they had with them."

One morning early, however, they are surprised by the sight of a great many Skrælings or Esquimaux, who arrive in small boats made of skins, and enter into peaceful traffic with them, exchanging costly furs, and particularly the skins of the gray fox, so highly prized among the ancient Scandinavians, for small strips of red cloth, which they tie round their heads. At this juncture Karlsefne's bull issued roaring from the wood, and scares away the Skrælings, who take to their boats, and disappear in a southerly direction. After the lapse of three weeks, however, they return with hostile intent. A battle ensues, in which the brave Northmen fly before the uncouth and mysterious instruments of war of this unsightly people; but Freydis, more courageous or less imaginative than her countrymen, makes a stand against the Skrælings, and in her turn takes them by surprise, and drives them away.

"But Karlsefne and his people now thought that they could perceive, that though the country possessed many advantages, they would always be in fear of the hostility of the earlier inhabitants. They therefore prepared for their departure, and intended to return to their own country. They now sailed northward along the coast, and met with five Skrælings in fur pelisses, who were sleeping near the sea. They had with them boxes, in which there was the marrow of animals mixed with blood. Karlsefne's people thought that they understood as much as that these people had been banished from their country: they killed them. After this they arrived at a promontory on which there was a great number of

animals; and the promontory was everywhere covered with dung, because the animals slept there at night. Now they reached Straumfjord again, and they found there in abundance every thing they required. Some people say that Biarne and Gudrid remained there with one hundred men, and never proceeded farther; but that Karlsefne and Snorri, with forty men, sailed southward, and were no longer at Hopi than hardly two months, and returned the same summer. Karlsefne then sailed with a ship to seek for Thorhal the Huntsman, but the others remained behind; and they sailed north past Kiarlarness, and were then carried westward, and the land was on their larboard side. There were desert woods everywhere as far as they could see, and very few open glades in them. And when they had sailed a long while, they came to a river that flowed down from the country from east to west. They entered the mouth of the river, and moored their vessel to the southern shore."

In this place Thorvald Ericson is killed by an arrow, shot at him by a man represented as having had but one foot. They again proceed northward, and fancy that they have discovered the land of the one-footed beings, and determine not to abide there. "They were of opinion that the mountain range which they saw at Hopi, and the one which they met with here was one and the same, and they observed that there was an equal distance from Straumfjord to both these places. They remained the third winter in Straumfjord."

In this last-mentioned place Karlsefne's son Snorri was born; and when they again leave it, they meet with some Skraelings, who tell them that opposite their country is another, in which the inhabitants wear white habiliments, and carry long poles before them, to which are attached small pennants, and that they speak in a loud voice. Upon which the *Saga* writer observes, that "people believe that this must have been Flvittramannaland, (the Land of the White People,) or the Great Ireland."* The *Saga* ends with the relation of Karlsefne's and Gudrid's return to Iceland after a short sojourn in Greenland, and their permanent settlement in the former country; and to it is appended a genealogical table, carried down to the fourteenth century, of the distinguished Icelanders who have descended from this famous couple.†

Although, as mentioned above, there are points of difference between the two Sagas, the extracts here given prove, that with regard to the main facts in which we are interested—namely, the discovery, geographical position, configuration, and natural features of the new countries—they coincide in a most striking manner. Indeed, the want of agreement as to

* Allusions to this country are made in several of the Sagas of the north; and though its geographical position is nowhere more distinctly indicated than as being six days' sailing west of Ireland, and not far from Wineland the Good, its name is associated with the romantic histories of several individuals of note. Those who have most faith in these ancient records believe that a country answering this description was really known during the middle ages, and that it likewise formed part of the American continent. A theory of the population of America by Irish colonists has been founded on the mention of its name in ancient documents, but has never been authenticated.

† This genealogical table has been further carried down to our day, and includes the names of Albert Thorvaldsen, the great Danish sculptor, and of Professor Finn Magnusson, one of the most pre-eminent among modern Danish antiquaries.

subordinate and collateral matters tends to confirm the trustworthiness of these statements which are alike in both Sagas; for it renders it highly probable, as has already been observed, that the narratives have originated in different localities distant from each other; that the information contained in them has been derived from distinct sources; and that the one chronicler has not been in anyway cognizant of the work of the other. As Eric's Red Saga gives the most detailed accounts of the expeditions of the Greenland colonists, but, on the other hand, contains an error relative to one of Karlsefne's descendants, of which it is supposed no resident in Iceland could have been guilty, it is thought likely that the original Saga of Eric Red may have been composed and committed to writing in Greenland long before it was transmitted to Iceland. And this is the more probable, as it is evident that the above-quoted passages, which we have given as they are found in the "Flatö Annals," are extracts from a more extensive work—a work now unknown, though frequently alluded to in contemporary manuscripts. That Karlsefne's Saga—which gives the fullest accounts of the exploits of its hero, and passes over in silence several of the expeditions to Wineland undertaken by the children of Eric Red—was written in Iceland there can of course be no doubt: and an observation of the compiler of the "Flatö Annals," at the conclusion of Eric Red's Saga—namely, "Karlsefne has of all others most accurately recounted all the circumstances regarding the voyages of which something has here been related"—seems to indicate that Karlsefne himself has been the original narrator of the Saga which bears his name. The imperfect knowledge which we have of every thing relating to the personal history of the early Greenland colonists precludes the possibility of any conjectures as to who may have been the writer of Eric's Saga; but as two bishops of Iceland—Thorlak, (born 1085, died 1133,) Brand, (elected 1163,)—were lineal descendants of Karlsefne's son Snorri, who was born in Wineland, and a third bishop, Brand, (elected 1146,) was a lineal descendant of a younger son of Karlsefne, it is supposed that one of these three learned men has committed to writing the traditional accounts of the bold undertakings of their illustrious ancestor. Be this as it may, the discovery of Helluland, Markland, and Wineland is not only affirmed by these two Sagas—the authenticity of which there is as little reason to doubt as that of any other ancient historical documents—but it is, moreover, corroborated by many other Icelandic annals held high in esteem, and dating from a period anterior to Columbus's discovery of America; and which either give condensed accounts of the voyages of which Eric Red's and Karlsefne's Sagas treat more at length, or make casual allusions to Wineland, &c., as to countries the existence of which is not disputed. So far, indeed, were the Icelanders of that period from entertaining any doubts on the subject, that accounts of these countries held a place in their didactic geographical works, as is proved by several fragments extant.

"The world," says one of these monuments of the geographical knowledge of the north in the middle ages, "is said to be divided in three parts, each having a distinct name. The one part is called Asia; this stretches from north-west to south-west, and comprises the middle of the earth. In this part of the world there are three Indies: in the most distant India the Apostle Bartholomew preached the faith, and in this India he gave his life

for Christ's name. In that India which is nearest to us the Apostle Thomas preached the Christian religion, and there he died for God's sake. In that part of the world called Asia is the city of Ninive; it is the largest of all cities: it is three days' journey long, but one day's journey in breadth. In that part of the world is also Babylon the Ancient and the Great, where King Nebuchadnezzar reigned, but which is now so ruined that people cannot dwell there on account of snakes and all kinds of noxious animals. In Asia is also Jerusalem, likewise Antiochia, where the Apostle Peter established a bishop's see, and where he said mass for the first time. In the Great Asia is a country which is called Little Asia; there the Apostle John preached the faith, and there is his grave in the city called Ephesus. It is said that four rivers issue from Paradise: the one is called Phison, or by another name Ganges; it flows out into the sea which surrounds the earth, and which, in the book language, is called Oceanus. Phison has its source in the mountain called Orcobares. The second river, which issues from Paradise, is called Tigris; the third is called Euphrates; they both flow out into the Middle Sea (Mediterranean) near Antiochia. Euphrates flows through the Old Babylon, and runs into the sea in the vicinity of Antiochia. The Nile, or Geon, as it is also called, is the name of the fourth river which has its source in Paradise; it separates Asia and Africa; it runs through the whole of Egypt. In Egypt is New Babylon, and the capital city which is called Alexandria. The second part of the world is called Africa, it stretches from south-west to both sides, west and north-west; in this part of the world is Serkland, and three Bluelands. The Mediterranean separates Africa and Europe. Europe is the name of the third part of the world, which stretches from both sides, west and north-west, and runs toward the north. In the eastern part of Europe is the kingdom of Garde, (Southern Russia,) and there are Holmgard, and Paltesk, and Smolensk. Nearest Garde, in the south, is the Grecian king's dominion. The capital in this kingdom is Constantinople, which we call Miklagard. In Miklagard is the church, which in their language is denominated Hagiasophia, and which the Northmen call Oegisif; this church is the first of all churches of the world in architecture and size. Under the dominion of the king of the Greeks are Bulgaria, and a number of islands that are called the islands of Greece; Creta and Cypria are the two most famous among the islands of Greece. Sicily is a large kingdom, belonging to that part of the world called Europe. Italy is the name of a country which lies south of the chain of mountains called Mundia. In the farthest part of Italy is Apulia, which the Northmen call Pulsland. In Middle Italy is Rome. In Northern Italy is Lombardy, which we call Langbardaland. North of the mountains, toward the east, is Saxland, (Germany,) but in south-west Fracland, (France,) Hispania, which we call Spanland, is a great realm, situated south by the Mediterranean, between Langbardaland and Fracland. The Rhine is the name of a great river which flows from Mundia northward between Saxland and Fracland. In the region encircled by the arms of the Rhine is Friesland, northerly toward the sea. North of Saxland is Denmark. Through Denmark the ocean runs into the Baltic Sea. Sweden is east of Denmark, but Norway north. North of Norway is Finmark; thence the land turns toward the north-east, and then to the east, before one arrives at Biarmeland, which pays tribute to the king of Garde. From Biarmeland the count-

stretches as far as the desert regions in the north, until Greenland begins. From Greenland lies southerly Helluland, then Markland; thence it is not far to Wineland, which some believe goes out from Africa. England and Scotland are one island, yet each country is a kingdom by itself. Ireland is a large island. Iceland is also a large island north of Ireland. All these countries are in the part of the world called Europe."

All the Sagas relative to the discovery of America agree in attributing the same natural features to the divers lands discovered, and all make mention of the grapes and wheat which they produce; and as even the annals of Iceland in the thirteenth century mention expeditions to Markland, the fact of the discovery, in the eleventh century, of certain countries to the southwest of Greenland and Iceland, and of this discovery having been recorded in writing almost three centuries before Columbus's discovery of America, is in the present day admitted by all to be established beyond a doubt. But when these Icelandic documents first came to the knowledge of the learned, so confident a conclusion could not be entertained, for at that period the establishment of Scandinavian colonies in Greenland, which may be said to form the premises of the syllogism, was a fact resting on no other testimony than that of these very Sagas, and of some vague traditions about ancient commercial relations between Norway, Iceland, and Greenland. Upon the subject of these colonies, however, the Sagas gave, not vague and superficial information, such as that relative to the discovery of the countries now supposed to have been parts of the American continent, but on the contrary furnished descriptions so full and detailed, and so much at variance with any idea which the mind could form to itself of settlements in a country situated between fifty-nine degrees and eighty degrees north latitude, in the regions of eternal ice, that it is not astonishing that their testimony was to a certain degree doubted. According to the Icelandic documents bearing upon the Greenland colonies, the latter flourished upward of four hundred years; and far from being merely the scattered and unorganized settlements of a few self-exiled men, eking out a joyless existence in one of the most inhospitable climes of the earth, they formed organized societies, governed according to the same laws that ruled in Iceland, presided over by a Lagmand, or chief magistrate, and enjoying a state of well-being which even surpassed that of the parent state. The country is described as being richer than any other in fish and marine animals of various descriptions; and though it is allowed that the coasts present to the eye nothing but high, steep, and naked crags, and stupendous icebergs, the shores of the fiords that stretch far into the country are described as affording rich pasture-lands for numerous herds of cattle, horses, goats, and sheep. The butter and cheese of Greenland are extolled as of most superior quality; and the Iceland and Norwegian ships which carried corn and other necessities to the colonists, returned with rich cargoes of hides, peltry, dried fish, and walrus tusks. The good name which Eric Red gave the country attracted numerous immigrants, who formed two distinct settlements, separated from each other by a desert region of great extent, and denominated, according to their position it is supposed, Eystribyggd and Vestribyggd—that is, Eastern and Western Settlement. Ericsfiord, where Eric Red took up his abode,

is described as being in the Eystribyggd, which was by far the most flourishing settlement; and Eric's place of Brattelid became in the sequel the residence of the chief magistrate of the colony. The Vestribyggd is represented as having numbered ninety Byggder—that is, inhabited places—and four or five churches; while in the Eystribyggd the number of Byggds amounted to 190, and that of the churches to twelve, besides several convents and monasteries. The ecclesiastical affairs of the settlements were directed by native bishops, twelve of whom are mentioned by name, and in order of succession, in the annals of Iceland. In consequence of the greater fertility of the soil, and the comparative mildness of the air in the deep recesses of the fiords, the majority of the settlements were made in such localities, but some were also located at the mouth of the fiords or fiords, or on the small islands off the mainland.

In some of the Sagas mention is made of stone weapons, remnants of skin boats, and other traces of the presence of human beings having been found by the first settlers in Greenland; but years seem to have elapsed before the latter came into contact with the people, who were ultimately to exterminate them in the land of their adoption. The precise date of the first encounter between the two races is not given, but from the little surprise manifested by Leif, Karlsefne, and their followers at the appearance in Wineland of the people, who, from the description given, it is evident were Esquimaux, and from the readiness with which the name of *Skræling*, indicating a weak and puny being, is applied to them, it would almost seem that they must have been previously well known to the Northerners. However, no particular mention is made of further intercourse between the Scandinavian settlers and the Esquimaux in Greenland until the year 1379, when, it seems, the latter made a hostile descent on the Vestribyggd. When the news of this reached the Eystribyggd, the Lagmand set out with an armed force to rescue the men of the sister colony; but on his arrival, it is said, he found no living creatures except the herds and flocks roaming about in a state of wildness. The homes of the Northmen were laid waste, and all traces of their ravagers had disappeared.

The next information obtained about the Greenland colonists is from a source very different from that which furnishes the preceding details. It is a document found in the archives of the Vatican at Rome, and which throws some light upon the fate of the settlers in Greenland at a period subsequent to any mentioned in the Icelandic, Danish, or Norwegian annals. This document is a brief of Pope Nicholas V., dated 1448, and addressed to two bishops of Iceland, urging them to take measures for the support of those remnants of the church in Greenland that had escaped the dreadful calamity which had befallen the colonists thirty years previously, when a fleet of heathen barbarians, coming from the neighbouring countries, had attacked their villages, carried off the inhabitants, desecrated the temples of God, and laid waste the whole colony, so that only nine of the most distant parishes in the mountainous districts had escaped. Probably the Iceland bishops disregarded the papal admonition, for the annals make no mention of any efforts in this direction; and long before this period the intercourse between Iceland and Greenland seems entirely to have ceased. The causes of this cessation of intercourse are nowhere distinctly stated; but it is sup-

posed that the dreadful pestilence which appeared in Europe in 1394, and was known in the Scandinavian countries under the name of the Black Death, and the Beggars' Death, which extinguished entire populations, and spread devastation even through the most fertile provinces of the earth,* must have reached Greenland also just at the period of the hostile attacks of the Esquimaux, and have reduced the hardy and energetic Northmen to a state of exhaustion rendering them easy victims of a race otherwise mentally and physically so inferior to them. In the mother country, also, matters had changed for the worse. The Iceland commonwealth, the flower of whose population had been carried away by the pestilence, had lost its independence; in Denmark and Norway the internal dissensions which preceded and followed the Calmar union absorbed all minds; and the monopoly of trade usurped by the government paralyzed individual enterprise. Thus the Greenland colonies were forgotten. At the same time nature also seemed to join the general conspiracy against the existence of these once flourishing settlements. The ice in the polar seas, it is stated in the Sagas, began to place greater difficulties in the way of navigation than before, and for some time at least few mariners were found bold enough to hazard such expeditions into the northern seas as had been undertaken by their more adventurous predecessors. Thus Greenland sank gradually into almost utter oblivion; and the sudden and complete, and seemingly causeless disappearance of flourishing colonies, which had endured upward of four centuries, was an event of so surprising a nature, that it is not to be wondered at that, in spite of vague traditions and written Sagas, the world in general was disinclined to believe that they had ever existed. However, Columbus's discovery of the West Indies in 1492 gave a new impetus to the spirit of maritime enterprise in Europe, and the ardour of discovery which animated all maritime powers at length extended to Scandinavia also. Eric Walkendorff, archbishop of Trondhiem during the reign of Christian II., was the first who planned the rediscovery of Greenland; but his plans were thwarted; and though under the subsequent reigns several expeditions were fitted out for the purpose of re-establishing intercourse between the Scandinavian countries and Greenland, several proved entirely abortive, and in the most favourable cases the ships merely touched some point on the west coast of Greenland. Not until upward of two hundred years after Sebastian Cabot had explored Newfoundland and the whole coast of North America, were the homes of the first discoverers of these lands revisited by the descendants of their race. Thus, when Thorfæus wrote his work upon ancient Greenland,

* Captain Graah of the Danish navy, in his work, "Narrative of an Expedition to the East Coast of Greenland in Search of the Lost Colonies," throws out the surmise that the kidnappers of the Greenland colonists may have been Englishmen, and not Esquimaux, because, he says, "it seems to have been customary in England, whenever that country was ravaged by the pestilence called the Black Death, to carry off (for the purpose, probably, of supplying the loss of population) the inhabitants of those countries of the north that it had spared. Complaints against this procedure are known to have been made repeatedly in the reigns of Margaret and her successor; and in the year 1433 a treaty was concluded between Denmark and England, wherein it was expressly stipulated, that 'with regard to all those persons who have been carried away from Iceland, Finmark, Helgeland, and other places, and are still detained in his dominions, the King of England shall take measures to the end that they may be set at liberty.'"

the existence of these ancient colonies still rested, as before observed, on the testimony of early manuscripts, in which it was evident that some portion of fiction was mixed up with the truth, and to trace the limit between the two, without the aid of other data, was therefore very difficult. In 1721, however, Hans Egede, a Norwegian clergyman, animated by the purest benevolence and a holy zeal for the propagation of Christianity, accomplished what so many had attempted in vain. Having by his importunities induced the Danish government to send out an expedition to Greenland, he landed on the 3d May, 1721, on an island off the west coast, in latitude 64° , to which he gave the name of Hope Island, and where he planted his first colony. Of descendants of European colonists he met with none; but traces of the former existence of these colonists were soon found to abound on the coast, on the shores, and in the deep recesses of the fiords, where numerous ruins of human habitations, built of stone, and of churches of rather considerable dimensions, were discovered in situations exactly corresponding with the descriptions in the ancient Sagas; and thenceforward the value of these narratives as historical documents may be said to have increased tenfold. The only circumstances relative to Greenland in which the Sagas may still be deemed incorrect, is their description of the mildness of the climate; the rich pastures, which furnished food for numerous herds and flocks; and their having located the most flourishing settlements on the east coast: whereas it is at present proved that the climate is so rigorous that the soil can barely produce scanty herbage for a few sheep during a couple of months in the year, and that the east coast, as far as it has been possible to explore it, is so icebound, as to be very rarely accessible—presenting in a much higher degree than the west coast all the worst features of the country. As regards the climate, it may, however, be answered, that it is possible that the cold may have increased in these latitudes during the course of centuries, particularly as the experience of the whale-fishers of the present day tells us that the fields of ice in the seas surrounding Greenland are yearly increasing in extent. There is so much the more reason to conjecture that this may be the case, as a minute but very interesting archæological monument, found in Greenland in the year 1824, proves, that at the period when this monument was deposited on the spot where it was found after the lapse of centuries, Europeans were able to winter in a latitude where at present they cannot live except during the warmest period of the year.* Respecting the second point—namely, the situation of the Eastbyggd—the error may lie with the moderns, and not with the ancients, as has been suggested by Captain Graah; for though the latter have distinguished the Byggs by the adjuncts East and West, this was perhaps only meant

* This monument is a small stone, about four inches long and one inch broad, found in the island of Kingitoarsuk, on the west coast, under latitude $72^{\circ} 55'$, bearing a Runic inscription and date, proving it to have been deposited on the spot in the twelfth century, (the date is by one antiquarian believed to be 1170, by another 1135,) in the month of April, in token of two individuals mentioned having taken possession of the land. According to the inscription, the stone was deposited under a heap of other stones, as was the custom of the times; but when found it was lying quite bare, high up the side of a cliff. It is supposed that the heap of stones placed around it, to mark its position, had been displaced by storms, or by the ice-bears—it being usual with these animals, when they are pursued, to scatter stones and earth about them.

to indicate their relative position; and the ancient colonists may have been as little acquainted with the east coast as we are at the present day. Besides, ignorant of the true configuration of the country, as with their limited means of observation they must necessarily have been, they may have believed themselves to be on the eastern side when in reality they were on the south-western coast. However this may have been, this is a point which future explorations may settle; but there is one problem which we cannot hope to see solved by any discovery made in those regions—namely, the question as to which were in reality the countries discovered by the ancient Northmen to the south and west of Greenland and Iceland. All inquirers, without exception, agree that the direction in which the countries were found leaves no doubt as to their having formed part of the North American continent, but as to which part, opinions have been, and still are very various. With reference to this question, the Sagas afford no other guidance than that contained in the description of the various coasts and islands visited, and of their natural products and climate; and the passage in Eric Red's Saga, which, following Raffn's Danish translation, we have given thus:—"Day and night were more equal than in Greenland and Iceland, for on the shortest day the sun was there above the horizon from half-past seven o'clock in the morning until half-past four o'clock in the afternoon." The Icelandic words *dagmalastadr* and *eyktarstadr*, which indicate the times of the day, have, however, been variously interpreted; and therefore this passage, which, if accepted in the same sense by all, would at once fix the latitude of Wineland, continues to be a debatable point. Raffn's interpretation, besides being in consonance with that of Vidalin Schöning and Suhm—northern antiquaries and historians of the eighteenth century of no mean pretensions—is, we believe, accepted by all Scandinavian antiquaries of the present day, and has in England been subscribed to by Mr. Beamish. These various authorities, accordingly, agree in regarding the United States of America as the Wineland of the Northmen. Among the elder Scandinavian writers, Thorfæus, Pontoppidan, and Malte Brun, however, entertained different opinions; and the correctness of the views of the latter, who incline to the belief that the Northmen did not reach a more southern point than Newfoundland, is warmly maintained by Mr. Laing.

Though it cannot be denied that the descriptions in the Sagas are such as may be applicable to more than one locality, it must be confessed that Professor Raffn's theory has in its favour not only striking resemblances between the localities pointed out by him and the points held in view by the Northmen, but that it is borne out by the natural products of the countries and by the mildness of the climate. Whereas those who will not admit that the northern discoverers of America proceeded farther south than Newfoundland, are obliged to reject as fabulous the accounts of grapes and wheat (or maize)* having been found growing spontaneously in the countries discovered, as also various other circumstances mentioned in the Sagas;

* There is nothing strained in supposing the "self-sown wheat" of Wineland to have been maize, which was found growing in these latitudes by the Europeans when they first colonized the countries, and can be traced back as indigenous in America at a very remote period, for to this day maize has no other name in the Danish language than "Turkish wheat."

thus, while allowing the perfect trustworthiness of these ancient documents as far as regards the accounts of new countries discovered, representing them as utterly undeserving of credit in all that relates to the most striking features of the countries! Mr. Laing supposes the accounts of the beauty of the climate and the country, and of its southern products, to be subsequent interpolations in the Saga; but Adam of Bremen, who wrote in the eleventh century, already mentions that he had learned that grapes grew in the countries discovered by the Greenland colonists. As regards the determining of the latitude of Wineland by the extent of time which the sun is said to have been above the horizon, Mr. Laing expresses his views as follows:—"The first question that arises to the doubting reader is how, in Leif Ericson's time—that is, about the year 1000, when Christianity was scarcely introduced, and church festivals, church time, and the knowledge and prayers of churchmen unknown—did the Icelanders divide time? The whole circle of the horizon appears to have been divided by them into four quarters, each subdivided into two, making eight divisions or attir, (from which our old word airths, applied to the winds, seems derived;) and these eight watches, each of three hours, made up the day, which we divide into twenty-four parts. It was not until 120 years after Leif's voyage—namely, in 1123—that Bishop Thorlak established in Iceland a code of church regulations or laws, by which time was more minutely ascertained for church prayers and observances. For all secular business among a seafaring and labouring population, the division of time into eight watches was sufficiently minute for all their practical purposes. Now the Saga says, 'Sol havdi thar Eyktarstadr ok Dagmalastadr um Skamdegi;' which clearly means that on the shortest day they had the sun in the watches called the Dagmalastadr and the Eyktarstadr; that the sun rose in the former, and set in the latter, and not, as in Iceland, where the rising and setting were, on the shortest day, included in one watch. The dagmalastadr was the watch immediately before the midday watch, (middegi,) and the eyktarstadr that immediately after. Now if we reckon from noon, the middle of the midday watch, it would begin at half-past ten o'clock of our time, and end at half-past one o'clock; dagmalastadr would begin at half-past seven, and end at half-past ten; and eyktarstadr begin at half-past one, and end at half-past four in the afternoon. Now if the sun rose any time within the dagmalastadr, and set any time within the eyktarstadr watch—that is to say, any time between half-past seven and half-past ten for its rising, and any time between half-past one and half-past four for its setting—it would answer all the conditions of the text of the Saga, which merely says they had the sun in these watches, not during the whole of these watches; and the precision of ideas and expressions which characterize the Icelanders would undoubtedly have expressed, if that had been the meaning, that the sun rose at the beginning of dagmalastadr and set at the end of eyktarstadr. Thorfaun, certainly not inferior in judgment and knowledge to any antiquary of our times, and who, as a contemporary and friend, had on every doubtful point the opinion of Arne Magnæus, the first Icelandic antiquary who has ever appeared, makes out from the same text that the sun may be considered to have been above the horizon from the middle of dagmalastadr to the middle of eyktarstadr—that is, about six hours—which would correspond

to a latitude of 49 degrees instead of 41 degrees; and he, and Arne Magnæus we may presume with him, bring Vinland to some place in Newfoundland, or in the St. Lawrence, which certainly would agree better with the description of the people and products—excepting the ready-made wine, the spontaneous wheat, and the fine wood—than the Taunton river in Massachusetts.”*

In a treatise contained in the *Mémoires* of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries in Copenhagen, Professor Finn Magnusson has given an explanation of the ancient Icelandic mode of measuring time, and of the terms *dagmalastadr* and *eyktarstadr*, somewhat different from that of Mr. Laing, and which establishes the correctness of Professor Raffin's interpretation of these terms. According to this treatise—the authority of which is further strengthened by its being based upon the evidence of several elder and very eminent Scandinavian scholars—the ancient Scandinavians divided the horizon into eight grand divisions, corresponding to the four cardinal points of our compass and their four principal subdivisions. Each of these grand divisions was termed *átt* or *ætt*, the word being supposed to be derived from the numeral *átta*, (eight,) common to all the German-Gothic languages. Each *átt* was again subdivided into equal portions by a bisecting line termed *midt á milli*—that is, right in the middle. The times of the artificial day, *dagr*, or of the natural day, *dægr*, were divided according to the sun's apparent motion through the grand divisions of the heavens, three hours being calculated to elapse during its course through each *átt*; and the natural day was thus likewise divided into eight equal parts, each comprehending three hours, and called *eykt*—this word being a derivative of *ætt*, and signifying likewise an eighth part. Like the eight grand divisions of the horizon, each *eykt* of the natural day was subdivided into two equal portions, called *stund* or *mál*, each of which thus comprised one hour and a-half according to our mode of measuring time. Each *stund* or *mál* had a name assigned to it, in accordance with the event which it seemed to mark—as, for instance, *dagmál*, indicating the commencement of the day; *natmál*, the commencement of the night; *hirdis rismál*, the shepherds' rising time, &c. &c.; and their course was marked by the sun's passage across certain points on natural or artificial objects in the locality, selected for the purpose, and termed *dagsmárk*, (day-marks.) Besides denoting in general the aliquot portions of the day and night, the term *eykt* was also used to designate the eighth division of the natural day; but then the word *dags* was most frequently (at least in Iceland) added to it. By reference to the ancient laws and Sagas, it has been ascertained that the ancient inhabitants of the north reckoned the commencement of the natural day from half-past four o'clock in the morning, which hour was termed *hirdis rismál*, the shepherds' rising time; and down to the present day this continues to be the rising time of the Iceland peasantry in the haymaking season; though originally, as it would appear, the shepherds rose earlier than any of the other inmates of the farm, because, according to a legal regulation, they were bound to have gathered together their roaming flocks, which frequently strayed during the night, by a given hour in the morning. Reckoning from the *hirdis rismál*, as the beginning of the day, the eighth

* *Chronicles of the Kings of Norway*, vol. i. p. 173.

mál, or eighth half *eykt*, which was termed *eykt-dags*, commenced at three, and ended at half-past four o'clock in the afternoon. The limiting line of this aliquot portion of the day was termed *eyktarstadr*, or the *eykt's* place, or limit or termination; and the precise moment when the sun appeared therein indicated the termination of the day proper, and the commencement of the evening. It was a general rule, when reference was made to the length of the day, that the word *stadr*, added to the name of a *mál* or *stund*, if the time were morning, indicated the rising of the sun in or nearest the beginning of the aliquot portion of the day designated by it; but if the time were afternoon, it showed that the sun set at or toward the close of the portion of time comprised within the *stund*. Now, it having been ascertained beyond a doubt that the *dagmál* of the ancient Icelanders commenced at half-past seven in the morning, if we accept of the authority of Vidalin, Johnson, and Thorlacius, upon whose evidence the assertion is founded, the words *dagmalastadr* and *eyktarstadr*, as used in Eric Red's Saga, are by no means so vague as Mr. Laing would give us to understand. On the contrary, they seem distinctly to intimate that in Wineland the sun was above the horizon from half-past seven in the morning until half-past four in the afternoon; and it is in accordance herewith that Professor Rafn and the other antiquarians of the north locate the spot in Wineland, where the observation was made, in latitude $41^{\circ} 24' 10''$.

As regards the astronomical knowledge of the ancient Scandinavians, Finn Magnusson cites Sagas from the beginning of the eleventh century, wherein mention is made of a rich chieftain, Randulf of Oesterdal in Norway, who taught his son Sigurd the science of computing the course of the sun and the moon, and of other celestial bodies, and recommended him particularly to observe those stars which mark the lapse of certain periods of time, so that he might know what time it was when he could see neither sun nor moon. But there are similar accounts of Icelandic chieftains during the strictly heathen period having with equal attention observed the movements of the heavenly bodies with a view to determining the evolutions of the wheel of time; and evidences are not wanting of their belief in astrology, which was indeed intimately connected with their mythology and rituals.

In the ancient Icelandic work called "*Rimbegla*," which contains rules for the measurement of time, for the study of astronomy, geometry, &c., there are among other treatises, compiled and translated from foreign works, some astronomical calculations by an Icelander named Odd, who lived about the year 1000, and who, taught by oral traditions handed down in his family, and by his own personal observations, had attained so accurate a knowledge of the motions of the celestial bodies, that the regulations of the Christian year were founded on the information received from him. But besides all the evidence contained in the ancient writings of the Icelanders, and in the Scandinavian mythology, the very fact of distant maritime expeditions in unknown seas being constantly and successfully undertaken by the Scandinavians, prove that they must have had some knowledge of astronomy; and as ancient historians affirm that instruments for measuring time, as well as the movements of the celestial bodies, were at a very early period in use among the Ostrogoths, the Burgundians, and the Germans, it is not too much to suppose that the same has been the

case among the seafaring nations of the same race, who were constantly coming into contact with foreign nations in a more advanced stage of civilization than themselves. As regards the case in point, it will be perceived that the discoverers of America may be supposed to have possessed even an unusual amount of knowledge on these subjects; for Leif Ericson was educated by the Southern German Tyrker, and Thorfin Karlsefne was not only a descendant of an illustrious house, but had, moreover, long traded with England, Scotland, and Ireland, the inhabitants of which countries in the eleventh century were by no means barbarians. An old Norwegian manuscript, called the "Konung's Skuggsio" ("King's Mirror,") written in the twelfth century, gives a favourable idea of the education of the Scandinavian merchant-mariners of the middle ages. In this book the merchant is exhorted to make himself acquainted with the commercial and maritime laws of all countries, as also with foreign languages, but more particularly the Latin and the Italian, which were then most generally diffused. He is further recommended to study the phases and motions of the celestial bodies, and to make himself acquainted with the art of determining the hours of the day, with the divisions of the horizon, the ebb and flood tides and currents of the sea, the climates, and the distinguishing features of the countries thence arising, the seasons of the year most favourable to navigation in the different seas, the equipping and rigging of ships, the judicious investment of capital, arithmetical calculations, &c. The merchant was, besides, expected to distinguish himself by polished and decorous behaviour, and in every way to do honour to a calling which was held in high esteem. If such were the acquirements expected from a merchant and mariner in the twelfth century, there is reason to presume that he may have possessed some of these qualifications in the eleventh century, and that his scientific attainments may, at the last-mentioned period, also, have greatly surpassed those of the generality of his countrymen.

Having now examined how far the astronomical evidence of the Scandinavian discoverers of America having reached latitude 41 degrees, is deserving of credit, we will now follow Professor Raffn from point to point in the different localities which he designates as those visited by the early northern voyagers, and observe how far the modern descriptions of these countries coincide with those given in the Sagas. From information contained in the "Landnamabok," and various ancient geographical works of Iceland, it is inferred that a day's sailing among the ancient Scandinavians was equivalent to twenty-seven or thirty geographical miles of fifteen to a degree. From the last land seen by Biarne, and the first subsequently visited by Leif, the former arrived at Herjulfssness—now Ikigeit in Greenland—in four days, sailing with a strong south-west wind. As the island of Newfoundland is situated in the direction indicated, and at a distance of about one hundred and fifty miles from the promontory of Ikigeit, and this distance, it is supposed, might, with a very high wind, be traversed in the time mentioned, and, as moreover, the modern voyagers describe the island as presenting to the eye of the mariner the same flat and barren rocks, unrelieved by any trace of verdure, which are mentioned in the Saga as forming the characteristic features of the land discovered, and as having obtained for it the name of Helluland, the identity of Newfoundland and Helluland is considered established beyond a doubt.

Subsequently, it seems, the name of Little Helluland was given to this island; and Labrador, which is probably the Helluland of Karlsefne's Saga, was denominated Helluland it Mikla, or the Great Helluland. This country is described by a writer in the fourth volume of the "Philosophical Transactions" as follows:—"This vast tract of land is extremely barren, and altogether incapable of cultivation. The surface is everywhere uneven, and covered with large stones, some of which are of amazing dimensions. There is no such thing as level land. It is a country formed of frightful mountains and unfruitful valleys. The mountains are almost devoid of every sort of herbage. A blighted shrub and a little moss are sometimes to be seen, but in general the bare rock is all you behold. In a word, the country is nothing more than a heap of barren rocks." Even the minute feature of the foxes is not wanting to complete the resemblance between Labrador and the land discovered by Karlsefne, for the same author mentions that these animals are there very numerous.

The land in the south-west, to which was given the name of Markland, and which the Northmen describe as "flat and covered with wood; and wherever they went there were large tracts of white sand, and the coast was low," is supposed to have been Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Lower Canada. The first-mentioned country is indeed described by modern geographers in terms almost similar to those used by the Icelanders, it being represented as level and low to the seaward, the coasts being lined with cliffs of exceedingly white sand, which particularly strike the eye of the mariner; and all three countries are even to the present day covered with extensive forests. The island which Karlsefne's Saga mentions as lying "outside the land in north-east," and to which the Northmen gave the name of Biarney, in consequence of their having killed a bear there, is by the northern antiquaries determined to be Cape Sable; while the island where Leif and his followers first landed, after leaving Markland, and having sailed a day and a night with a north-west wind, and where they observed the sweetness of the dew on the grass, is supposed to be a small island off Cape Cod, where honey-dew still abounds. The distance between Cape Sable and Cape Cod is in nautical works set down as fifty-two geographical miles west by south, and this agrees well with the amount of time which the Northmen spent in traversing it—a day and a night's sailing; being, in accordance with what is stated above, equivalent to from fifty-four to sixty miles. The land and the island between which ran the sound into which Leif next entered, holding to the west past the promontory, are laid down on the maps of the northern antiquary as the peninsula of Barnstable and the island of Nantucket, round which island, according to modern navigators, there are dangerous shoals and numberless sandbanks, the whole sound bearing the appearance of drowned land—features which strikingly coincide with the facts mentioned in the Saga. Still more remarkable, however, are the points of resemblance between the description of Kialarnas and Fudurstrandir—the first land reached by Karlsefne after leaving Markland—and the description of Cape Cod, together with Nauset Beach, Chatham Beach, and Monomoy Beach, which form the western shores of the promontory, given a few years ago by Mr. Hitchcock in his Report on the Geology of Massachusetts. "The dunes or sandhills," says this author, "are either entirely or in a great measure devoid of vegetation,

and forcibly attract the attention on account of their peculiarity. As the traveller approaches the extremity of the cape, the sandhills increase to such an extent that in several places nothing is wanting to make him believe himself in the deserts of Arabia or Libya but that a troop of Bedouins should cross his path."

A remarkable phenomenon observed in this American desert, and which perhaps obtained for it the name of *Fudurstrandir*, (the Wonderful Strand,) by which the Northmen designated it, is described as follows by the same author:—"While traversing the deserts of the cape, I remarked a singular effect of *mirage*. At Orleans, for instance, it seemed to me that we were ascending at an angle of three or four degrees, and I was not convinced of my error until, turning round, I observed that the road which we had just traversed seemed to ascend in like manner. I cannot undertake to explain this optical illusion; I will only observe, that it is probably a phenomenon of the same nature as that which struck Humboldt in the pampas of Venezuela, and relative to which he says, 'all around us the plains seemed ascending toward the skies.'"

If the previous points be accepted as correctly laid down, our readers will probably not refuse to recognise the identity of the *Straumey of Karlsefne's Saga*, "round which went strong currents," and the island now called *Martha's Vineyard*, and situated to the south of *Barnstable*, or another small island at the entrance of *Vineyard Sound*, called *Egg Island*, on account of the great number of eggs of aquatic birds found there—a circumstance which further coincides with the description in the *Saga*. *Straumfiord* is supposed to be *Buzzard's Bay*, in which strong currents are created by the great gulf-stream, which, issuing from the Gulf of Mexico, and passing between Florida and Cuba and the Bahama Isles, runs northward parallel with the coasts of the United States, until it finds, as it were, its passage barred by the peninsula of *Barnstable*. The *Wineland Proper* of the Northmen—the locality in which *Leif* erected his wooden houses, and whence he explored the country, and which, it will be remembered, was reached through a river that communicated with a lake—is believed to have been the northern extremity of the beautiful *Rhode Island*, commonly called the *Eden of America*, and the adjacent portions of *Massachusetts*. It will be seen by the map of these localities, that on the one side, the narrow, yet navigable *Pocasset river* connects *Mount Hope Bay*, into which the *Taunton river* flows from the north, with the Straits of *Seaconnet* which communicate with the ocean; and on the other side the waters of *Mount Hope Bay* flow into *Naraganset Bay*, which opens into the Atlantic. Granting that the Northmen mistook *Mount Hope Bay* for a lake, to which, indeed, its landlocked character gives it a strong resemblance, this locality in every respect answers to the descriptions contained in both the *Sagas*. The land in those parts of *Massachusetts* which border on *Mount Hope Bay* is somewhat hilly, but not mountainous, and was formerly covered with large forests, which, being inhabited by many wild animals, formed favourite hunting-grounds of the Indians. The gray fox—the fur of which was so much prized by the ancient Scandinavians, and which it is said in the *Saga* the Northmen purchased from the natives—was, according to American accounts, found in these regions at a later date also. In *Rhode Island*, wild grape-vines still fling their graceful tendrils from tree to tree; maize, if not

wheat, grows there, sown by nature's hand alone; and among the forest-trees the maple, the tulip-tree, and several others are remarkable for the beauty of their wood. The mæsur-wood, of which the broomstick was made for which the German bade Karlsefne a price apparently so far above its value, may, it is suggested, have been the wood of the birds'-eye, or curled maple, which grows in this vicinity, and is particularly beautiful. The rivers and bays still abound in fish of various kinds, and among these the flounders or flat-fish, and the salmon mentioned in the Sagas. Even whales still from time to time find their way into these waters. The climate of Rhode Island is, as the Northmen described that of Wineland, so mild that the herbage rarely suffers from the frost in winter; and upon the whole, the country is such as fully warrants the name of Vinland it Godo (Wineland the Good,) under which it is frequently mentioned in the ancient Icelandic manuscripts.

Thus, as far as we have hitherto gone, the evidence adduced seems fully to warrant the assumption of Rhode Island and Massachusetts being the Wineland of the northern discoverers; but Professor Raffn, not content with following the enterprising voyagers from coast to coast, until at last he lands them in the happy spot denominated the Eden of America, endeavours, moreover, to connect the archæological monuments in these regions which modern research has brought to light, with the supposed presence of the Northmen in the country. By proving too much, he has in a great measure invalidated the rest of his conclusions; for several of his positions having been found untenable on these points, discredit has by some critics been thrown on the whole of his theory, though we do not see that in justice it ought to be so.

Rocks, with rude tracings of men and animals, together with other less definable figures, having been discovered in Rhode Island and Massachusetts, some of the learned bodies in these states forwarded to the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries in Copenhagen drawings of the rocks, suggesting that the supposed inscriptions on them might contain a record of the Northmen's presence in these localities; and observing that this surmise was strengthened by the fact that the tracings were evidently made with a metallic instrument, which rendered it improbable that they were the work of the Indians, who were unacquainted with the use of metals at the period of the arrival of the first European settlers. Acting upon this suggestion, Professor Raffn has, with marvellous ingenuity, traced in the disjointed and unconnected lines and figures cut, or rather picked, in one of these rocks situated in Berkley County, Massachusetts, and called the Deighton Rock, Runic characters and Roman numerals, which he interprets as representing the name of Thorfin Karlsefne, and the number of his company. We confess, however, that the examination of an engraving of the Deighton Rock leaves us quite unconvinced on this point; and as the tracings bear a strong resemblance to similar pictorial attempts on rocks in various other parts of America, whither the Northmen never could have penetrated, as also to the Indian paintings on buffalo-hides, we deem it more reasonable to conclude that their origin is the same. This opinion is further confirmed by the wonderful discoveries made in America subsequent to the publication of Raffn's work, proving beyond a doubt that the various mounds and other earthworks which the Danish antiquary also connects with the

presence of the Northmen in these regions, and some of which in reality bear a great affinity to the ancient tumuli in Scandinavian countries, owe their origin to a very different race, whose history is still a mystery, but the centre of whose civilization seems to have been the region now known as Central America.*

Another archaeological monument, which may be represented as dating from the visits of the Northmen to America, is a ruin near Newport in Rhode Island, known to the inhabitants of the locality, and to the numerous strangers who flock to this lovely spot in summer, where it forms a picturesque feature in the landscape, as the Old Stone-Mill. The building measures within the walls about eighteen feet in diameter, and is formed of eight stone pillars about seven feet high, and placed at a distance of from five to six feet from each other, so as to form a circle; the intermediate spaces being arched over, and the whole supporting walls twenty-four feet high, built of rough stones, held together with lime-mortar. Though supposed by antiquaries, on account of the peculiarities of its architecture, to have been originally a baptismal chapel, such as they were built in Scandinavia during the middle ages, this building is, in its character of windmill, not without its history among the people of Anglo-Saxon descent who now dwell around it; for it was mentioned in 1678, in the last will and testament of a certain Benedict Arnold, who seems at one time to have been governor of the settlement. In the year 1663, moreover, twenty-five years after the first settlement of the English in the south of Rhode Island, a memorandum to the effect that in this year the first windmill was built, was made by a Mr. Peter Easton, who was in the habit of noting in his pocket-book all the remarkable events occurring in the township. Now those who refuse to believe in any of the evidences of the Northmen having attained a point of the American continent so far south as the locality in question, think the entry in Mr. Peter Easton's pocket-book very significant, and conclude from it that the mill therein mentioned and the Old Stone-Mill bequeathed by Governor Arnold to his inheritors, must have been one and the same building. This is, however, but an arbitrary assumption, and it is not evident why the epithet "old" should in 1678 be attached to a mill built in 1663; whereas the name of mill may have been given to the structure because it does in reality bear much resemblance to the fundamental portions and outer walls of a windmill, and is placed on an eminence fully exposed to the winds from all quarters. On the other hand, we confess that it does seem passing strange that so remarkable a fact as the existence of a stone edifice in a locality supposed never before to have been inhabited by civilized people, should have been left unnoticed by the intelligent settlers. Be this as it may, the northern antiquaries are backed by the opinion of such authorities in matters of art and archaeology as Boisseree, Klenze, Thiersch, and Kallenbach, who, judging from drawings of the Old Stone-Mill sent from America, have all declared in favour of the ruin being the remains of a baptismal chapel in the early style of the middle ages. It must be further observed, with reference to this monument, that though the voyages to Wineland, of which we have authentic and detailed accounts, are not of later date than the year

* See "Ruined Cities of Central America," forming No. 13 of this series.

1012, and that none of the narratives relative to them give evidence of any permanent settlements having been made there, yet allusions to these countries, as to places well known, and with which commercial relations were kept up, are made in several manuscripts of considerably later date, the latest being from the middle of the fourteenth century; and the annals of Greenland record the departure of a Bishop Eric for Wineland in the year 1121. The results of his voyage are not, however, mentioned, nor is it said whether or not he ever reached the place of his destination.

Besides the objects above enumerated, which are supposed to owe their origin to the presence of the Northmen in America, another very remarkable discovery was made in 1845, near Fall River in Massachusetts, in the immediate vicinity of the spot which Professor Raffin in his work designates as the locality in which Karlsefne had taken up his abode. This was the skeleton of a man interred in a sitting posture, his breast being covered with a breastplate of bronze, and his waist encircled with a girdle composed of small bronze tubes, of three inches and a half in length, strung together, some upon leathern thongs, others upon plaited threads—the metal of the tubes forming a very thin outward covering, moulded over reeds, and the whole bearing a most striking resemblance to girdles of similar construction among the antiquities of Denmark and Iceland. On the earth around the skeleton were strewed a number of white beads of various sizes, of a substance resembling meerschaum, and which had evidently been originally attached to a kind of vestment that seemed made of a fibrous woody substance. The ancient history of America is still involved in so much mystery, that in spite of the striking analogy between these relics of the past and the antiquities of the north of Europe, it is impossible to determine whether they be really the products of early Scandinavian civilization, or of a civilization the vestiges of which are spread over the whole length and breadth of the great western continent, but the source of which is still enveloped in darkness. As the Sagas relate the death of several of the Northmen in Wineland, it seems, on the one hand, not quite improbable that the skeleton disinterred in Massachusetts should be the remains of one of these; but the sitting posture is not in accordance with the mode of interment prevalent at that period in Scandinavia and Iceland, whereas bodies interred in this posture have been found in Mexico, Yucatan, and various other parts of America.

It was not, however, only to the south of their own icebound shores that the dauntless and enterprising Greenland settlers ventured upon voyages of discovery; the arctic seas also, the navigation of which is, even in our days of improved nautical science, fraught with so many dangers, were the theatre of their exploits; and here likewise they discovered lands, the glory of the re-discovery of which, after the lapse of nearly five centuries and a half, is connected with the names of several British officers still living. A letter (the manuscript of which is still extant), written at the end of the thirteenth century by a Greenland priest, by name Halder, to Arnald, chaplain to Magnus Lagabæter, King of Norway, records a voyage of discovery to the arctic regions of America, undertaken in the year 1266, under the auspices of some ecclesiastics belonging to the bishopric of Gardar in Greenland. It was the custom apparently of the Greenland

settlers to repair during summer to regions north of the Eystri and Vestri-bygð, for the purpose of fishing and hunting. The localities thus visited in summer only, were called Nordsetur, and the principal stations Greipar and Kroksfiardarheidi, the first of which is believed to have been situated south of the island of Disco. The exact position of Kroksfiardarheidi is nowhere explained, but mention is made of its being more northern than Greipar; and as the Runic stone, found in the island of Kingitorsok, to which allusion has been made in the preceding pages, proves that the Northmen had taken possession of territories so far north as latitude $72^{\circ} 55'$, this renders it probable that some of their summer stations were in this vicinity, and it is believed that Kroksfiard may have been somewhere far in the interior of Baffin's Bay, the name Kroksfiardarheidi signifying barren heights surrounding a bay or inlet. The ecclesiastics above alluded to having, according to the priest Haldor's letter, left Kroksfiardarheidi on their voyage of discovery, with the intention of exploring regions farther north than any attained up to that period, were surprised by a storm blowing from the south, and a sudden darkness, and were obliged to let their vessel drift with the wind. When the heavens again cleared up, they discovered many islands, and saw a great number of seals, whales, and bears. They penetrated into the interior part of the gulf in which they found themselves, and to the south, as far as the eye could reach, they saw nothing but icebergs. They judged by certain vestiges that the Skrælings must at one time have inhabited these regions, but the bears prevented them from landing on any of the islands. They were three days returning, and then again discovered traces of the Skrælings on some islands to the south of a mountain called Sniofell (Snow Mountain.) On St. James's Day they rowed a whole day and night in a southerly direction along Kroksfiardarheidi. They had frost in the night, but the sun was never below the horizon, yet so low at mid-day that when a man lay stretched across a six-oared boat the shadow of the boat's railing on the side on which was the sun fell upon his face. But at midnight the sun was as high as it was in Gardar, when it was at the highest point in north-west. Thence the adventurous priests returned to Gardar.

The information here given is unhappily very vague, yet there are some points which enable us to lay down with tolerable certainty which were the regions explored by the Greenland ecclesiastics. According to their description, the gulf or bay which they denominate Kroksfiardarheidi seems to have been so extensive that they required several days to traverse it; further, that they passed from this bay into another gulf or sea, and that they were several days in returning. As regards the first observation of the sun made on St. James's Day, it leads to no very certain result, because the depth of the position occupied by the man across whose face fell the shadow of the railing not being given, the degrees of the angle formed by the railing and his face cannot be calculated, and consequently the measure is wanting by which the height of the sun on the given day ought to be determined. If, however, it be admitted, according to probability, that the angle measured 33° , the spot in which the observation was made must have been situated in north latitude 75° . The angle cannot by any means be assumed to have been larger, and cannot, therefore, have indicated a more southern latitude.

The second observation made by the Greenland navigators establishes the fact. On St. James's Day, the 25th of July, in the thirteenth century, the declination of the sun was $= + 17^{\circ} 32'$, the obliquity of the ecliptic was $= 23^{\circ} 32'$. Supposing the bishopric of Gardar to have been situated, as is now generally believed, on the north of the bay of Igaliko, consequently in latitude $60^{\circ} 55'$, where the ruins of a large church and several other buildings remain, and indicate the former seat of a colony, the height of the sun in north-west during the summer solstice must in this settlement have been $3^{\circ} 40'$. This is equivalent to the height of the sun at midnight on St. James's Day in the parallel of $75^{\circ} 46'$, which falls a little north of Barrow's Straits in the latitude of Wellington Straits. The voyage of discovery of the Greenland priests thus carried them into the same seas as those more carefully explored in the present times by Sir W. Parry, Sir John Ross, Sir James Ross, and several other British navigators.

It will be seen from all we have said, that the discovery of America by the Northmen in the tenth century, however interesting in a historical point of view, remained without any apparent influence on the general course of European events, or, as far as has yet been proved, on the development of civilization among the natives of the new continent. If, however, the fact of this discovery having remained a secret to the world upwards of seven hundred years, should have taught antiquaries, historians, and philosophers of all classes to be less dogmatical in their assertions, by proving that intercourse between distant nations may have been established on points and at periods not dreamt of in their theories, the records of the voyages of the ancient Scandinavians to America may still prove of service in lifting the veil which to this day hangs over the origin of the nations inhabiting those regions of the New World the existence of which the Spaniards first revealed to Europe.

HERMANN.

I.

THE evening was closing upon an extensive plain that skirted the territory of the Cherusci, in ancient Germany; and on the plain nothing had been visible during the previous day but the shaggy urus, and the almost equally hirsute hunters who urged it in hot pursuit. Now, however, it was covered with a populous encampment, a single glance at which sufficed to indicate the warriors to whom it belonged. Who, indeed, could remain in doubt when he beheld the strong rampart and deep fosse with which it was so securely girdled—the straight and orderly streets and tents by which it was intersected at right angles, and that gave it the aspect of a tranquil city—or the regular noiseless step with which whole masses of the soldiery moved, as if by the impulse of a single spirit, in the performance of their military duties? These, still more than the splendid prætorium of the commander, and the well-known ensigns that surrounded it, announced a Roman camp. It folded within its far-reaching arms the mightiest of many nations—men brimful of life and energy, and prompt at every moment for daring enterprise; while under the leathern coverings of many of these tents the feast was spread, and the jest and song were circulating with the wine-cup. But the sound that rose from such a throng was only like the murmurings of a distant beehive—a buzz and rustle to proclaim that life and energy, though so silent, dwelt there; while the only interruption was an occasional note of the cornet, to summon the officers to the tent of the general, or regulate the changes of the guard.

One man, a solitary speck, moved from out that embattled boundary, and directed his steps along the plain, toward the forest by which it was terminated. He proceeded for some time with a slow, listless pace, until he had left the camp a considerable distance behind him, when he suddenly paused and looked back, as if to ascertain whether his course was watched. He peered anxiously from side to side, but there was no intervening object to conceal a lurker, and nothing in human form was visible but the long dark column of his own shadow in the already advancing moonlight, which also revealed the distant tents, and clothed them with a peaceful loveliness that was strangely at variance with the purposes they covered. His eye rested upon the military standards of Rome, that glittered over the ridges of the encampment; and as he looked, his teeth were clenched, his nostrils

quivered, and his countenance flashed every moment with a fiercer and wilder emotion in the brightening moonlight. He raised his hands to heaven with the frantic air of one who is about to call down a fearful curse; but the words that struggled for utterance were stifled within his throat, as if he feared that even the winds might hear and reveal them. It was a dreadful yet a magnificent spectacle the emotion of that solitary man, as he gazed upon the camp he had so lately quitted. His stature, compared with that of a Roman, might have been almost termed gigantic; but while his limbs were moulded according to the most ample proportions of heroic beauty, there was a buoyancy in his step, proclaiming that so goodly a form was teannted by a corresponding spirit; and his face, although wrung with such fierce emotions, was not only faultlessly beautiful, but seemed also to be instinct with those high powers and purposes which the Greek sculptor would have imparted to the features of a demigod. He was completely, and also gorgeously armed, after the fashion of those chosen cavaliers who composed the emperor's life-guards, while the ring upon his finger showed that he possessed the rank of knighthood. But his large, clear, blue eye, his light-brown hair clustering in massive curls upon his broad shoulders, and the brightness of his complexion, indicated that he owed his birth to a colder climate than that of sunny Italy. His birthplace did not long remain a mystery. After he had given full vent to the bitterness of his spirit, a softer emotion succeeded. He threw himself upon the ground, to which he pressed his lips with rapture; in a few moments his eyes were filled with tears, and his voice was broken with sobs, that heaved his manly bosom almost to bursting.

"My fatherland!" he cried, "my country, my home!—theme of my daily thoughts, haunt of my nightly dreams—hail! all hail, my beautiful, my beloved!" He paused, but it was only because his feelings were too intense for utterance. It was the return of the yearning exile to his long-lost home; the rushing of the child to that maternal bosom in which lies the fountain of life.

Alas that emotions so noble and so holy should ever need to be enjoyed by stealth, or be liable to interruption! But hush! there is a sudden stir in the wood—there is a ringing sound upon the frozen earth from the tread of coming footsteps. The exile started to his feet, and listened with an anxious look. An ancient warrior of the country soon appeared. Upon his head was a rude helmet, fashioned into the form of a vulture with out-stretched wings, that nodded terribly as he moved; upon his left arm was a large wooden shield, painted with a diversity of gaudy colours, and in his right hand he bore a spear scantily tipped with iron, but of such formidable weight, that few Roman bucklers could have sustained the shock of its encounter. So grim a figure, issuing from the dark forest, might have been mistaken at such an hour for the guardian genius of these haunts preparing to defend them from foreign intruders. The exile hastened forward to meet him; but no sooner did the old man see the glitter of Roman armour than he poised his spear, and stood ready for combat.

"What!" exclaimed the youth mournfully, "has Rome then so enthralled the spirit of the noble Sigimer that he can no longer recognize his son?" The venerable warrior threw down his weapon, and rushed into the arms of the speaker. A silence followed—a long deep silence, which was more

eloquent than words between hearts so strong and high. The vulture-headed chief was the first to recover from that conflict of fond affection, for laying his hands upon the young man's shoulders, he gently removed and held him at arm's length, that he might gaze upon him more perfectly; and while his eyes wandered from feature to feature, and from limb to limb, it was with a scrutiny that seemed to be always becoming more delightful.

"Thou art beautiful, my Hermann," he at length broke forth; "thou art very beautiful to thy father's eyes, that have ached for so many years to behold thee. Such were the ancient heroes of the land, who only visit us in our dreams; and thou wilt be as terrible to the foe as the Selector of the Slain when he rushes from Valhalla to secure his victims. These hands have not twined garlands round the gay altars of the strangers, neither has that free heart been enslaved by their gifts. Spirits of my fathers! look down from your red fields of conflict, and be proud of such a son."

"Oh, my father," replied the impassioned youth, "had I forgotten my country, my heart would have ceased to beat! Rome applauded me, her emperor honoured me, the dark eyes of the vain daughters of Italy endeavoured to teach me forgetfulness; but the smallest flower that lurks beneath the snow of my native valleys would have been dearer to me than all the treasures of Augustus. Hark, my father, to the breeze that rustles among the icicles! Its voice is music, and it wafts my spirit to the clouds."

"And can such a land lie trodden beneath the heel of an enemy?" exclaimed the senior with a tremendous frown, and shaking his spear menacingly toward the Roman camp.

The answer of the other was prefaced with a loud laugh of triumphant scorn. "They come, my father, to fatten our fields with their blood, and glut the ravens with their limbs. It is for this that I have allured them so far from the banks of the Rhine. Their infatuated leader listens to my words, and watches his birds of augury, and both say to him, 'Go forward!'"

A joyous light seemed to flash upon the old man's soul at this intimation. He re-echoed the exulting laugh of his son, and folded him again in his arms, after which both turned their eyes to the far-distant tents, and fixed upon them such looks as two fierce eagles might be supposed to dart upon the victims they had destined for their swoop. And there lay the encampment—a reposing lion, fearless in the confidence of his strength, and knowing that the hunter would either turn aside from his place of slumber, or drop the useless spear at the calm opening of his eyelids.

These astute conspirators withdrew in anxious converse, and were soon lost to sight among the trees of that dark-brown forest which the moonbeams were unable to penetrate: but the vacant space was soon occupied by another pair, who advanced from a different direction. These were a youth and a maiden, both natives of the land. Although their dress was rude and scanty, yet it sufficed to indicate a superior rank among their people, being composed of skins of a finer and more flexible texture, and edged with a richer fur; and the golden chain and embroidered baldric of the young man announced him an ally of the Romans, and one whom they had thought worthy of military distinction. The lady was surpassingly tall; while the polished skin of her limbs, where it was seen uncovered,

was as faultless as the ivory of a statue of Diana, for which statue she might indeed have been mistaken when she stood in an attitude of repose. But a striking charm in her appearance was her long, bright hair, which, descending in wavy ringlets to her waist, and half-covering her like a veil, would have made the Roman ladies tear their rich vestments of silk, that had lately become their fashionable attire, for very envy to see their glistening bravery so completely outshone by that garment of nature's workmanship. The young man who accompanied, or rather followed her steps, seemed to urge her with fond and vehement expostulations, but which appeared odious to her ears, for her head was turned away with aversion or contempt.

"Thou carest not for me," he said; "thou shunnest, thou hatest me, Thusnelda: the ice-rock is not colder to the winds than thy heart to my entreaties. Bid me do aught that man may dare to obtain thy love. What shall I do to merit it?"

The fair one thus addressed raised the hunting-spear which she carried, and pointed with a stern smile to the Roman camp, but uttered not a word.

"Thusnelda," he resumed in a more impassioned tone, "speak to me—speak to me, my beloved! Let me but hear that voice, although it bid me go forth and die, and say what thou would have of the unhappy Rudiger!"

The stern beauty at last vouchsafed to open the rose-leaves of her mouth. "Go," she said, "and fire the tents of these destroyers, and I will pledge thee my heart amid the blaze! Thou startest back! Then bring me the head of a Roman chief in token that thou hast renounced their friendship. Oh these are deeds for men, and Rudiger trembles!" In a tone of bitter irony she thus continued: "Give me that chain of gold, so unfit for a German warrior: it will better grace the white neck of a maiden in the dance. Give me that belt, so richly embroidered with the workmanship of the strangers: it will serve as a leash to bind my dogs. Thou wilt not?—thou wilt give me nothing? Go, go, and complain no more that Thusnelda has rejected thee!"

"This is but thy wonted bitterness," replied the youth angrily, "and thy hatred of all that is Roman. Still thou dost taunt me, because I prefer the lords and teachers of the world to the fierce barbarians by whom I am surrounded. Daughter of Segest, is this well done? Dost thou hate me because I walk in thy father's steps?"

The appeal was in vain, because it was unheard. The beautiful enthusiast, who so lately had breathed slaughter and conflagration, as if these had been her kindred element, was now rapt in one of those prophetic transports by which the women of her land were often inspired when they directed the tribes, like a mountain torrent, against the Roman phalanges. She stood, like one of the Valkeries of her creed, in the act of selecting those who were to die; and while her steady gaze was fixed upon the distant emblems of invasion, her eyes brightened and dilated, as if she beheld more than was pictured in the long lines of reposing tents, or the silence with which they were covered; while her voice, which broke forth in a wild chant, embodying low, but rich and heart-thrilling accents, seemed to be addressed, not to her companion, but the elements by which she was surrounded, or the spirits that hovered upon her ecstatic vision.

"Lift up thy head, my country, to behold the ruin of the spoiler: prepare

thy voice for the welcome of deliverance, and the song of triumph! The clash of shields is deepening, the spears and darts descend like rain amid the thunder; the burning tents are rolled together, and quenched in the blood of their defenders. On—on ye victorious War-men! Yet another effort, and the enemy shall cease to be. And now it is done! The war-horse can no longer bear its master; the golden eagles are low in the dust; and the swords that guarded them lie broken by their side. Can it be that the mighty have thus passed away, like a storm of the night, when the morning sun looks forth in his strength? The vulture flaps his wings over the cold faces of those who brought chains to bind us, and the mighty of Valhalla shout to behold our sacrifices that blaze upon a thousand altars. But can it be, ye prophetic powers who have inspired the vision? Is the chosen one already at hand who is to lead our people to victory?"

"Thusnelda, Thusnelda!"

The call aroused the young prophetess from her trance, but it was only to regard her companion with a look of new interest. "Rudiger," she exclaimed with eagerness, "I have seen the ruin of the foe, and I beheld our countrymen led by one of our own people, whose bright hair was covered with a Roman crest. I strained my eyes to discover his countenance, but in vain; and then came a whisper of Heaven into my heart, that the hour and the hero are both at hand. Friend of the Romans! say that thou art that chosen one—promise me that *thou* wilt obey the voice which the gods themselves have uttered through mine—say but this, and I will love thee; yea, I will worship thee!" She gracefully knelt upon one knee, and clasped her hands in entreaty. "Say that thou wilt free our people from bondage, and this heart is wholly thine!"

Nothing could be more unresponsive to the high-wrought energy of that beautiful enthusiastic maiden than the stolid look of Rudiger. The appeal which he had heard would have been received by his countrymen as an oracle from Heaven, and ten thousand spears would have been brandished at the summons; but the young man had associated with the Romans just long enough to despise his national creed, without replacing it with that of his instructors, and he was proof to prophecies and omens, whether they might come from Rome or Germany. He therefore tried the effect of reasoning. Vain fool! as if arguments were needed where a deed beyond human hope can only be measured, as well as achieved, by the divine inspiration that prompts it.

"Thusnelda, Thusnelda!" he said, "this is the dream of madness, not a vision of the gods. I oppose the majesty of Rome!—I deliver the land from their dominion! As well might the oak shake its branches at the thunder-bolt, or the crisp leaves of autumn refuse to move before the whirlwind. Hear the voice of reason, my beloved. The gods of Rome have given the world to the Romans, and what nation may say in reply, 'This shall not be?' Let us, then, rear our cottage beneath their protecting shadow, and listen peacefully to the storm. Such is the advice of the wise Segest, who worships the divinity of Augustus, and thus he saves his people from a war that would destroy them."

A cloud passed over the countenance of the maiden that was lately so bright with inspiration; and with disappointment there was also the bitterness of shame that she should have been so deceived. "Thou rejectest,"

she replied, "the cause of thy country, and to me, therefore, thou art nothing. When I dwell beneath the Roman shadow, let its rock fall and crush me! Find for thyself some other mate to join thee in worshipping the oppressor, for I would rather seek the home that is cold and dark, but where all are free. Go, man of a crouching soul, whom neither Heaven can persuade nor honour kindle! The land shall be delivered, though not by thee, and thou shalt only perish in the ruin of the enemy."

"Daughter of Segest! dost thou despise the wisdom of thy father?"

"A cloud has gathered upon his aged eyes; the gods will disperse it that he may see."

"And this is a daughter's devotedness! this the piety of Thusnelda! Thy father would remain the friend of Rome, and thou hatest it; he studies to save his people, and thou wouldst give them to ruin; he selected me as thy destined mate, and the guardian of thine honour when his aged head is laid low, and thou—thou laughest at his will, and despisest the man of his choice. Away from this place of fearful vision! the dark spirits of Hela gather round it. Gaze no longer upon yonder camp: its guardian gods, who keep watch upon its ramparts, frown terribly upon thee. Hence, hence, for to stay is death! Away with me to thy father!"

This burst of angry impatience was only answered by the maiden with a look of withering scorn. Rudiger was almost maddened by that glance; and if the respect of a lover had hitherto made him hesitate, he was now transported beyond its influence. "I must drag my promised bride," he fiercely cried, "from the ruin that threatens her, even though she hate me; and Segest himself will approve the deed!" He rushed forward to seize her. The point of her spear was instantly at his breast; but the massive ornaments of his military belt arrested it, and the frail weapon fell in splinters to the earth. Already he had secured her arms, and was endeavouring to force her away; but with all the fearlessness and wrath of an insulted German maiden she resisted his efforts, and a furious struggle commenced. The youth was tall and powerful, and his rude grasp had enclosed her, as if she had been some wayward child or rebellious wife, and not a worshipped mistress; but he soon discovered what fearful energies can animate even the female arm when such an indignity has nerved it for resistance. She closed upon him with flashing eyes, and cheeks that glanced like an angry thunder-cloud; she twined within his rude hold, and shook his strong frame to and fro, while shrieks, not of fear, but rage and defiance, with which she followed every effort, pierced the recesses of the wood, and startled the ancient ravens that dozed upon the doddered branches.

Was it a flash of lightning that suddenly broke from the forest?—was it some warrior-deity of the north who had descended to aid so fair a worshipper? With a step as swift as that of a deer, although he was armed in heavy Roman mail, a warrior suddenly broke upon the scene, and at his indignant shout the startled Rudiger recoiled. Wonder and contempt were expressed in the looks of this new-comer, as if he could not credit the reality of such a scene of outrage; and he silently gazed upon Rudiger, whose colour changed from red to ghastly pale in the cold moonlight that revealed his confusion. But the latter endeavoured to conceal his shame under looks of rage, as he hastily turned upon the stranger. "Away, thou

meddling fool!" he cried, "and come not between the lover and his bride!" The stranger raised his eyes to Thusnelda, and her look was enough to assure him: he drew his sword upon the insulter, who madly rushed to the combat. But their weapons had scarcely met, when that of Rudiger was struck from his grasp; and when he sprang forward to grapple with his antagonist, he found himself overmatched in the powerful grip that compressed him. He was raised from the ground, and hurled backward with such force, that he lay stunned and unfitted for further resistance; after which the victor, as if disdaining so unworthy an enemy, turned his whole attention toward her whom he had rescued.

And why should we repeat the conversation that followed, by which two young hearts that glowed with a kindred patriotism gradually learned to beat with one pulse under the inspiration of one and the same bright principle of existence? Have we not seen such hearts, that though parted by lands and seas, have for the first time met, not as strangers, but as friends?—have felt in an hour as if years had passed over their mutual intercourse—and been gladdened with the delightful consciousness, that thus to love was neither a deed of rashness nor a subject of blame? Thus it was with the noble pair who walked, at first at a brief distance from each other, but afterward side by side, and finally hand in hand into the forest, toward the cottage of Segest. That warrior-youth, so disguised in Roman panoply, was like a young poet who for the first time has found his Muse; or like a patriot, who beholds impersonated the presiding Genius of his native land to animate and direct him. He talked of the imperial city in which his spirit had been imprisoned so long, and how he had pined amidst its grandeur for his own northern land, over whose limitless wilds he might pass like the whirlwind, and feel that he was free indeed; he talked of the gallant children whom their country nursed within her heroic bosom, and of the noble deeds which they might be taught to achieve; and while he thus spoke, it was in language such as heroes use when they describe the deeds of heroes. And then, too, the tones of his voice were so rich and varied—so deep in their energy, and so mournfully sweet in their tenderness. Thusnelda, Thusnelda! how soon hast thou forgotten thy baffled suitor and his insult! The words of Hermann are like music from heaven, and thy bright eye grows brighter as it steals with sidelong glances over his heroic form. They entered the dark edge of the forest, and disappeared, so that nothing but the motionless person of the baffled Rudiger occupied the scene. Sensation returned to him, and it came with the remembrance of defeat, and the desire of vengeance. He rose from the ground, resumed his useless sword; and with fear and hatred in his heart, and the air of some ignoble cur employed to track the game which it is unable to encounter and pull down, he cautiously followed in the path of his conqueror.

II.

Days and weeks had elapsed since the Romans pitched their camp, and all as yet had seemed to intimate that it reposed upon a friendly soil. The soldiers had burnished their arms until they shone like polished mirrors from lack of more warlike occupation; and they had mingled in social

sport or conversation with the natives, who thronged in peaceful fashion to the military market-place, where they exchanged the produce of the chase, or rude articles of home manufacture, for the gold or trinkets of Italy. Nothing, in short, could be more unlike the condition of an invading army; and it appeared as if these gallant legions were to return to their homes upon the banks of the Rhine with the new inscription engraved upon their shields—*Germania pacata*.

The sun of the newly-commencing spring was descending, the crowds of friendly natives had retired, and the cares of the soldiers were chiefly occupied in preparations for supper. Two centurions at this instant were standing a few paces in advance of the principal outpost, apparently employed on some military duty, and engaged in conversation. One of them was an ancient warrior, whose countenance under the suns of Parthia and the frosts of Germany had acquired the hue and almost the lustre of bronze, while his wrinkled forehead was bald from the constant pressure of the helmet. The other centurion was a mere youth; and as if his armour had been an idle burthen, as much of it was laid aside as could be dispensed with according to the regulations of the camp. In other respects there was no want of care in the arrangements of his person, for his locks were crisped according to the latest fashion of the Roman courtiers, and his silken, well-trimmed beard was curled and perfumed; while the ornaments that dangled gracefully from his neck and waist announced an ambition for more gentle conquests than those that were to be achieved by the sword. After the two had eyed the setting sun and looked carefully along the plain, as if to ascertain that all was tranquil, the younger, striking his vine-rod, which he carried as the badge of his rank, upon the ground with a gesture of impatience, thus broke forth to his companion—"By the bright smile of Venus, this peace is intolerable! Was it for this that I left the gay suppers of Sempronia and the merry rambles to Tiburtinus? Peer out, peer out, most sage Septimuleius, and tell me if your old experience can descry any promise of warfare? I would rather die at once under the stones and bludgeons of the Cyclops who inhabit this hideous country than expire by inches, as I am likely to do, from very spleen and weariness."

"Your wish will be granted, and that speedily, Lucius," replied his more thoughtful fellow-officer, "unless my experience, which has been gathered in many lands, and through a long military service, is failing me at last. It tells me that this calm is delusive, and that it will soon burst in tempest or earthquake."

"Mehercle!—but from what tokens do you derive this grim augury?"

"From the gentle demeanour and friendly protestations of this people, upon which our army is so confident. Are such feelings, is such a state congenial to barbarians? Will the fierce Germans, so renowned for ages, thus succumb without a blow?"

"The burly, big-boned, gallant churls!—I hope they will not," cried the youth sportively; "for I long for the excitement of victory, and the fair-haired, blue-eyed *spolia opima*. Ah, these charming giantesses!—they are only to be won, like their predecessors the Amazons, by hard blows, and not by blandishments."

"A truce to such frothy impertinence!" exclaimed the senior gruffly: "Does the hour or the subject permit such jesting?"

"Is it not better," replied the laughing youth, "than the grave comedy that has been playing these several weeks, in which our general has been acting the lawyer and judge? So favour me Mavortius! his tent looks more like the paltry tribunal of a city prætor than a warlike prætorium. Faugh! how it reminds me of the clown-trodden Forum—its grave legal decisions about greens, oil, and honey, and its furious brawls and speeches about some half-dozen of sesterces!"

"Thou speakest, Lucius, more wisely than thou art aware," said the other; "and thou hast mentioned another ground of suspicion. The natives, indeed, throng daily to our tribunal, and submit their contentions to the award of the general; and Varus, thinking that the arts of peace will be all-sufficient, exclaims in a sportive mood, '*Cedunt arma togæ!*' But he will soon find that the cuirass, and not the gown, is needed here. This gratuitous submission is itself a proof that treachery is at work. Even these contentions, which the people submit to our arbitration, are not the genuine quarrels of barbarians. They have wholly the appearance of preconcerted artifice, to lull us into security, and smooth our march to destruction."

"By all the gods you startle me! Do you think, then, that to-morrow we commence our last march?"

"These pathless forests into which we shall enter," replied Septimuleius gloomily, "are the threshold of Hades, upon which no reversed footprint has ever been marked; and we march to the shades under the leading of a Mercury who will securely consign us to the keeping of the King of Shadows. Oh, he is cunning, and eloquent, and beautiful, like the god who leads the dead to their destination, when they listen to his soothing words until they forget the purpose of their journey!"

"Do you speak of the chief favourite of our commander—of the German Arminius?"

"Yea, of that serpent Arminius, who has so fascinated the brain of the prudent Quintilius Varus."

"What! a youth, a mere stripling, and a barbarian to boot, although his fine figure turned the heads of half the ladies of Rome! You dream! or do you envy him, Septimuleius?"

"I tell you that there is more under the bright locks of that stripling than the furrowed brows of our wisest officers. He is the master-spirit of this strange tranquillity of his countrymen, and to-morrow we march, we know not whither, under his guidance, to receive the submission of his father's people—the Cherusci. But into what trackless woods will he conduct us? Among what ambushes may we be entangled, or in what morass shall we be swallowed up? To none but the gods of Rome should such a responsibility be intrusted. Oh for the leading of the wise and heroic Drusus instead of that of Quintilius Varus!"

The young officer was thoughtful for a moment in consequence of these ominous surmises, the plausibility of which he was unable to gainsay; but he was neither of an age nor temper to think long upon such a disagreeable topic. Let the general look to it. As for himself, it was enough that he discharged his own duties faithfully, whether to advance or retreat. Besides, might not the old man, whose services had been but churlishly rewarded, be a camp critic and a grumbler? Such characters, who had the

happy tact to discover that all was wrong, were rife in the Roman army. It was with some satisfaction, therefore, that he found further dialogue cut short by a deep bellowing from the forest, that, to unpractised ears, would have sounded like the roar of savage animals, but which seemed to the officers nothing more than an expected signal.

"It is the German chiefs," exclaimed the laughing Lucius, from whose mind the warnings of his friend had already vanished; "it is the sons of the whirlwind and the tempest, who have been invited to our general's parting banquet; and I almost weep to think how little of our good wine will be left when these gigantic wine-skins have been filled. Evê, god of the joyous vine! what pity that thou canst not plant thy treasures in this sterile soil, to refine its monsters into men! See, Septimuleius, with what strides they advance, while each man carries upon his shoulder a gnarled pine-tree, which he calls a spear! Ha—ha—ha! when the feasting has ended, I laugh to think how they will roll in their departure, like a heavy-laden fleet contending with a storm."

As he spoke, the train to which he alluded advanced. In the front of the procession went musicians, trumpeting upon the huge horns of the *urus*, by which their approach had been signalled, and after them came the principal personages of the neighbouring tribes, who were invited to seal their amity to Rome at the parting-banquet of the general. The rear was closed by the military attendants of the chiefs, men whose stature, appearance, and weapons, in some measure justified the ludicrous comments of the younger centurion. The tremendous blast of the horns was answered by a rich symphony of wind instruments from the camp; and a guard of legionaries, under the command of Septimuleius and Lucius, advanced to receive the guests with fitting honour, and conduct them to the *prætorium*.

And let us enter the *prætorium* in their company. The evening was devoted to feasting and hilarity; and Varus, who thought that all resistance was at an end, lavished upon his honoured but barbarian visitors the excess of Italian politeness. The wonted prayers were uttered, the libations were poured out, and the company addressed themselves to the feast with military appetites. The viands chiefly consisted of huge boars roasted whole, after the most approved recipes of Roman cookery, and stuffed with smaller game, which were themselves stuffed in turn with little birds and sweet herbs: these were corroborated by rich draughts of Greek and Italian wines; and the commander, gracefully apologising for the rough comforts of a soldier's tent, endeavoured to enhance the relish of these dainties by every expression of hospitable courtesy and kindness which the Augustan vocabulary could furnish. Varus was a general, according to the testimony of the great annalist of that age, such as Rome was now in the frequent habit of inflicting upon the conquered provinces. Of a noble family, which had been impoverished during the wars of the second triumvirate, he had been taught, in common with many of the Roman nobility, to anticipate office as a never-failing source of aggrandizement; and when he was invested with the chief command in Syria, he regarded this province as a sort of patrimony, from which he might fill his empty coffers without scruple. Accordingly, although he entered his government poor, he left it a rich man, and laden with the curses of its pillaged inhabitants. In the mean time, as his military qualities had been untried, they remained

unquestioned; and when a commander for Germany was required—one who to the tactics of the soldier could add the conciliatory arts of the politician—Quintilius Varus was announced as the happy individual who possessed this rare combination. It was thought, from the tranquillity of his administration in Syria, that he possessed in an eminent degree the talents of a ruler, and that these, still more than warlike measures, would tame the hitherto indomitable Germans. Such was the view adopted even by Augustus himself; and to the Rhine, accordingly, the new commander was sent, from which he commenced his march into the interior under auspices which have been already explained. And how, indeed, could he be suspicious of latent danger? The fierce barbarians, hitherto so reckless of the Roman terrors, had submitted their quarrels to his decision, as if he had been a second Numa or Tresmegistus; and the more remote tribes, who had invited his approach, were ready to hail it as the pledge of peace and civilization. Besides, had he not in his right hand the young and gallant Arminius—one whom his countrymen already venerated like a divinity, and through whom, therefore, he could wield at will the feelings and purposes of Germany? These thoughts made him jocund as his eye glanced complacently, at one time over his officers who reclined in the order of their rank, and at another over the German chieftains who feasted at the board. Even the rude simplicity of the latter gave a zest to the entertainment, for it excited mirth to observe the wonderment with which they regarded the native productions of their own forests, so marvellously heightened or disguised by the skill of the Roman cook; and above all, to witness the rock-like firmness of brain with which they repeatedly drained the wine-cup. But even rocks may be overthrown by a succession of billows; and as these hirsute revellers warmed into jollity, their eyes twinkled, their huge moustaches curled upward, they repeatedly stretched their brawny arms across the tables to grasp the right hands of the centurions, and broke forth into vociferous praises of Augustus, his wise government, his brave legions, and his good wines; and finally they sung such tremendous snatches of their native songs as made the images of the Lares tremble upon the board. And amidst the din, the laughter, and rough military jesting, none was so happy as Varus himself, who, from his central position at the banquet, encouraged the flow of wine among the barbarians, and smiled upon their boisterous glee. Could insincerity lodge in the hearts of such men? No; it was impossible. And as he gave himself wholly up to the enjoyment of the hour, he addressed himself from time to time to the chiefs with sentences of their own language, which he had conned for the occasion, while the applause which they roared in return evinced that his conciliatory policy was not in vain.

But there was one of the German guests to whom wine had no temptation, and in whose eyes the hilarity of the revel had no charm. This was Segest, the chief of the warlike Catti, and father of Thusnelda. The arrival of Hermann in his native country, and his subsequent encounter with Rudiger, had disconcerted all the old man's plans of a family alliance with the latter; and he learned accordingly, to hate and watch the person by whom his views had been traversed. He had therefore tracked the movements of the young hero, until he had in some measure detected the nature of the plot which was conducted with such secrecy and success.

Elated with his discoveries, he resolved to divulge all he had learned; and by thus doing, he hoped to deter his country from a disastrous rebellion and hopeless war, and at the same time to crush an enemy whom he hated. Under these motives he had passed the untasted goblet with a self-denial that was alarming in a German; and when he now saw the condition of his countrymen, he judged that the fit moment had arrived. Turning, therefore, to Varus, the old chief exclaimed, with a smile of suspicious meaning, "Why miss we at the hospitable board the man of two tongues and double aspect—the first of Roman allies, and the best beloved of his countrymen? Where tarries the Arminius of Rome, the Hermann of Germany, when so many friends of either party are assembled?"

"We commence our march to-morrow," replied Varus, "under the faithful guidance of Arminius; and to-night he explores the passes, to ascertain that our route shall be in safety."

"I have been so long the friend of Rome," rejoined the old chief drily, "that I have learned some portion of its history. Crassus, they tell me, marched into Parthia, and perished with all his army. What was the name of that cunning Parthian who became his guide, and led him to the field of Carrhæ?"

"You dare not insinuate that Arminius is a traitor!" cried the general, starting up angrily.

"That the result alone can show," replied the other; "if he led the Roman army to destruction, what German would dare to call it treason?"

For a moment several of the Romans were startled; a gleam of lightning had revealed the precipice upon the brink of which they were standing. Segest perceived the effect of his warning, and resolved to deepen the impression. "What powerful pledge," he continued, "have you received from my countryman, that can weigh against the hazard of your whole army? Oh, Varus, and ye noble Romans," he added with emotion, as he saw that they remained silent, "prosecute no further this ominous enterprise that can only end in your destruction. Rather deepen the fosse, and strengthen the ramparts of your camp; or if you march, let it be back to your cantonments on the Rhine, for there alone your safety is insured."

"And what greater evil could we endure," cried Varus, "after the most ruinous defeat? But the honoured of Rome, the trusted of the emperor can be no traitor. Has he not already conciliated the neighbouring tribes? Have we not by his mediation accomplished all that a series of victories could have done? There is no treason save that which would persuade us to retreat from such a career without a blow? You have learned, you tell us, somewhat of our history; but have you ever heard that a Roman army so left the field before an enemy had appeared? Go to, old man; your admonition may be honest, but, by the majesty of Augustus, it sounds suspiciously! When the inconceivable calamity you dream of has arrived, and when our legions are reduced to a few cohorts, it will then be time to retire behind the Rhine, and seek the protection of our cities."

"Man doomed to destruction!" cried Segest fervently, and starting to his feet, "listen to one who has continued so fast a friend to Rome that almost every German has become his foe. Go forward, and the rain thou scornest shall be so complete, that not even the few cohorts thou speakest of shall survive. Away in the far distance the tribes are silently

mustering, and they only wait until thou hast entered the snare. And who but Hermann has been the author of so unheard-of a union among our people? To the dauntless boldness of his own race he adds the wisdom and subtle arts of Italy; and like a viewless spirit his path has been through every tribe, and his whisper in every ear, while the chiefs have become his willing vassals. If thou wilt yet onward, then begin by throwing the conspirator and the leaders of Germany into chains, so that the hopes of the rebellious may be frustrated, and afterward thou shalt have leisure to detect and punish the guilty. Up, then! seize and bind; and let these withered arms be the first to receive thy fetters? I will endure bondage as frankly as I have suffered wounds for the safety of my people and the welfare of my country."

When the stern old chief had ended his strange request, a voice of earnest entreaty was heard from one of the centurions: "Oh, Varus, there is truth in his words; therefore dismiss them not without inquiry!" All eyes were turned for a moment toward the speaker, who was the veteran Septimuleius.

The words of Segest, although they so obviously compromised the safety of the German guests, had produced upon these unsophisticated lovers of good cheer no impression whatever. In fact they were fast verging toward that oblivion of the past, and insensibility to the future, which their deep potations were so calculated to inspire—or, to speak without periphrasis, they were drunk, as well as imperfectly skilled in Latin, so that when their countryman spoke of treason, their broad, open countenances betrayed no traces of conscious guilt, or even of apprehension. Fortunately, also for their cause, one of their number was an inveterate speech-maker; and no sooner did he hear the address of Segest, than his wonted love of haranguing came mightily upon him, maugre the reeling of his faculties. He rose, therefore, from his couch, and after several attempts to steady himself, he threw his arm into an oratorical attitude, striking down at unawares with the flourish a slave who waited at his elbow; and fixing his lack-lustre eyes upon Segest, he thus stammered forth: "Dost thou talk of duplicity?—Man of two faces and double form, I behold no traitor but thyself! Look at him, Varus, and ye assembled Romans, and say if he is fit to be trusted? Even now he flits hither and thither like—like the winter streams of light upon our midnight skies. Stand still, and confront me steadily if thou canst! But no, he has fled, and my eyes can find him no longer! Ho, ho! my words have extinguished the eloquent Segest!"

A roar of laughter, and mad shouts of applause, especially from the younger officers, crowned the efforts of the tipsy orator, who was now so thoroughly obfuscated that a new hallucination seized him. He thought, as the gay assembly and the rich furniture of the tent flitted before his vision, and the sounds of merriment rang in his ears, that he had been suddenly dismissed from the world into the northern paradise of battles and revelry. Turning, therefore, to Varus with a look of drunken solemnity, he suddenly exclaimed, "Mighty Odin, strong whirlwind of battle, and father of the slain! I have ascended from the cleaving of shields and the whistling of spears, while crowds of heroes were falling around me. But I come not without revenge. Receive, then, my humble offering, and

smile upon the giver. It is the skull of a warrior with whom I grappled to the death! Behold, even yet it drops blood, although it shines like the gold of the strangers in the light of thy hall!"—and with these words he presented the spacious drinking-cup which he had so often emptied during the banquet.

This was too much even for the gravest, and a universal peal of mirth shook the drapery of the tent, and startled the sentinels at the entrance. In the mean time the exhausted speaker relapsed into his seat, and seemed to ponder upon his fancied bliss with a bewildered look. Varus turned to Segest, who had been regarding the interruption and its effects with unutterable disdain, and said to him, "Behold, Segest, how the matter ends, as it ought to do—in mirth and jest. If there be truth in wine, such men cannot be false—at least they can form no plot that would be too deep for us to fathom. Resume, then, thy place at the board, and give these idle fears to the winds."

"It may not be," replied the chieftain mournfully: "I return to my home and my people. There I shall celebrate the obsequies of thee and thy army, and prepare to resist the conqueror." These words were spoken in a voice unheard by any but Varus, but in spite of their impressiveness they produced no effect upon the general. Casting a parting look upon the assembly, as men whom he should never again behold, and covering his face with his shaggy cloak to conceal his grief, the old man strode away, and was soon lost in the distant obscurity.

III.

The warning of Segest had been in vain. On the morning that succeeded the banquet the tents were struck, the beasts of burden were laden, and the Roman army, consisting of three veteran legions and six cohorts, besides several large bodies of provincial Gauls and auxiliary Germans, composing in all a force of nearly 50,000 men, was put in motion. With such a host how often had Rome overswept whole kingdoms, and scattered the bravest and best-appointed armies! and what danger, then, could be apprehended from the naked and undisciplined hordes of Germany? Thus at least reasoned Varus, so that he continued to march into the interior without hesitation, and advance far beyond the limits of any former Roman commander. And still it was marvellous the harmony that continued between the general and his guide: one soul seemed to animate them in the movements of the army, and Varus reaped the fruits of such a confidence by the ready submission of the natives upon his line of march. How, indeed, could it be otherwise, when Hermann himself was so indefatigable in procuring this submission? He came and went between the Romans and his countrymen with an incessant activity; and besides his own personal labours, he employed numerous emissaries—men whom he had carefully selected, and who travelled far and near upon errands of pacification. It was true, indeed, that the more remote and warlike tribes, toward whom the Romans were approaching, had taken up arms to resist the invasion; but the forecast of Hermann had anticipated their purpose, and numerous detachments had been sent out to reduce the insurgents.

Go on, happy and victorious Varus!—eclipse all thy predecessors have done, by erecting trophies in regions which they never visited!

While such was the state of affairs at the close of a day's march into the territories of the Cherusci, and where the army had encamped for the night, let us once more turn to that youth of fearful purposes upon whose fidelity so much reposed. Since we last saw him in communion with the Vulture-head, the close of winter had dissolved under the rays of the early spring; and the ice-winds were exchanged for gentle gales that whispered nothing but peace: while the forest birds began to sing their first love-notes, that imparted tenderness to the universal welcome. It was in such a night that Hermann again met with the beautiful Thusnelda in the depths of a wood, and under the embowering branches of an ancient oak. But they did not now meet as strangers; and it seemed as if many a happy meeting had been held between them since their first momentous interview. But what meant that wondrous change upon the maiden's countenance—a change more complete than that which the season itself had undergone? The sternness had vanished from her eloquent brow, and the proud flash of disdain and anger from her looks; and in her eye, and voice, and cheek, there now dwelt nothing but the glow of love and tenderness, while she meekly rested her arm upon the shoulder of her beloved, and watched with silent fondness the changes of his expressive features. As for him, a higher emotion than even that of love seemed for the moment to transport him; and when he spoke, it was in bursts of triumph, the utterances of a pent-up heart, rather than a spontaneous communication.

"Soil of my country, and ye surrounding elements, rejoice; ye shall still give life and gladness to the free! Gods of my country, look down, for you shall behold the ruin of the oppressor! The victim is enclosed, and only waits to be dragged to the altar! Ho, Germany! gird thee for the sacrifice, and let the axe be bright and sharp! Hearest thou not the answer, Thusnelda? There are voices from earth and heaven; there are voices from all the winds; there are song-like notes from the homes of the living, and joyous murmurs from the dwellings of the dead; and they reply in triumphant accents, 'We come—behold, we come!'"

"Hermann—my beloved Hermann!"

The voice was as soft as the murmur of the wind when it scarcely stirs the leaf of the aspen; but the thunder itself could not have been more effectual to rouse the hero from his trance. He looked down with a smile of delight, and gathered the fond maiden into his bosom, while she exclaimed with a burst of confiding tenderness, "Hermann, thou art dear, thou art very dear to me, because thou so lovest thy country!"

"And thou art very dear to me, Thusnelda, because thou art the living spirit of my country. In what land or among what people could I so find the soul of devoted womanhood? I have therefore held counsel with thee in preference to the gray heads of our experienced senators, and thy words spoke courage and hope when the voices of the brave would have faltered. My heart was breaking while I was compelled to smile upon our tyrants, but thou badest me endure; and when our people stood aloof from me, or doubted, with thee there was neither doubt nor fear. Noble creature! When men shall speak in future days of the deliverance of Germany, the deed shall be coupled with thy name."

"I have obtained all that a daughter of our land could desire," replied that beautiful one, to his impassioned eulogium; "and yet, in this hour of my triumph, I feel not wholly happy. Blame me not, my beloved Hermann. I think of my father, who has renounced me; and of my people, to whom I have become an alien."

"Thou hast found a new father in my parent Sigimer, and a new people in our gallant Cherusci, who love thee as a sister. And hast thou found nothing else, thou dear complainer, to comfort thee?" and with that he laughed in the joyousness of a heart that revels in the completeness of its happiness.

"Hermann, my brave one!" she replied in accents that would have won the timid birds from their branches, "let us forego this theme for one that is still dearer. How prospers the cause of freedom?"

"All has succeeded beyond our fondest dream, Thusnelda. Even the gods of Rome have leagued with us, and at the command of their oracles Varus has marched into our toils. To-morrow he encamps at Teutoburg; and there, if our people but prove true to their country, his army shall find a grave. Ha! ha! ha!—the distant tribes have risen at my call; and the troops that have been sent to quell them shall never return to bury the bones of their comrades. To-morrow, Thusnelda—to-morrow, Germany is free; and Hermann—what matters it of him after he shall have led his country to freedom? In the mean time, shelter thee, my love, beneath the roof of my father. There thou canst either welcome my successful return or bewail my glorious departure."

"I shall never bewail thy departure, Hermann: thy death or thy triumph shall equally be mine."

"Thusnelda!"——

"Hast thou yet to learn the duty of a German maiden? Go—go! my Hermann thinks of the timid daughters of Italy. Thou shalt find me in the field; and where the spirit of our people fails, there shall I be, to turn them back. And thinkest thou that I could survive thy death, as well as the ruin of our liberties? Thy danger shall be my danger, and where thou fallest there I will die!"

"Then die with him even now!" cried a terrible voice that shook the forest leaves; and immediately a dart, discharged with a vigorous arm, whizzed between the lovers, and slightly grazed the shoulder of Hermann. With the rapidity of lightning the youth gave chase to the treacherous assailant, at one time directed by the sound of flying feet, and at another by the shadowy form of the fugitive, as he emerged from the deep forest into the opening plain. A desperate race for life and death was maintained, in which Hermann continued to gain upon his enemy: at last he poised his lance, and hurled it with such good aim, that the leg of the other was transfixed, so that he fell heavily in the midst of his career. Hermann planted his foot upon the recreant's breast, and drew his sword, but forbore to strike, for he saw that it was the twice-baffled Rudiger. "Brave warrior of moonlight deeds!" cried the hero with a reproachful sneer, "what wouldst thou again with Hermann? Thou hast heard my words?—it is well: go, and reveal them when they are too late to profit, so that our enemies may feel the bitterness of death before it comes. This at least they owe to injured Germany." He spurned the traitor as he spoke, and

turned away; while Rutdiger, groaning under his wound, rose from the ground, and slowly dragged himself along the plain.

Three hours have elapsed since that encounter, and the scene and the actors have changed. In one of the recesses of that mighty forest, upon the edge of which the lovers had held their interview, a meeting of the wisest and bravest of the Germans had been convoked, to deliberate upon the welfare of their fatherland; and the appointed hour was that of midnight, that even the sleeping birds might not hear and carry the tidings to the enemy.

That place of meeting was even more gloomy than the midnight hour that overshadowed it. It was a large, open space in the form of an amphitheatre; and having been formerly cleared of trees by the simple operation of fire, the blackened stumps that still remained had something unearthly in their appearance under the faint glimmering of the moon. The spot had evidently been consecrated to religious purposes, as well as those of political convocation; and its gloom fitly accorded with those dismal and mysterious rites which characterized the worship of Odin. Altars constructed of turf raised their heads upon the skirts of the area, and were over-arched by huge branches of ancient trees, the trunks of which were garnished with human skulls, the ghastly relics of those captives who had been immolated to the god of battles; and round the altars, which were even now consuming fearful offerings, bands of priests walked in choral procession, their wild forms invested with almost supernatural terrors in the glare of the sacrificial flames; while in songs that rivalled the roar of the tempest they invoked their slaughter-breathing deity, and doomed their foes to destruction. The forest itself seemed to be instinct with life, for there was an incessant rustling among the trees and bushes, as chief after chief poured in from every direction, accompanied by his attendants, and took his place in the arena. The fires of the altars were increased, until every countenance was distinctly revealed, and all were hushed into silence, awaiting the commencement of deliberation.

But were these the men, alas! to accomplish the ruin of a Roman army? There was not a breastplate, and scarcely a helmet or a sword, among so many warlike chieftains, although they had repaired to the meeting, as was their wont, in full military equipment. Their large shields, painted with every variety of gay colours, and composed of thin boards loosely joined together, or of osier twigs interwoven like a basket, would prove but a frail defence against the strong, broad-bladed Roman falchion; and their heavy *frams*, so sparingly tipped with iron, or the handful of light darts with which they were provided for distant combat, were miserable appointments compared with the slings, arrows, and javelins, as well as the tremendous engines of their enemies. The attendant warriors who accompanied the chiefs were still more scantily furnished; for their principal weapon was a massive club hardened by fire, or a long spear headed with flint. Their attire was in character with their arms, consisting only of a short mantle, and many were wholly naked. But gallant hearts beat proudly within these uncovered bosoms, and the naked freeborn limbs that could so cheerfully brave the blast of winter would never submit to be shackled, whether by the chains or the ornaments of Rome. And who shall estimate the grandeur and importance of that midnight deliberation? The destinies of

the world itself depended upon it. Shall Rome become the all-dominant, by adding Germany to her possession, after which no spot shall remain upon earth for the resting-place of freedom and the refuge of human hope? Or shall these warriors rush to the field, and thus devote themselves for the enfranchisement and regeneration of the human race? Let but the still unconquered North succumb, and from what quarter shall the deliverance of mankind come? Perchance from the East, when the appointed ages have revolved, and when the fierce Arab shall introduce a less heroic spirit and a lower capacity for improvement.

It would have been worth whole years of common life to look, though but for a brief space, upon these the fathers and founders of a new world. The place in which they met, although so dark and wild, was from thenceforth to be holy ground to all the nations of Europe. The soil rose gently in every direction from the centre, the innermost circle being occupied by the chiefs, while ring above ring sat their followers in thousands, who took place according to seniority or military reputation; but all these had a deliberative voice, for all were equally free, and if they were the vassals of leaders, it was only by a willing homage to the highest in wisdom and valour. The recesses of Germany had sent forth their noblest upon this important occasion, and conspicuous among them might be seen the vulture-crest of Sigimer, and the dark, lowering countenance of Inguiomar, his brother. But of all the warriors assembled there, none was so noble or so beautiful as Hermann. The youthful chief had now thrown aside his Roman attire and weapons; but still he towered pre-eminent in majesty and strength above all the congregated multitudes, while his bright visage bore the impress of a higher wisdom and more commanding energy than could be found among those who had grown gray in command—so that all eyes were naturally turned upon him, as the chief object of regard. When all were silent, the priest of Odin stepped into the vacant space in the centre, and exclaimed with a trumpet-like voice, "Son of Sigimer, we have met according to thy wish: it is thine to tell us wherefore we are assembled."

Hermann rose at the appeal, and amidst the breathless attention of the multitude he thus replied, "Sons of the War-men, who fought against the Romans—children of those who live for ever in our songs—would you die like them to be so celebrated? or would you rather descend to the grave unsung, and leave no name for your children to remember? To whom do I speak? My words shall be full of danger to those who hear them, and therefore they should only be uttered to those who prefer death to dishonour. Dare you, then, to listen, or shall I close my lips, and spare you?"

At this appeal the whole multitude started up as one man, and with a simultaneous shout, that made the firmament tremble, they exclaimed, "Speak, for we dare to die!" At the same instant every right hand was raised to brandish a weapon, every shield resounded with loud clashing; and during that wild burst of enthusiasm, the agitated crowds, in the lurid light of the altars, resembled the giants broken loose from the cavern of Lok, and preparing to ascend and storm the regions of Valhalla, rather than mortal men assembled for a deed of earthly enterprise.

When silence had been again restored, the young warrior harangued the

people in a torrent of vehement, overwhelming eloquence. He unfolded to them the subtle stratagems by which he had led the Romans and their infatuated commander to the place where their destruction was certain. The losers might complain of it as fraud, and demand an open warfare; but this was only the demand of the strong, conscious of superiority, and sure of victory. An open warfare? Yes; but then let it be an equal warfare also, where weapon is matched with weapon as well as man with man. But when the Romans advanced against them, clothed in steel, and bristling with warlike engines, it was for naked Germans to avail themselves of wiles where native valour must be unavailing, and encounter superior arms and discipline with superior craft and wisdom. And had not the opportunity arrived? The enemy were enclosed by thick forests, where their serried ranks would be broken asunder and entangled among treacherous marshes, in which their heavy armour would be a burden, not a defence; while the light-footed Germans would be able to advance like the winds upon crowded and helpless masses, while not a stone could fall, or a blow be dealt in vain. Would they then delay? Would they hesitate to strike where victory was so certain? Let them—and the very women would snatch up the arms of their recreant husbands and lovers, and accomplish a victory which even women could achieve. He then unfolded a panoramic view to the excited imaginations of his auditors of the glorious results by which the ruin of their enemies would be crowned. Rome, dismayed by the loss of such an army, would pause before she hazarded a similar defeat; and future invaders would tremble to approach their forests, lest they also should perish as Varus had perished. And what tribe, throughout the wide regions of the north, would yield to despair, or succumb to an enemy, after the memory of such a success? Let them rise, then, and deliver their beloved country—not for a day, or a year, but for ages to come, and be celebrated as the glory and example of their latest posterity!

Such were the arguments of Hermann; and they were embodied in language so fervid, and with appeals so heart-stirring, that every bosom seemed to be animated with his own resistless spirit. The listeners brandished their weapons with a wilder energy than before; they threw themselves forward; they gazed with straining eyeballs, teeth clenched, and dishevelled locks that seemed to glow with life; and they raised a shout, the terrible charging shout of battle, with which they had been wont to burst upon the iron ranks of the Romans. The priests who stood beside the altars not only caught, but confirmed the enthusiasm, for they immediately commenced the inspiring war-hymn with which they were wont to make their followers laugh at danger; and in strong, deep voices that accorded with their theme, they described the happiness of those who rushed to heaven in the whirlwind from the red field on which they had fallen. Valhalla would open its gates to receive them, and its sacred thresholds would outshine the flowers of sunny lands, as they impressed them with the blood of their footsteps. And oh the rapture of careering upon heavenly steeds, as fleet and strong as the tempest, and plunging amid the cleaving of shields and the maddening whirl of the conflict!—only to be followed at evening by the celestial banquet, where the flesh of the mighty boar was constantly renewed, and the brimming ale-cup could

never be exhausted. And now the consultation was done, the decision was adopted. Every eye was impatiently turned heavenward, to chide the night that was so long in passing away, and every heart only yearned for the moment that would bring them in front of the foe.

The chief priest of Odin again raised his head, and made a signal to address the multitude, upon which the uproar was instantly hushed. This ancient man appeared as if he scarcely regarded the throng, or the business with which they were occupied: he was like one whose communings are with the dead, or with supernatural beings, compared with which the realities around him were of trivial import; and when he deigned to raise his cold, stony look, it was but for a moment, and with a heedless or impatient notice. But all were only the more willing to concede authority to one who seemed so superior to the love of rule, and thus he was enabled with a brief word, or even a mute signal, to control the tide of popular feeling, and direct its energies. "Whom choose ye for your leader in this sacred cause?" he exclaimed in tones of searching power; and only one name was universally pealed in reply—a name that was ever afterward of such resistless power in animating the ranks of the War-men, and deepening the swell of battle. "Hermann! Hermann!—we follow no leader but Hermann!" As soon as the choice was expressed, a band of young Cheruscan warriors hurried into the centre of the circle, and exulting in the honour conferred on the hero of their tribe, they placed him upon a shield, which they raised aloft, and showed him to the whole assembly. Having invested him by this ceremony with the chief command, the venerable Sigimer, secretly shedding tears of gladness, his brother Inguiomar, and all the chiefs of name, gathered round, and bound themselves in brief but energetic terms to follow their newly-appointed leader to the death; after which all the other warriors followed the example, and joyfully pledged their obedience.

When this important election was over, the priest exclaimed, "Let us solemnly consult the gods, to know if we shall go forth; let us try the augury of the combat, to know if we shall be successful. Ho!—let the captive enter in whose veins is contained the secret of our destiny!" At the command, a band of armed men, hitherto stationed upon the outskirts of the meeting, advanced, and in the midst of them was conducted a Roman prisoner. As soon as his keepers had led him within the central portion of the circle, they left him to the gaze of that host of onlookers. His countenance was young and ruddy, and he was completely armed after the Roman fashion; while the rich ornaments with which he was adorned, as well as his military insignia, showed that he was of some account among his countrymen. Alas! it was no other than the thoughtless, light-hearted centurion, Lucius—he who had so impatiently yearned for enterprise, and who was now so likely to find it! But how had he stumbled into such an unfortunate dilemma? That, also, had happened in a manner sufficiently characteristic. While wandering from the outposts of the army into the country in quest of adventures, his heart had been suddenly smitten by the bright looks and sunny ringlets of a beautiful German maiden. With him, to behold was to admire and covet; and he addressed her with well-turned periods of blandishment, such as Ovid himself would have applauded. The fair one, indeed, did not understand the language, but with the natural

instinct of her sex she divined its purport; and her delicacy having been shocked at such an abrupt mode of wooing, and so greatly at variance with the chivalrous courtesy of her countrymen, she fled in alarm from the youth's addresses. Lucius pursued with reckless eagerness; the chase was long and well contested; but just when he had neared, and was about to grasp the flying Daphne, he found that he had rushed headlong into the midst of an ambush by which one of the approaches to the place of council was guarded. His arms were secured before he could offer resistance, and thus he found himself not only a witness, but likely to become a party, in the wild orgies of these forest senators. Perilous, however, although his situation was, the spirit of the youth in that trying moment was worthy of his heroic countrymen. Without a single expression of fear he returned the stern gaze of the thousands of eyes that flashed upon him, and his upper lip even curled with a contemptuous smile as he looked at the miserable warlike appointments of the multitude, and thought of the task to which they were devoted. It was a redeeming trait of feeling the courage of that giddy young soldier, as he stood there alone and helpless; and when his eye rested upon Hermann, who sat conspicuous among the chiefs, he raised his hand, and shook it in reproach and defiance.

At last the priest of Odin approached; and the sight of that stern functionary, whose unwashed hands were still red with the blood of sacrifice, seemed only to awaken the mirthful spirit of the Roman. "Venerable Flamen," he said, "will you deign to inform me in what capacity I am to officiate here? Surely it can be in no other than that of a victim, as I am scarcely qualified to play the priest?"

"Brave youth," replied the other, speaking in the Latin tongue, and smiling grimly, for the reckless gallantry of the prisoner had touched his otherwise impenetrable heart, as steel is cut by steel—"thou shalt not be converted into a beast of burthen, as is done by thy countrymen with their captives, when they make the lives of gallant enemies bitter with chains and bondage. An antagonist shall be set before thee in the arena: fight, then, and conquer if thou canst; and thou art free to depart unquestioned and unharmed. And remember that thou representest the fate of thy countrymen, which is typified in thy victory or discomfiture: therefore strike boldly."

"Dost thou think I need words of encouragement," cried the young officer proudly, "when such a motive is before me? Bring your bravest champion into the ring, or a hundred in succession if thou wilt!" And as he spoke he advanced a step, covered himself with his shield, and waved his sword, as if already confronted by a combatant; while his head drawn back, and proud menacing looks, proclaimed universal defiance.

He was not likely to wait long for an antagonist. His fearless language and gallant bearing had kindled such esteem among these fierce warriors, that all were eager for the luxury of a combat where victory would be so glorious, as well as on account of the great public issue that was at stake; and each accordingly endeavoured to outstun the others by a declaration of his claims to such an enviable distinction. Louder and fiercer grew the strife of tongues; weapons at last were shaken in mutual menace; and for a moment it seemed as if Lucius had been thrown, like an apple of discord, into the midst of this furious throng, to involve all in civil uproar and

bloodshed. But a remedy was fortunately at hand that could control German anarchy even at the wildest. The chief priest gave a signal, and immediately his consecrated band advanced, armed with stout saplings, which were providently always in readiness for such emergencies, and which now descended without ceremony or mercy upon the shoulders and limbs of the most clamorous of the competitors. And the effect of such discipline was truly marvellous. Had the noblest of the chiefs attempted such a deed, the slightest blow inflicted upon these freeborn, high-spirited warriors would have instantly provoked a bloody retribution. But on this occasion the fiercest quailed, the proudest gave back, and not a murmur was heard among the chastised. The priests were the ministers of the gods, and therefore these strokes, instead of being earthly insults, were only admonitions from heaven.

It now appeared to the politic Flamen that no common precaution was necessary to match such a combatant as Lucius; and therefore, while he glanced over the front rank of chiefs, each of whom silently burned for the encounter, he marked especially the high-crested form of Sigimer still unbroken by age, the fierce veteran-bearing of Inguiomar, and the redoubted skill of Clodovich, chief of the Bructeri, three champions equal to any emergency in which mortal prowess could avail. In preference even to these he would have selected Hermann himself; but his was a life too important to the general welfare to be exposed to the chances of such a conflict. He announced the names of the warriors from whom the choice would be made, and every other claim was immediately relinquished. It was now necessary to consult the gods in the choice of the favoured individual, and the priest drew from his cloak the instrument of divination. It was the branch of a fruit-tree, which he broke into three pieces; and having marked each for a separate candidate, he covered them up within the folds of a mantle. He raised his eyes to heaven, and praying the gods to direct his hand, he drew forth at random the twig of Inguiomar. He replaced it, and made another similar experiment; but at this time the twig of Sigimer was exhibited. A third appeal was necessary; and a second time the twig of Inguiomar was drawn from the lots, thus indicating that the gods had selected him as the omen of the destinies of Germany. The champion exultingly sprung into the circle where the Roman awaited him; while the spectators, who were delighted with the prospect of blows and bloodshed, as well as anxious for the augury, fell back, and looked on with an intensity that permitted not the twinkling of an eyelid. It was a strange spectacle to see these two men, each armed in the manner of his country, and prepared to do battle in the fashion of his own people, to decide which party would prevail. The bulky German, who resembled some statue of Hercules, completely overtopped his antagonist, and looked as if he could crush him with a single blow; but his limbs, powerful though they were, had no defence; while the slender but vigorous and well-disciplined Roman stood confident, not only in his native courage, but in the tempered panoply by which he was protected.

The combat was commenced by Inguiomar with missiles. He walked round the extremity of the circle, poising a dart in his right hand, and watching the favourable moment to discharge it; while Lucius, who stood in the centre, awaited the blow, and wheeled with every movement of his

antagonist. At length Inguiomar hurled his weapon, which stuck and quivered in the Roman shield: another and another followed in rapid succession; but the buckler still interposed, although a red stream trickling upon its bright and embossed plates showed that one point at least had penetrated to the arm of Lucius. The youth wrenched the darts from his shield, and rushed upon the giant, who, having expended all his missiles, was obliged to abide the issue of a hand-to-hand encounter. Inguiomar poised his heavy fram; and although his well-directed thrusts failed to pierce the armour of the other, their force sent him reeling backward as often as he advanced. At length the German missed his aim, upon which the Roman, closing lightly upon him, made a thrust under his painted buckler, and wounded him in the thigh. "*Hoc habet!*" shouted Lucius jestingly, in the style of a gladiator upon the arena, as he waved the reddened point of his sword. The German, dashing to the earth his useless fram, seized his iron-bound club that lay beside him, and wielding it with both hands, he rushed to the combat with double fury. He discharged a sudden blow that seemed strong enough to overturn an oak; and although it was intercepted by the shield, yet its dint was so terrible that the stunned left arm of the centurion fell powerless by his side. The club again whistled through the air, and with a rapidity which the eye could scarcely follow, it descended with stroke on stroke. The battered helmet of Lucius crashed under the tempest; he reeled hither and thither, still attempting to wield his sword, and at last fell insensible upon the ground. Inguiomar darted upon his prey, and snatching up one of his pointed javelins that had lately been so useless, he deliberately thrust it deep into the bosom of the Roman above the edge of his cuirass. The crowd, who had remained breathless during the fluctuations of the combat, loudly applauded the victor; while the priest of Odin, rushing forward, bent over the dying man, and watched the jet of warm blood that spouted from the wound. "The omen is still favourable!" he exclaimed; "the stream flows freely, and thus shall our enemies perish!" A yell of triumph again rent the heavens at the tidings of this double confirmation. Twice the gods had commanded them to go forward, with the assurance that they should be victorious.

While all was thus wild glee and joyful anticipation among the forest warriors, the death-wound of Lucius had partially awoke him to consciousness; and life began to stir again within him only because his life-blood was flowing fast. But he heeded not, perhaps he was even unconscious, of the shouts of victory, or the eagle glances of the priest who hung over him, and watched the departure of existence with such a critical inspection. His affectionate heart was evidently far away; away amid the scenes of his native home, in which he felt as if he were dying in peace, while beloved faces hovered around him, and tender voices murmured in his ear. "My widowed mother, my gentle-hearted sister," he faintly said, "weep not, for this sickness will soon be over! Your cold hands have soothed the burning of my brow, and smoothed my cough, that I may rest more softly. Leave me now, dear ones, for I would fain sleep: good-night!" He indeed fell asleep. The iron-visaged priest, who listened and understood, underwent for a moment an unwonted change of feeling; and something—was it a tear?—seemed to struggle with his stern eyes, that only looked sterner at the interruption. "Go," he said in a hoarse, broken voice to his assist-

ants, "carry forth the body; raise a lofty pile; let the dead be consumed with his arms, as if he had expired upon the banks of his own Tiber; and may his gallant spirit find happiness in the heaven of his own people, and among his native gods!" The assembly defiled from the place of meeting in ranks, embattled as if for instant warfare; and their departure was like the beginning of a tempest, which has received a commission from heaven to destroy and regenerate. The last party that plunged into the surrounding forest was lighted by the first blaze of the pyre that was kindled for the funeral rites of the young centurion.

IV.

The morning dawned—a morning of brightness and beauty—and as yet not a shadow of conspiracy hovered upon the precincts of the Roman camp. On the contrary, all still wore the aspect of perfect security and peace when the tents were struck, and the soldiers had resumed their march; and the only war they anticipated was against the obstacles of nature, where thickets were to be penetrated, and swamps bridged over or embanked, in their victorious progress. A thick forest lay before them, the recesses of which must be opened; and the axe and saw, those instruments of conquest more effectual in the hands of Romans than even the sword and the spear, were brought into active operation; and the slow march and frequent halts of the legions were accompanied with the incessant crash of lofty trees, that fell in multitudes before their progress.

The hour of mid-day arrived, and yet scarcely half a league of forest had been won. The soldiers, exhausted with six hours of constant toil, were permitted to seat themselves upon the ground for the purpose of enjoying a slight repast. Scarcely, however, had the meal been ended, scarcely had it even begun, when suddenly every trumpet sounded to arms with startling abruptness, and every troop hurried to its proper standard; after which there was an awful stillness of suspense, while every soldier looked at his fellow, to ascertain the cause of this interruption. What danger could be dreaded now? The tribes had been everywhere submissive—no enemy was visible, or could have mustered in the neighbourhood! And yet some immediate danger there must be, for Varus, with looks of alarm, and surrounded by his principal officers, was seen hurrying to and fro, at one time arranging the ranks, at another altering his dispositions, and ever and anon surveying with looks of despair the ground which his army occupied. And alas for Rome if here her choicest army is to abide an encounter! In front was the forest which they had begun to pierce, but into the unknown recesses of which they could not safely venture; upon either flank steep hills menaced and commanded them; while the rear was enclosed by formidable marshes, where even the solitary traveller could scarcely thread his way in safety. A few moments only had been granted for these observations, when the hills suddenly trembled with the blowing of war-horns; and at the signal the ridges appeared overtopped by armed thousands, hurling an exulting defiance upon the entrapped Romans below, and leaping and brandishing their arms in all the confidence of victory. There was no further room for doubt or inquiry among the invaders: they saw that their last march had been made.

It was but an instant before this ominous alarm that a man exhausted, bleeding and writhing with anguish, had crawled forward to the advanced pioneers in the wood, and requested them to carry him immediately to their commander, as he had important tidings to communicate. This was done, and in the wounded man Varus at once recognised Rudiger, the friend of Rome and Segest. The fainting German immediately revealed his fearful tale; but Varus, blind to the last, would not even yet be convinced. Hermann had conducted the army thus far through the perilous ground, and at present occupied the swamps, with the rearguard composed of the auxiliary Germans; and yet—but there is no time for conjecture—the truth must be instantly ascertained! An officer was ordered to hurry to the rear, and summon Hermann immediately into the presence of the commander; but the messenger soon returned at full gallop, and with tidings of dreadful import. The auxiliary bands had been withdrawn from the main body, and were so posted as to block up every path of retreat; and Hermann himself had only answered the summons with fierce denunciations and defiance. At this stunning blow the heart of Varus sank in a moment into utter despair. By what sorcery had he been lulled into such incredible delusion? And, above all, how shall he extricate his army from the effects of such an ill-placed confidence?

But there was no time for despair, or even for consultation—the battle had already begun. From the hill-tops darts began to descend in volleys, and these ramparts of nature must be stormed. The Roman ranks advanced against the death-shower, and endeavoured to ascend the steeps; but no sooner had they reached the base of the hills, than huge fragments of loosened rock were sent rolling down, crushing and sweeping them away in multitudes. Varus presented a front to the enemy in every direction; but it was an enemy whom he could not reach. Again and again he threw forward strong masses of his troops supported by archers and slingers, against the hills—if only one of these could be occupied, he felt that the barbarians might be dislodged from the rest, or at least the retreat of his army secured—but the missiles of the Germans descended as thick as hail, and with a force derived from their descent which the Roman armour could not resist. The morasses in the rear were then attempted, but these were found to be equally well defended; and while the disencumbered and light-footed Germans moved securely among the intricacies of the ground, which were familiar only to themselves, the heavy-armed legionaries were either swallowed up among the swamps, or securely transfixed with darts while they stood uncertain of their way. The whole army swayed and reeled to and fro in these successive attacks upon marsh and mountain, while with every moment the carnage was deepening, and the ground becoming more thickly bestrewn with the dead and dying. To add to their miseries, a heavy shower of rain descended, by which every bow-string was relaxed, and every arm benumbed; the ground beneath their feet became so miry that men and horses floundered in confusion; while the Germans, to whom all seasons were alike, seemed only to be inspired with greater alacrity by the torrents that refreshed, while they drenched their naked bodies. Hour after hour the battle thus continued till night; and the Romans had prayed for its protecting covering long before it came. Upon the drenched and miry ground they laid themselves down—"the weary to

sleep, and the wounded to die." But alas! the sleep that was snatched on this occasion was brief; or if protracted, it was more painful than waking, from the frightful images with which it was haunted, in which fancy endeavoured to out-picture the most dismal realities.

But who amid these warriors had greater cause to grieve, or grieved more deeply, than Varus? In the darkness no tent was pitched, no table was spread, no torch or watchfire was lighted; and he sat upon a little mound surrounded by his officers, while each could only recognise his fellows by the sound of their voices. All felt that their danger was indeed imminent, that perchance their ruin was unavoidable; but although the folly of their commander had occasioned these distresses, not a word of murmur or reproach was uttered: they rather respected the depth of his anguish, and spoke the language of sympathy and hope. A deliberation was carried on in whispers upon the best method of extricating the army on the following morning. To advance into the forest was certain destruction; to effect a lodgment upon the well-defended heights had already been found impracticable; and it was resolved that the only chance of safety lay in a desperate attack upon the Germans who blocked up their rear, by which a footing might be gained upon ground more favourable for an equal encounter. While this mournful deliberation was held under the gloom of midnight, and amid groans and corpses, a far different spirit prevailed among the enemy. The tops of the hills blazed with a thousand watch-fires, round which the Germans spent the night in merriment and feasting, or in listening to the songs of their bards. But one man there was among them whose cares seemed too weighty for song or festival, and who watched while others reposed; and need we add that it was Hermann? At one time he deliberated with the most experienced of the chiefs, and at another he animated the warriors to prepare for the morrow. He also glided from point to point over the extensive field, to ascertain that not an avenue of escape was left unguarded; listened anxiously at times to the faintest sound among the Roman soldiery; and strained his eyes through the gloom, if haply he might detect the shadow of any movement. Victory indeed was within his grasp; but still his enemies were Romans.

The miserable Varus having ended his deliberations, dismissed the officers to their posts, after which he folded his mantle around him, and stretched himself upon the ground to enjoy a short repose before the toils of the morning commenced. But the hoarse murmuring of the midnight blast, combined with the loud outcries of revelry and triumph from the surrounding fog, kept sleep from his weary eyelids. At length, however, he sank into unconscious lethargy in spite of the heartsinking uproar; and as he slept a fearful scene unfolded itself to his fevered imagination. A land rose before him, parched and blackened beneath the rays of a withering sun, and stretching far away into vast solitudes; and along its cheerless surface, and in full security, a mighty army swept along, which he knew from its ensigns to belong to his own country. At the head of it also, and invested with the insignia of a consul, marched an aged warrior, whose brow was wrinkled like that of a usurer, although his eye was bright with enterprise and hope; and at his side was a smiling barbarian, who seemed to utter bland words in his ear, and urge him thoughtlessly forward. And who were

they? The dreamer shuddered in his sleep, for he knew that leader of evil omen without being left to conjecture. The scene shifted; and he beheld these legions in fierce conflict with an enemy that made the whole field blaze with their steel panoply, and reverberate to the thunder of their huge drums; and the air was darkened with clouds of arrows discharged by Parthian horsemen, who came and went like the whirlwind. Again the scene shifted, for the battle was over, the ground was piled high with the corpses of the Roman army, and nothing in the form of life or motion was there but the dim outline of a phantom that wandered over the scene of carnage, wringing his hands, and lamenting with shrill, feeble murmurings. Varus looked narrowly, and recognised the pale face of the spectre, and the furrowed brow which he had so lately seen; and as he continued to gaze, the unearthly mourner ceased to weep, and sternly thus addressed him—"By what fatality, oh Quintilius Varus, hast thou spurned the lesson of my example? But I reproach thee not, for the penalty of thy errors shall be exacted to the full. Behold! such as I am, to-morrow thou shalt be!" Varus started from his rude couch, and unconscious that all was but a dream, he exclaimed: "Stay, Crassus, and tell me if my followers shall be spared?" The attendants who watched his slumbers shuddered at the portent, and began to deprecate it with hasty prayers. The unfortunate commander would tempt the agony of sleep no further: he sat motionless, with folded hands, and eyes directed to the east, impatient for the coming of the dawn, that the worst might be ascertained and endured.

At length, when the first gray light broke sadly through the clouds, so that the outline of surrounding objects could be discerned, the Roman army was set in motion, and the general harangued the troops. He concealed as much as possible the precariousness of their situation and his own disquiet, and he besought them to make one noble effort for safety, for victory, for vengeance. They answered with shouts of resolution, and desired to be led to battle. According to the agreement of the previous night, a desperate attempt was to be made to force the passes in the rear, by which the whole army might defile into more favourable ground; and the troops were therefore thrown forward in columns to the place of onset, preceded by active, unarmed explorers, who generously devoted themselves to the missiles of the enemy for the purpose of discovering the outlets. But wherever the Romans moved they were encountered and almost buried beneath the darts of the Germans; and whenever the ranks attempted to win a stable footing, they were broken by the obliquities of the paths. The battle warmed and deepened; and still while it raged in front the heavy showers of darts continued to ply them upon either flank from the hills without intermission. At length, after a desperate struggle of hours, a small portion of the morass was won, and a cohort, diminished to one-half of its numbers, established itself upon a solid isthmus, and gallantly maintained it, although opposed by thousands; and from this landing-place of hope the successful legionaries shouted to their fellow-soldiers to hurry to the rescue. And rescue soon arrived in the form of the eighteenth legion, the soldiers of which, struggling through the mire by twos and threes, proceeded to rally and form upon the recovered ground for an effort that might yet be successful. Here was the point of danger; and Hermann, at the head of his followers, threw himself across

the path to bar all farther retreat. And now commenced the full fury of the engagement upon a spot where the Romans could avail themselves of their superior arms and discipline; and before their strong, simultaneous onset the barbarian troops were torn asunder, like the stubborn soil before the ploughshare. But the Germans, when baffled in front, closed upon the flanks of their antagonists, as if they would have smothered them in their ranks; and when all would not avail, each selected a foe, and grappled with him in a death-struggle, where gigantic personal strength on one side was more than counterbalanced by skill and weapons on the other. But such a contest could not long endure: there was a change, an intermission: the Germans at first gave back, as if exhausted; and instead of returning to the charge, they stood at gaze before their terrible opponents; while many, staggering to the rear, alarmed their fellows with the sight of the deep gashes on their bodies and limbs inflicted by the Roman falchion. The Romans pressed on, and the Germans retreated; the retreat became a flight, in which the contested ground was abandoned; and the legionaries, with joyful outcries, proclaimed their success, and summoned the rest of the army to follow. Alas for Germany at this awful moment! The invaders are on the eve of winning a safe retreat, if not a victory, and they will return with a terrible retribution!

And where was Hermann at this momentous crisis? He had fought on foot, and in the front rank of his soldiers, animating them by voice and example, and it was with an indescribable thrill that he saw them waver, and at last seek safety in flight. Only his own personal followers remained with him, certain gallant young warriors of the Cherusci, who, according to the fashion of their country, had devoted themselves to perish wherever their leader fell; and with these he resolved to make a last effort, not to conquer, but to die gloriously. He has been unable, indeed, to give freedom to his country; but still he can bestow at least the example of a heroic end—that boon which is never fruitless. He waved his sword, already reddened to the hilt with slaughter, and announced his purpose to his followers, who agreed with ardour to follow wherever he led. They linked themselves together by their broad belts, that they might rush into the thickest of the enemy, and fight, and perish as one man. But at that moment there was heard from the rear the rush of a coming multitude, and a sharp, clear voice of exhortation accompanied it, that pierced through the whole thunder of battle, like the shrill notes of a sife through the clamours of a hundred war-trumpets. Hermann was just in the act of making his final onset at the head of his devoted band, when he suddenly saw at his side the beautiful Thusnelda, armed with a spear, which she had snatched from the hands of a dying legionary; and with her was a band of German women, who had arrested the flight of their countrymen, and driven them back upon their pursuers. With a sudden stroke she pierced the bosom of a centurion whom she confronted, and at his fall loud cries of exultation burst from her companions. And crowding upon their steps came the late flyers, glowing with the shame of defeat, and anxious to retrieve their lost honour in the sight of those they loved; while reinforcements from the hills poured in, at the same instant, to aid in defending the contested pass. Hermann beheld his bright one at his side like a flash of joyous sunshine through the tempest: he looked at the rallied thousands who advanced

to the encounter with redoubled energy, and he felt that the cause of liberty was no longer hopeless. "Thusnelda," he exultingly exclaimed, "thou hast brought back freedom to thy country: withdraw thee now to safety, and see how I shall fight in thy presence!" And never did the sweep of the ocean whirlwind rush with more impetuous fury upon the stricken and dispersed fleet than did Hermann and his rallied warriors upon the Roman ranks. Before that tremendous charge, valour and discipline were unavailing; and the enemy, taken unexpectedly, were borne backward with resistless energy to their main body; while multitudes, during that repulse, were swallowed up in the swamps, or struck down and trampled under foot. Thus the attempt had completely failed, and the Romans, with forces diminished to one-half of their former numbers, occupied their original position; while the egresses which they had attempted were strengthened by rude breastworks hastily thrown up on the evening after the battle had closed, and by which the deliverance of the enclosed legions was rendered more impracticable.

Mournful, indeed, was now the condition of the defeated army, as the evening closed once more upon its broken and exhausted relics. When they had resumed their station, the ranks were concentrated—but how shrunken and spiritless compared with the mighty host that had occupied the same ground only two days ago! Could these be the legions that had hoped to march northward in triumph, and plant the victorious eagle as far as living thing existed, until their progress was arrested only by that impassable boundary of ice with which nature had walled that mysterious part of creation? Few of the survivors had escaped unwounded, and many with pale countenances and fainting limbs were obliged to prop themselves upon their spears; but still their gallant hearts thought less of pain than the ignominy of defeat. Where were now their promises and their hopes, and what would be said of them at Rome? They had been beaten; and by whom? By naked barbarians, who had caught and crushed them with ease. How would the tale sound by the hearths of their affrighted countrymen, and what atonement could compensate for so great a calamity?

While such were the feelings of the humblest soldier, those of the unhappy general—— But silence, like the veil of the painter, must be thrown over that which no language can describe. He, too, was wounded almost to the death; and as he raised his languid eyes in the twilight, and surveyed the silent, wo-worn remains of his host, the forms of the soldiers wavered before his dim vision like ghosts rather than living men.

"I have endured," he exclaimed with a groan, "the deepest disgrace that was ever fated to befall the Roman arms; and wherefore, then, should I survive so nameless an infliction? Could I live, to confront my country, upon which I have brought such a burden of shame? The very stones of Rome, so often animated with the triumphal processions of successful commanders, would cry out against me if the people remained silent. Could I even endure, with the returning day, the looks of my faithful soldiers whom my folly has ruined? I will spare myself this misery by stealing from the world in silence. Farewell, my beloved friends! Let those who survive this ruin at least pity my memory, if they cannot cherish and defend it." When he ceased, the officers who surrounded him in silence heard his sword rattle in the sheath as he drew it forth. He held

the weapon with both hands, and exerting the last remains of his strength, he plunged it into his breast, and instantly fell dead at the feet of the bystanders. An abrupt, shuddering groan burst from them, but not a voice or hand had interposed; they thought he had but performed a sacred duty to his country and himself. And with them also a duty remained, which honour, as they imagined, required them to fulfil: it was to follow their commander. Could they return home as baffled fugitives, and tell that they had left him at Teutoburg? A fearful scene of self-immolation ensued among the chief officers, some falling upon their own swords, and others by mutual and friendly slaughter. Such was the point of Roman honour, so justified by sages and lauded by poets, and which on this, as on so many former occasions, was but too rigidly fulfilled. The noblest spirits of antiquity could dare all but merited reproach, and endure every thing but life degraded. Little did mankind then know that a sacred Being, in the form of a boy as yet only nine years old, was meditating a loftier morality by the banks of the Jordan, or upon the plains of Galilee; and preparing to teach in words that shall endure for ever that there is a disapprobation more terrible than that of the world, and a reward more glorious than the utmost of earthly fame!

When the morning of the third day of misery dawned, the Romans rose like victims for the slaughter. All their chief officers were dead, and upon what leading could they now depend? The ranks stood in silence, for each man but too well understood the feelings of his neighbour. It was then that a single voice was heard among them, speaking in hesitation, for it spoke of surrender. Every eye indignantly turned in search of the recreant, and they found that it was Cesonius, one of their dead commander's lieutenants, who had trembled and stood aloof while his companions were falling around the body of Varus. As he was now the officer of highest military rank, the command had devolved upon him, and he thought that a seasonable opportunity had arrived to preserve the army—and himself. But to surrender with arms in their hands! to surrender to barbarians, to become their sport or their victims—he had committed by the proposal a foul act of treason which only his life could expiate. The surviving centurions—as if they still stood in safety within the Forum of an embattled camp, or upon a field of victory, instead of the edge of ruin into which in a few moments more they would be hurled—assembled with the ceremonial of a military court, and arraigned the lieutenant before them as a traitor. The stern and compendious code of war was unrolled, the violated statute was read, and the culprit was unanimously voted to have incurred its penalties; after which, with all fitting solemnity, his head was struck off by the axe of the executioner. Who would henceforth speak or even dream of surrender? The soldiers spurned the bleeding trunk from their path, and applauded the deed that had vindicated the laws of Rome. They were now prepared for a last and terrible effort, in which they would either burst through the foe, or leave their bodies upon the field; but a leader was necessary for the emergency. All eyes were turned upon the veteran Septimuleius, the bravest and most experienced of their surviving officers, and the old man devotedly undertook an office so full of danger and despair. From the attempts of the preceding day the safest passes through the defended swamps had been ascertained; and these were to be assailed by

the freshest of the troops, while the wounded and more enfeebled were placed in the centre. The cautious Septimuleius also commanded the soldiers to leave all the baggage behind, and carry with them nothing more than three days' provisions; as after that interval, should their attempt be successful, they would be able to reach some friendly territory.

In the mean time Hermann, who had arisen before the daylight, was watching the movements of his enemies like a bird of prey. He saw at last their miserable skeletons of legions concentrated into compact masses, the heads of which were directed against the outlets, and he surmised the desperate nature of the effort for which these arrangements had been made. He turned and warned his gallant Germans, exhorting them to abide and repel this last onset of despair, so that not a foe should escape; and with clashing weapons and tremendous shouts they at once welcomed and defied the advancing Romans. The shock of the onset made the ground tremble beneath the combatants; spears and bucklers crashed and shivered; a steam went upward from the centre of the struggle, like the seething of a mighty caldron, while the living mass reeled hither and thither, as the changes of battle prevailed. Even those who fell, whether German or Roman, endeavoured in the agonies of death to strike a last blow at those antagonists who warred over their prostrate bodies. In such a close conflict the hardihood of the Romans would have finally prevailed but for the conduct of the indomitable Hermann, who rallied or headed his troops wherever his presence was required, or gave them needful intermission by supplies of fresh forces. As for him he appeared equally impervious to toil and danger: his whole soul concentrated on an achievement the fame of which was to last for ages, seemed for the time to have imparted its deathless and ethereal energies to the body it tenanted. And ever and anon there thrilled from the rear the glorious bursts of a war-song, in a voice which he well knew, and the tones of which were like draughts of a new existence to his parched and feverish heart.

Thus the battle continued from hour to hour. The morning had passed into mid-day; mid-day was followed by noon; and the noon was setting into evening—a lapse of time which hope contracted into a fleeting hour, and despair extended into a long dismal year; but still the escape of the Romans had not advanced a single step. Their numbers were worn down to a handful, bleeding, exhausted, and staggering with every effort, like men drunken or asleep, yet still wielding their weapons as if mechanically, and more in the hope of dying honourably than achieving a safe departure. Another hour would decide their fate, for the evening was closing fast, and should it find them there, it would come with the darkness of the grave. In this dreadful crisis a stratagem occurred to the mind of Septimuleius, upon which he placed his last dependence, and which he was prompt to execute. He ordered a soldier to set fire to the baggage, for the purpose of distracting the attention and exciting the cupidity of the Germans. The command was obeyed just as the twilight had approached; and no sooner did the barbarians witness the rapidly-spreading blaze, than they feared that the rich booty was about to be torn from their grasp. They began, therefore to remit in their exertions; whole ranks soon abandoned the unprofitable toil of conflict; and there was a general rush to the conflagration, where each was eager to snatch a handful from the flames. Thus the

defence of the passes was relinquished, and the Romans advanced with renewed confidence and vigour. Their sudden and impetuous onswEEP burst asunder the weakened ranks opposed to them; and fighting onward with rapid career, they cleared the network of morasses, and gained the open ground, where they formed in order and continued their retreat. Hermann, indignant at the covetousness of his people, who had so suddenly broken loose from control, still continued to resist at the head of his own personal followers; and although borne back by numbers, he hung upon the track of the flying enemy to the last, and harassed them in flank and rear. Scarcely, however, had three thousand thus escaped the miserable gleanings of so great a harvest of death.

And now the mighty deed being done, the preternatural excitement that had achieved it was exhausted, so that the pursuers, as they retraced their steps at midnight, dropped down to sleep by the way among the bodies of the dead. Thus also it was with their gallant chieftain. Faint, but still exulting, he threw himself beneath the shelter of a tree; and when he relapsed into immediate but deathlike repose, a gentle hand seemed to bathe and caress his burning temples, a sweet voice murmured words of exulting congratulation, and by fits some soothing song was poured forth, that told of the hero's reward from woman's love and devotedness. Such sleep was rapture; and Hermann smiled, as he slept, at these dream-like sounds that melted so sweetly into his repose, with the utterances of a voice so fondly endeared to his heart. But he knew not that it was Thusnelda herself who had hovered near him during the fight, and who now stood over him to watch and soothe his slumbers; and she felt herself richly repaid by the words of fervent tenderness that at times fell unconsciously from his lips. Before the morning light arrived she stole from the spot, covered with blushes, and Hermann afterward awoke, refreshed by what he deemed but a vision of the night.

Where better can we leave that noble, that matchless pair, than upon the field which they have made a hallowed spot to all ages, and in the contemplation of a victory of which every age has reaped the fruits? Trivial, compared with these, would be the account of the acclamations that hailed them as the joint deliverers of their country; and the wild festive glee with which the land resounded when their union was celebrated amidst the trophies of their achievements. And did their course, so brightly commenced, continue to the close unclouded? But happen what might, could they be deemed unhappy who had accomplished such a deed? It is enough to know that the spirit of resistance thus kindled was never extinguished; that the Romans, in their subsequent invasions, never penetrated beyond that spot upon which Varus and his legions had fallen; and that when, in the fulness of time, the men of the North became invaders in their turn, and advanced to deliver and regenerate the world, they fought and conquered under the inspiring war-cry of "HERMANN!"

PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

[NOTE BY THE AMERICAN PUBLISHER.—It is proper to state that the greater part of this PAPER is taken verbatim from two articles in the North American Review, one of which was written by Prof. Greene, of Brown University, and the other by Mr. Livermore, of Cambridge. J. W. M.]

WE welcome the indications, now crowding upon us from every quarter, that the people of this country are beginning to feel the importance of taking active measures for the establishment and increase of public libraries. Large collections of books, open for common use, are at once the storehouses and the manufactories of learning and science; they bring together the accumulated fruits of the experience, the research, and the genius of other ages and distant nations, as well as of our own time and land; and they create the taste, as well as furnish the indispensable aids for the prosecution of literary and scientific effort in every department. In great cities they qualify the exclusive spirit of commercial and professional avocations, and encourage men to steal an hour from the pursuit of gain, and devote it to the attempt to satisfy a natural curiosity and to cultivate an elegant taste. Connected with literary and academical institutions, they supply the means and multiply the objects of study, and keep alive that enthusiasm in the cause of letters without which nothing great or permanent can ever be accomplished. Their establishment is a boon to all classes of society, and all may find in them both recreation and employment; for as the poet Crabbe says—

“Here come the grieved, a change of thought to find;
The curious here, to feed a craving mind;
Here the devout their peaceful temple choose;
And here the poet meets his favouring muse.”

The origin of libraries is involved in obscurity. According to some, the distinction of having first made collections of writings belongs to the Hebrews; but others ascribe this honour to the Egyptians. Osymandyadas, one of the ancient kings of Egypt, who flourished some 600 years after the Deluge, is said to have been the first who founded a library. The temple in which he kept his books was dedicated at once to religion and literature, and placed under the special protection of the divinities, with whose statues it was magnificently adorned. It was still further embellished by a well-known inscription, for ever grateful to the votary of literature: on the entrance was engraven, “The nourishment of the soul,” or according to Diodorus, “The medicine of the mind.” It probably contained works of very remote antiquity, and also the books accounted sacred by the Egyptians, all of which perished amid the destructive ravages which accom-

panied and followed the Persian invasion under Cambyases. There was also, according to Eustathius and other ancient authors, a fine library at Memphis, deposited in the Temple of Phtha, from which Homer has been accused of having stolen both the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey," and afterward published them as his own. From this charge, however, the bard has been vindicated by various writers, and by different arguments.

But the most superb library of Egypt; perhaps of the ancient world, was that of Alexandria. About the year 290 B. C., Ptolemy Soter, a learned prince, founded an academy at Alexandria called the Museum, where there assembled a society of learned men, devoted to the study of philosophy and the sciences; and for whose use he formed a collection of books, the number of which has been variously computed—by Epiphanius at 54,000, and by Josephus at 200,000. His son, Ptolemy Philadelphus, an equally liberal and enlightened prince, collected great numbers of books in the Temple of Serapis, in addition to those accumulated by his father, and at his death left in it upward of 100,000 volumes. He had agents in every part of Asia and of Greece commissioned to search out and purchase the rarest and most valuable writings; and among those he procured were the works of Aristotle, and the Septuagint version of the Jewish Scriptures, which was undertaken at the suggestion of Demetrius Phaleurus, his first librarian. The measures adopted by this monarch for augmenting the Alexandrian Library were pursued by his successor, Ptolemy Euergetes, with unscrupulous vigour. He caused all books imported into Egypt by Greeks or other foreigners to be seized and sent to the Museum, where they were transcribed by persons employed for the purpose; and when this was done, the copies were delivered to the proprietors, and the originals deposited in the library. He refused to supply the famished Athenians with corn until they presented him with the original manuscripts of *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, and *Euripides*; and in returning elegant copies of these autographs, he allowed the owners to retain the fifteen talents (more than £3000 sterling) which he had pledged with them as a princely security. As the Museum, where the library was originally founded, stood near the royal palace, in that quarter of the city called Bruchaeion, all writings were at first deposited there; but when this building had been completely occupied with books, to the number of 400,000, a supplemental library was erected within the Serapeion, or Temple of Serapis, and this gradually increased till it contained about 300,000 volumes—making in both libraries a grand total of 700,000 volumes.

The Alexandrian Library continued in all its splendour until the first Alexandrian war, when, during the plunder of the city, the Bruchaeion portion of the collection was accidentally destroyed by fire, owing to the recklessness of the auxiliary troops. But the library in the Serapeion still remained, and was augmented by subsequent donations, particularly by that of the Pergamean Library of 200,000 volumes,* presented by Mark

* The library of Pergamus was founded by King Eumenes, and enlarged by his successor Attalus. It soon became so extensive that the Ptolemies, afraid that it would speedily rival their own collection at Alexandria, issued an edict forbidding the exportation of papyrus; but this prohibition, so far from attaining the unworthy object for which it was destined, proved rather beneficial, for the Pergameans, having exhausted their stock of papyrus, set their wits to work, and invented parchment (*charta Pergamena*) as a substitute.

Antony to Cleopatra, so that it soon equalled the former, both in the number and in the value of its contents. At length, after various revolutions under the Roman emperors, during which the collection was sometimes plundered and sometimes re-established, it was utterly destroyed by the Saracens at the command of the Caliph Omar, when they acquired possession of Alexandria in A. D. 642. Amrou, the victorious general, was himself inclined to spare this inestimable treasury of ancient science and learning, but the ignorant and fanatical caliph, to whom he applied for instructions, ordered it to be destroyed. "If," said he, "these writings of the Greeks agree with the Koran, they are useless, and need not be preserved; if they disagree, they are pernicious, and ought to be destroyed." The sentence of destruction was executed with blind obedience. The volumes of parchment or papyrus were distributed as fuel among the five thousand baths of the city; but such was their incredible number, that it took six months to consume them. This act of barbarism, recorded by Abulpharagius, is considered somewhat doubtful by Gibbon, in consequence of its not being mentioned by Eutychius and Almacin, two of the most ancient chroniclers. It seems inconsistent, too, with the character of Amrou, as a poet and a man of superior intelligence; but that the Alexandrian Library was thus destroyed is a fact generally credited, and deeply deplored by historians. Amrou, as a man of genius and learning, may have grieved at the order of the caliph, while, as a loyal subject and faithful soldier, he felt bound to obey.

Among the Greeks, as among other nations, the first libraries consisted merely of archives, deposited, for the sake of preservation, in the temples of the gods. Pisistratus, the tyrant of Athens, was the first who established a public library in his native city, which, we need not say, always took the lead in every thing relating to science and literature in Greece. Here he deposited the works of Homer, which he had collected together with great difficulty and at a very considerable expense; and the Athenians themselves were at much pains to increase the collection. The fortunes of this library were various and singular. It was transported to Persia by Xerxes, brought back by Seleucus Nicator, plundered by Sylla, and at last restored by the Emperor Hadrian. On the invasion of the Roman Empire by the Goths, Greece was ravaged; and on the sack of Athens, they had collected all the libraries, and were upon the point of setting fire to this funeral pile of ancient learning, when one of their chiefs interposed, and dissuaded them from their design, observing, at the same time, that as long as the Greeks were addicted to the study of books they would never apply themselves to that of arms.

The first library established at Rome was that founded by Paulus Emilius, in the year B. C. 167. Having subdued Perses, King of Macedonia, he enriched the city of Rome with the library of the conquered monarch, which was subsequently augmented by Sylla. On his return from Asia, where he had successfully terminated the first war against Mithridates, Sylla visited Athens, whence he took with him the library of Apellicon the Teian, in which were the works of Aristotle and Theophrastus. Lucullus, another conqueror of Mithridates, was not less distinguished by his taste for books. The number of volumes in his library was immense, and they were written in the most distinct and elegant manner.

But the use which he made of his collection was still more honourable to that princely Roman than the acquisition or possession of it. "It was a library," says Plutarch, "whose walls, galleries, and cabinets were open to all visitors; and the ingenious Greeks, when at leisure, resorted to this abode of the Muses, to hold literary conversations, in which Lucullus himself loved to join." But although both Sylla and Lucullus liberally gave public access to their literary treasures, still their libraries can in strictness be considered as only *private* collections. Among the various projects which Julius Cæsar had formed for the embellishment of Rome was that of a *public* library, which should contain the largest possible collection of Greek and Latin works; and he had assigned to Varro the duty of selecting and arranging them. But this design was frustrated by the assassination of the dictator, and the establishment of public libraries did not take place in Rome until the reign of Augustus.

The honour of having first established these valuable institutions is ascribed by the elder Pliny to Asinius Pollio, who erected a public library in the Court of Liberty, on the Aventine Hill. The credit which he gained thereby was so great, that the emperors became ambitious to illustrate their reigns by the foundation of libraries, many of which they called after their own names. Augustus was himself an author, and in one of those sumptuous buildings called *Thermæ*, ornamented with porticos, galleries, and statues, with shady walks and refreshing baths, he testified his love of literature by adding a magnificent library, which he fondly called by the name of his sister Octavia. The Palatine Library, formed by the same emperor in the Temple of Apollo, became the haunt of the poets, as Horace, Juvenal, and Perseus, have commemorated. There were deposited the corrected books of the Sybils; and from two ancient inscriptions, quoted by Lipsius and Pitiscus, it would seem that it consisted of two distinct collections—one Greek, and the other Latin. This library having survived the various revolutions of the Roman Empire, existed until the time of Gregory the Great, whose mistaken zeal led him to order all the writings of the ancients to be destroyed. The successors of Augustus, though they did not equally encourage learning, were not altogether neglectful of its interests. Suetonius informs us that Tiberius founded a library in the new Temple of Apollo; and we learn from some incidental notices that he instituted another, called the Tiberian, in his own house, consisting chiefly of works relating to the empire and the acts of its sovereigns. Vespasian, following the example of his predecessors, established a library in the Temple of Peace, which he erected after the burning of the city by order of Nero; and even Domitian, in the commencement of his reign, restored at great expense the libraries which had been destroyed by the conflagration, collecting copies of books from every quarter, and sending persons to Alexandria to transcribe volumes in that celebrated collection, or to correct copies which had been made elsewhere. But the most magnificent of all the libraries founded by the sovereigns of imperial Rome was that of the Emperor Ulpian Trajanus, from whom it was denominated the Ulpian Library. It was erected in Trajan's Forum, but afterward removed to the Viminal Hill, to ornament the baths of Diocletian. In this library were deposited the elephantine books, written upon tablets of ivory, wherein were recorded the transactions of the emperors, the proceedings

of the senate and Roman magistrates, and the affairs of the provinces. It has been conjectured that the Ulpian Library consisted of both Greek and Latin works; and some authors affirm, that Trajan commanded that all the books found in the cities he had conquered should be immediately conveyed to Rome, in order to increase his collection. The library of Domitian having been consumed by lightning in the reign of Commodus, was not restored until the time of Gordian, who rebuilt the edifice, and founded a new library, adding thereto the collection of books bequeathed to him by Quintus Serenus Samonicus, the physician, and amounting, it is said, to no fewer than 72,000 volumes.

In addition to the imperial libraries, there were others to which the public had access in the principal cities and colonies of the empire. Pliny mentions one which he had founded for the use of his countrymen; and Vopiscus informs us that the Emperor Tacitus caused the historical writings of his illustrious namesake to be deposited in the libraries. The number of calcined volumes which have been excavated from the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii would also seem to indicate that collections of books were common in those cities. But the irruptions of the barbarians, who overran and desolated the Western Empire, proved more destructive to the interests of literature than either volcanoes or earthquakes, and soon caused the disappearance of those libraries which, during several centuries, had been multiplied in Italy. Those of the East, however, escaped this devastating torrent; and both Alexandria and Constantinople preserved their literary treasures, until their capture by the Saracens and the Turks, who finally subverted the Eastern Empire.

When Constantine the Great made Byzantium the seat of his empire, he decorated that city with splendid edifices, and called it after his own name. Desirous to make reparation to the Christians for the injuries they had suffered during the reign of his predecessor, he commanded the most diligent search to be made after those books which Diocletian had doomed to destruction; he caused transcripts to be made of such as had escaped the fury of the pagan persecutor; and, having collected others from various quarters, he formed the whole into a library at Constantinople. At the death of Constantine, however, the number of books in the imperial library was only 6900; but it was successively enlarged by the Emperors Julian and Theodosius the younger, who augmented it to 120,000 volumes. Of these more than half were burned during the seventh century, by command of the Emperor Leo III., who thus sought to destroy all the monuments that might be quoted in proof respecting his opposition to the worship of images. In this library were deposited the only authentic copy of the proceedings of the Council at Nice; and it is also said to have contained the poems of Homer written in gold letters, together with a magnificent copy of the Four Gospels, bound in plates of gold, enriched with precious stones, all of which perished in the conflagration. The convulsions which distracted the lower empire were by no means favourable to the interests of literature. In the eleventh century learning flourished for a short time during the reign of Constantine Porphyrogenetus; and this emperor is said to have employed many learned Greeks in collecting books, and forming a library, the arrangement of which he himself superintended. But the final subversion of the Eastern Empire, and the capture

of Constantinople in 1453, dispersed the literati of Greece over western Europe, and placed the literary remains of that capital at the mercy of the conqueror. The imperial library, however, was preserved by the express command of Mohammed, and continued, it is said, to be kept in some apartments of the seraglio; but whether it was sacrificed in a fit of devotion by Amurath IV., as is commonly supposed, or whether it was suffered to fall into decay from ignorance or neglect, it is now certain that the library of the sultan contains only Turkish and Arabic writings, and not a single Greek or Latin manuscript of any importance.

Such is a brief survey of the most celebrated libraries of ancient times. Before we proceed to describe those of modern days, we shall offer a few remarks on the extent of ancient as compared with modern collections of books. The National Library of Paris contains upward of 824,000 volumes, and is the largest in existence. It will be easy to prove that it is the largest that ever has existed,

The number of writers, and consequently of books, in the bright days of Egypt, Greece, and Rome, could not have been very great. It must, on the contrary, have been limited by various causes, which contributed powerfully to retard the composition of new works, and prevent the multiplication of new editions. In fact, the histories of cities and of nations, together with descriptions of the earth, which have become exhaustless sources for the writers of modern times, must have been but sterile themes at a period in which history was confined within the limits of a few centuries, and hardly a sixth part of the world now known had been discovered. Add to these considerations the difficulties of communication, by which the inhabitants of different countries, and often those of different sections of the same country, were kept apart, together with the number of arts and sciences which were either wholly unknown, or confined within very narrow bounds, and it will become evident, that for every thirty or forty authors of the present day, ancient Europe could hardly have supported one or two.

Another circumstance which may be adduced in support of our proposition, is the fact, that an increase in the number of readers leads to a proportionate augmentation in the number of works prepared for their gratification. We have every reason to suppose that the reading class of the ancient world was small in comparison with that of the modern. Even setting aside the circumstance of the narrow limits by which the creative literature of ancient Europe was bounded—Greece and Rome being almost the only nations whence new productions were derived—we shall still be constrained to acknowledge the vast distance which separates the creative literary power of modern from that of ancient times. Our schools, which abound with such a variety of class-books upon every subject, bear little or no resemblance to those of Greece and Rome; nor can the text-books prepared for our universities be brought into comparison with the oral instructions of the old philosophers. Passing by, also, the subjects which have been opened to our research by the discoveries of modern science, and confining our attention to the single branch of philosophy, in the old sense of the word, which has always been more or less studied and disputed upon since the days of the earliest Greeks, we shall probably find

that the productions of any one modern school outnumber those of the whole body of Greek philosophers. How much more would the balance lean toward the moderns were we to add all the varieties of the French, German, English, and Scottish schools, to say nothing of those whose tenacious subtleties have procured them the name of schoolmen! If, going a step farther, we consider that reading, which the peculiar cast of modern civilization has classed among the luxuries of life, is one of those luxuries, in the enjoyment of which all classes come in for a share, we shall find here also a wide distinction between ancient times and our own. During that epoch of splendid decay, in which the immense wealth of the Roman senators was found insufficient to satisfy the longing for new forms of stimulant and of pleasure, their reading, as we are told by Ammianus Marcellinus, a contemporary historian, was confined to the writings of Marius Maximus and Juvenal, what would they not have given for a modern novel, or to what unlimited extent would the imagination have poured forth its fantastic creations had the art of printing been at hand to keep pace with the productive powers of the mind, and the cravings of a morbid intellect? On every score, therefore, the numerical difference between the intellectual wealth of ancient and of modern Europe must have been decidedly in favour of the latter.

The high price of the materials for writing, and the difficulty of procuring them, must also have been a great obstacle to the multiplication of books. When copies could only be procured by the slow and expensive process of transcription, it seems impossible to suppose that a large number could have been usually prepared of any ordinary work. Those of our readers who are aware that only about 450 copies of the celebrated *Princeps* editions were struck off, will readily assent to the correctness of this opinion. The barbarous system of ancient warfare must have also caused the destruction of a great many works, raised the price of others, and rendered extremely difficult—not to say impossible—the accumulation of a very large number in any one place. The difficulties which the bibliomaniacs of our own times encounter in procuring copies of the editions of the fifteenth century, and the extravagant prices at which some of them have been sold, are enough to show how small a part of an entire edition has been able to pass safely through the short space of four centuries. How few copies, then, of a work written in the time of Alexander could have reached the age of Augustus or of Trajan! With facts like these before us, how can we talk of libraries of 700,000 or 800,000 volumes in the ancient world? When we find it so difficult at the present day, in spite of the testimony of intelligent travellers, and of all the advantages we possess for making our estimates, to ascertain the truth with regard to the great libraries of modern Europe, how can we give credit to the contradictory and exaggerated statements which were promulgated in ages of the darkest ignorance concerning ancient Rome and Alexandria? “After an attentive examination of this subject,” says that eminent biographer M. Balbi, “it seems to me improbable, if I should not rather say impossible, that any library of ancient Europe, or of the middle ages, could have contained more than 300,000 or 400,000 volumes.”

But even allowing 700,000 volumes to the largest of the Alexandrian libraries—that, namely, of which a great part was accidentally destroyed

during the wars of Julius Cæsar—allowing the same number to the library of Tripoli, and to that of Cairo; and admitting that the third library of Alexandria contained 600,000 volumes, and the Ulpian of Rome, and the Cordovan founded by Al-Hakem, an equal number—it will still be easy to show that the whole amount of one of these was not equal to even a fifth part of a library composed of printed books.

Every one who has had any thing to do with publication, is well aware of the great difference between the space occupied by the written and that filled by the printed letters. It is well known that the volumes of ancient libraries consisted of rolls, which generally were written only on one side. Thus the written surface of one of these volumes would correspond to but half the written surface of one of our books, of which every page is covered with letters. A library, then, composed of 100,000 rolls would contain no more matter than one of our libraries composed of 50,000 manuscripts. It is well known, also, that a work was divided into as many rolls as the books which it contained. Thus the *Natural History* of Pliny, which in the *Princeps* edition of Venice forms but one folio volume, would, since it is divided into thirty-seven books, have formed thirty-seven rolls or volumes. If it were possible to compare elements of so different a nature, we should say that these rolls might be compared to the sheets of our newspapers, or to the numbers of our weekly serials. What would become of the great library of Paris were we to suppose its 824,000 volumes in folio, quarto, &c. to be but so many numbers of five or six sheets each? Yet this is the rule by which we ought to estimate the literary wealth of the great libraries of ancient times; and “hence,” says M. Balbi, “notwithstanding the imposing array of authorities which can be brought against us, we must persist in believing that no library of antiquity, or of the middle ages, can be considered as equivalent to a modern one of 100,000 or 110,000 volumes.”

No one of the libraries of the first class now in existence dates beyond the fifteenth century. The Vatican, the origin of which has been frequently carried back to the days of St. Hilarius in 465, cannot with any propriety be said to have deserved the name of library before the reign of Pope Martin V., by whose order it was removed in 1417 from Avignon to Rome. And even then a strict attention to exactitude would require us to withhold from it this title until the period of its final organization by Nicholas V. in 1447. It is difficult to speak with certainty concerning the libraries, whether public or private, supposed to have existed previous to the fifteenth century, both on account of the doubtful authority and indefiniteness of the passages in which they are mentioned, and the custom which so readily obtained in those dark ages of dignifying with the name of library every petty collection of insignificant codices. But many libraries of the fifteenth century being in existence, and others having been preserved long enough to make them the subject of historical inquiry before their dissolution, it becomes easier to fix with satisfactory accuracy the date of their foundation. We find, accordingly, that during the fifteenth century ten libraries were formed: the Vatican at Rome, the Laurentian at Florence, the Imperial of Vienna and Ratisbon, the University at Turin, the Malatestiana at Cesena, the Marciana at Venice, the Bodleian at

Oxford, the University at Copenhagen, and the City at Frankfort on the Maine. The Palatine of Heidelberg was founded in 1390, dispersed in 1623, restored in 1652, and augmented in 1816.

The increase of the libraries of Europe has generally been slowly progressive, although there have been periods of sudden augmentation in nearly all of them. They began with a small number of manuscripts; sometimes with a few, and often without any printed works. To these gradual accessions were made from the different sources which have always been more or less at the command of sovereigns and nobles. In 1455, the Vatican contained 5000 manuscripts. In 1685, after an interval of more than two centuries, the number of its manuscripts had only risen to 16,000, and that of the printed volumes did not exceed 25,000. In 1789, but little more than a century later, the number of manuscripts had been doubled, and the printed volumes amounted to 40,000.

Far different was the progress of the Royal, or as it is now called, the National Library of Paris. The origin of this institution is placed in the year 1595—the date of its removal from Fontainebleau to Paris by order of Henry IV. In 1660, it contained only 1435 printed volumes. In the course of the following year this number was raised to 16,746, both printed volumes and manuscripts. During the ensuing eight years the library was nearly doubled; and before the close of the subsequent century, it was supposed to have been augmented by upward of 100,000 volumes.

In most cases the chief sources of these augmentations have been individual legacies and the purchase of private collections. Private libraries, as our readers are doubtless well aware, began to be formed long before public ones were thought of. Like these, they have their origin in the taste, or caprice, or necessities of their founders, and are of more or less value, as one or the other of these motives has presided over their formation. But when formed by private students with a view to bring together all that has been written upon some single branch of science, or by amateurs skilled in the principles of bibliography, they become more satisfactory and complete than they could possibly be made under any other circumstances. Few of them, however, are preserved long after the death of the original collector; but falling into the hands of heirs possessed of different tastes and feelings, are either sold off by auction, or restored to the shelves of the bookseller. It was by availing themselves of such opportunities that the directors of the public libraries of Europe made their most important acquisitions. This is, in short, the history of the Imperial Library of Vienna; and it can hardly be necessary to add, that it was thus that the rarest and most valuable portions of that collection were brought together.* It was thus, also, that the Vatican acquired, some twenty years ago, by the purchase of the library of Count Cicognara, a body of materials illustrative of the history of the arts, which leaves comparatively little to be wished for by the most diligent historian.

It can hardly be necessary to enlarge upon this subject. Every one who has engaged, even in a small degree, in historical researches, must have

* One of the most remarkable of these purchases was that made of the private library of the Prince Eugene, for a life-income of 10,000 florins. It was composed of 15,000 printed volumes, 337 manuscripts, 290 folio volumes of prints, and 215 portfolios or boxes.

observed how soon he gets out of the track of common readers, and how dark and difficult his way becomes, unless he chance to meet with some guide among those who, confining their attention to a single branch of study, have become familiar with, and gathered around them almost every thing which can serve to throw light upon it. And when a public institution has gone on through a long course of years adding to the works derived from other sources these carefully chosen stores of the learned, it is easy to conceive how much it must contribute not merely toward the gratification of literary curiosity, but to the actual progress of literature.

From these general considerations respecting modern libraries, we proceed to give some particulars which may serve to convey an idea of the history, character, and contents of the principal book-collections now in existence; and with this view, as well as for convenient reference, we shall arrange them under the respective heads of *British Libraries*, and *Foreign Libraries*.

BRITISH LIBRARIES.

1. *British Museum Library, London*.—There is probably no other public institution in Great Britain which is regarded with so great and general interest as the British Museum. By the variety of its departments, this splendid national depository of literature, and objects of natural history and antiquities, meets in some way the particular taste of almost every class of society. The department of Natural History, in its three divisions of Zoology, Botany, and Mineralogy, contains a collection of specimens unsurpassed, probably unequalled, in the world. The department of antiquities is in some particulars unrivalled for the number and value of the articles it contains. But the library is the crowning glory of the whole. If, in respect to the number of volumes it contains, it does not yet equal the National Library of Paris, the Royal Library of Munich, or the Imperial Library of St. Petersburg—in almost every other respect, such as the value and usefulness of the books, the arrangements for their convenient and safe-keeping, and, in fact, in every matter pertaining to its internal arrangements, the library of the British Museum, by the concurrent testimony of competent witnesses from various countries, must take rank above all similar institutions in the world. Well may the people of this country regard the Museum with pride and pleasure. The liberal grants of parliament, and the munificent bequests of individuals, are sure indications of a strong desire and purpose to continue and extend its advantages.

Some idea of the magnitude of the Museum, and of its vast resources, may be formed by considering that the buildings alone in which this great collection is deposited have cost, since the year 1823, nearly £700,000; and the whole expenditure for purchases, exclusive of the cost of the buildings just named, is considerably more than £1,100,000. Besides this liberal outlay by the British government, there have been numerous magnificent bequests from individuals. The acquisitions from private munificence were estimated, for the twelve years preceding 1835, at not less than £400,000. The latest considerable bequest was that of the Right Hon. Thomas Grenville: his library, which he gave to the Museum entire, was valued at £50,000. The annual receipts of the institution of

late years, from parliamentary grants and the interest of private legacies, have been about £50,000. The number of visitors to the Museum is immense. In the year 1848, they amounted to 897,985, being an average of about 3000 visitors per day for every day the Museum is open. On special occasions there have been as many as 30,000 visitors in a single day.

This noble institution may be said to have originated in the bequest of Sir Hans Sloane, who, dying in 1752, left his immense collections of every kind to the nation, on the condition of paying £20,000 in legacies to different individuals; a sum considerably less than the intrinsic value of the medals, coins, gems, and precious metals of his museum. This bequest included a library of 50,000 volumes, among which were 3566 volumes of manuscripts in different languages; a herbarium of 334 volumes; other objects of natural history, to the number of six-and-thirty or forty thousand, and the house at Chiswick, in which the whole was deposited. The Harleian collection of manuscripts, amounting to 7600 volumes, chiefly relating to the history of England, and including, among many other curious documents, 40,000 ancient charters and rolls, being about the same time offered for sale, parliament voted a sum of £40,000, to be raised by lottery, and vested in trustees, for the establishment of a National Museum. Of this money, £20,000 were paid to the legatees of Sir Hans Sloane, £10,000 were given for the Harleian Manuscripts, and £10,000 for Montague House as a receptacle for the whole. Sloane's Museum was removed thither with the consent of his trustees. In 1757, George II., by an instrument under the great seal, added the library of the kings of England, the printed books of which had been collected from the time of Henry VII., the manuscripts from a much earlier date. This collection was very rich in the prevailing literature of different periods, and it included, among others, the libraries of Archbishop Cranmer, and of the celebrated scholar, Isaac Casaubon. His majesty annexed to his gift the privilege which the royal library had acquired in the reign of Queen Anne, of being supplied with a copy of every publication entered at Stationers' Hall; and in 1759, the British Museum was opened to the public.*

The value of the library has been greatly enhanced by magnificent donations, and by immense parliamentary purchases. In 1763, George III. enriched it with a collection of pamphlets and periodical papers, published in England between 1640 and 1660, and chiefly illustrative of the civil wars in the time of Charles I., by whom the collection was commenced. Among other valuable acquisitions may be mentioned Garrick's collection of old English plays, Mr. Thomas Tyrwhitt's library, Sir William Musgrave's collection of biography, the general library of the Rev. C. M. Cracherode, the libraries of M. Ginguené, Baron de Moll, Dr. Burney, and Sir R. C. Hoare; and above all, the bequest of Major Arthur Edwards, who left to it his noble library, and £7000 as a fund for the purchase of books. Four separate collections of tracts, illustrative of the revolutionary history of France, have been purchased at different times by the trustees, in the exercise of the powers with which they are invested. One of these was

* For a detailed account of, and guide-book to, the treasures of this great national collection, see "The British Museum, Historical and Descriptive, with Numerous Engravings," recently published by W. and R. Chambers

the collection formed by the last president of the parliament of Rostagne, at the commencement of the revolution; two others extended generally throughout the whole revolutionary period; and the fourth consisted of a collection of tracts, published during the reign of the Hundred Days in 1815—forming altogether a body of materials for the history of the revolution as complete in regard to France as the collection of pamphlets and tracts already mentioned is with respect to the civil wars of England in the time of Charles I. Another feature of the Museum Library is its progressive collection of newspapers, from the appearance of the first of these publications in 1588. Sir Hans Sloane had formed a great collection for his day. But to this was added, in 1818, the Burney collection, purchased at the estimated value of £1000; and since that period the Commissioners of Stamps have continued regularly to forward to the Museum copies of all newspapers deposited by the publishers in their office.

In 1823, the Royal Library collected by George III. was presented to the British nation by his successor George IV., and ordered by parliament to be added to the library of the British Museum, but to be kept for ever separate from the other books in that institution. The general plan of its formation appears to have been determined on by George III. soon after his accession to the throne; and the first extensive purchase made for it was that of the library of Mr. Joseph Smith, British consul at Venice, in 1762, for which his majesty paid about £10,000. In 1768, Mr. (afterward Sir Frederick) Barnard, the librarian, was despatched to the continent by his majesty; and, as the Jesuits' houses were then being suppressed and their libraries sold throughout Europe, he was enabled to purchase, upon the most advantageous terms, a great number of very valuable books, including some very remarkable rarities, in France, Italy, and Germany. Under the judicious directions of Mr. Barnard, the entire collection was formed and arranged: it was enlarged during a period of sixty years, by an annual expenditure of about £2000, and it is in itself perhaps one of the most complete libraries of its extent that was ever formed. It contains selections of the rarest kind, particularly of scarce books which appeared in the first ages of the art of printing. It is rich in early editions of the classics, in books from the press of Caxton, in English history, and in Italian, French, and Spanish literature; and there is likewise a very extensive collection of geography and topography, and of the transactions of learned academies. The number of books in this library is 65,250, exclusively of a very numerous assortment of pamphlets; and it appears to have cost, in direct outlay, about £130,000, but it is estimated as worth at least £200,000.

The nucleus of the department of manuscripts at the British Museum was formed by the Harleian, Sloanean, and Cottonian collections. To these George II. added, in 1757, the manuscripts of the ancient royal library of England. Of these one of the most remarkable is the "Codex Alexandrinus;" a present from Cyril, Patriarch of Constantinople, to King Charles I. It is in four quarto volumes, written upon fine vellum, probably between the fourth and sixth centuries, and is believed to be the most ancient manuscript of the Greek Bible now extant. Many of the other manuscripts came into the royal collection at the time when the monastic institutions of Britain were destroyed; and some of them still retain upon their spare

leaves the honest and hearty anathemas which the donors denounced against those who should alienate or remove the respective volumes from the places in which they had been originally deposited. This collection abounds in old scholastic divinity, and possesses many volumes, embellished by the most expert illuminators of different countries, in a succession of periods down to the sixteenth century. In it are also preserved an assemblage of the domestic music-books of Henry VIII., and the "Basilicon Doron" of James I. in his own handwriting. The Cottonian collection, which was purchased for the use of the public in 1701, and annexed by statute to the British Museum in 1753, consists of 861 manuscript volumes, including "Madox's Collections on the Exchequer," in ninety-four volumes, besides many precious documents connected with our domestic and foreign history about the time of Elizabeth and James. It likewise contains numerous registers of English monasteries; a rich collection of royal and other original letters: and the manuscript called the "Durham Book," being a copy of the Latin Gospels, with an interlinear Saxon gloss, written about the year 800, illuminated in the most elaborate style of the Anglo-Saxons, and believed to have once belonged to the venerable Bede. The Harleian collection is still more miscellaneous, though historical literature in all its branches forms one of its principal features. It is particularly rich in heraldic and genealogical manuscripts; in parliamentary and legal proceedings; in ancient records and abbey registers; in manuscripts of the classics, among which is one of the earliest known of Homer's "Odyssey;" in missals, antiphonars, and other service-books of the Catholic Church; and in ancient English poetry. It possesses two very early copies of the Latin Gospels, written in gold letters; and also contains a large number of splendidly illuminated manuscripts, besides an extensive mass of correspondence. It further includes about three hundred manuscript Bibles or Biblical books, in Hebrew, Chaldaic, Greek, Arabic, and Latin; nearly two hundred volumes of writings of the fathers of the church; and a number of works on the arts and sciences, among which is a tract on the steam-engine, with plans, diagrams, and calculations by Sir Samuel Morland. The Sloanean collection consists principally of manuscripts on natural history, voyages and travels, on the arts, and especially on medicine.

In 1807 the collection of manuscripts formed by the first Marquis of Lansdowne was added to these libraries, having been purchased by parliament for £4925. It consists of 1352 volumes, of which 114 are Lord Burleigh's state papers, 46 Sir Julius Cæsar's collections respecting the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., and 108 the historical collections of Bishop Kennet. Other valuable collections are the classical manuscripts of Dr. Charles Burney, the Oriental manuscripts collected by Messrs Rich and Hull, and the Egyptian papyri presented by Sir J. G. Wilkinson. It would be endless, however, to enumerate these treasures; we have indicated enough to convince our readers that the library of the British Museum is worthy of the nation to which it belongs.

2. *Bodleian Library, Oxford.*—This institution, so called from the name of its illustrious founder, was established toward the close of the reign of Elizabeth by Sir Thomas Bodley, who, having become disgusted with some court intrigues, resigned all his employments about the year 1597, and resolved to spend the remainder of his life in a private station. Having

thought of various plans to render himself useful, he says, "I concluded at the last to set up my staff at the library door in Oxon, being thoroughly persuaded that in my solitude and surcease from the commonwealth affairs, I could not busy myself to better purpose than by reducing that place, which then in every part lay ruined and waste, to the public use of students. For the effecting whereof I found myself furnished in a competent proportion of such four kinds of aids, as, unless I had them all, there was no hope of good success. For without some kind of knowledge, as well in the learned and modern tongues as in sundry other sorts of scholastical literature; without some purse-ability to go through with the charge; without great store of honourable friends to further the design; and without special good leisure to follow such a work, it could but have proved a vain attempt and inconsiderate." Having set himself this task—"a task," as his friend Camden justly says, "that would have suited the character of a crowned head"—Bodley despatched from London a letter to the vice-chancellor, offering not only to restore the building, but to provide a fund for the purchase of books, and the maintenance of proper officers. This offer being thankfully accepted, he commenced his undertaking by presenting to the library a large collection of books purchased on the continent, and valued at £10,000. He also collected 1294 rare manuscripts, which were afterward increased to 6818, independently of 1898 in the Ashmolean Museum. Other collections and contributions were also, by his example and persuasion, presented to the new library; and the additions thus made soon swelled to such an amount that the old building was no longer sufficient to contain them. The edifice was accordingly enlarged; and Bodley thus had the proud satisfaction of seeing Oxford possessed, by his means, of such a library as might well bear comparison with the proudest in continental Europe. It would require a volume to contain an enumeration of the many important additions which have been made to this library by its numerous benefactors, or to admit even a sketch of its ample contents in almost every branch of literature and science. The Oriental manuscripts are the rarest and most beautiful to be found in any European collection; and the first editions of the classics, procured from the Pinelli and Crevenna libraries, rival those of Vienna. In a word, it is exceedingly rich in many departments in which most other libraries are deficient, and it forms altogether one of the noblest collections of which any university can boast.

3. *University Library, Cambridge.*—This is a library of considerable extent, and contains much that is valuable or curious both in the department of printed books and in that of manuscripts. The printed books comprise a fine series of *editiones principes* of the classics, and a very large proportion of the productions of Caxton's press. Among the manuscripts contained in it are the celebrated manuscript of the four Gospels and Acts of the Apostles, known by the name of the *Codex Beza*, which was presented to the university by that distinguished reformer; *Magna Charta*, written on vellum; and a Koran upon cotton paper, superbly executed. In the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, there are several exceedingly interesting literary curiosities; among others, some manuscripts in the handwriting of Milton, consisting of the original copy of the "*Masque of Comus*," several plans of "*Paradise Lost*," and the poems of "*Lycidas*,"

"Arcades," and others; and also Sir Isaac Newton's copy of his "Principia," with his manuscript notes, and his letters to Roger Coles.

4. *Advocates' Library, Edinburgh.*—This library was founded in 1682, at the instance of Sir George Mackenzie of Rosehaugh, who was at that time Dean of Faculty, and the plan was carried into execution on a small scale, by a fund which had been formed out of the fines of members. It was originally intended that it should consist merely of the works of lawyers, and of such other books as were calculated to advance the study of jurisprudence; it now comprehends, in a greater or less degree, almost every branch of science, philosophy, jurisprudence, literature, and the arts. Its collection of historical works is very complete. Among the curiosities shown to visitors are a manuscript Bible of St. Jerome's translation, believed to have been written in the eleventh century, and known to have been used as the conventual copy of the Scriptures in the Abbey of Dunfermline; a copy of the first printed Bible, in two volumes, from the press of Faust and Guttenberg; the original Solemn League and Covenant, drawn up in 1580; and six copies of the Covenant of 1638. Among other manuscripts in the collection are the whole of the celebrated Wodrow Manuscripts, relating to the ecclesiastical history of Scotland, and the chartularies of many of the ancient religious houses. For its extent, no less than for the liberal principles upon which it is conducted, this deserves the name of the National Library of Scotland.

5. *Trinity College Library, Dublin.*—This library owed its establishment to a very curious incident. In the year 1603, the Spaniards were defeated by the English at the battle of Kinsale; determined to commemorate their victory by some permanent monument, the soldiers collected among themselves the sum of £1800, which they agreed to apply to the purchase of books for a public library, to be founded in the then infant institution of Trinity College. This sum was placed in the hands of the celebrated Dr. Usher, who immediately proceeded to London, and there purchased the books necessary for the purpose. It is a remarkable coincidence, that Usher, while occupied in purchasing these books, met in London Sir Thomas Bodley engaged in similar business, with a view to the establishment of his famous library at Oxford. From this commencement, the library of Trinity College was, at different periods increased by many valuable donations, including that of Usher's own collection, consisting of 10,000 volumes, until at length its growing magnitude requiring a corresponding increase of accommodation, the present library-hall, a magnificent apartment of stately dimensions, was erected in the year 1732. Since that time numerous additions have been made to the library; among others, that of the library of the Pensionary Fagel, in 20,000 volumes, and the valuable classical and Italian books which had belonged to Mr. Quinn; so that, altogether, the library of Trinity College now forms one of the first order, at least in this country.

The five libraries thus briefly described are the principal ones in the United Kingdom, and they are all entitled to receive a copy of every new work on its publication; so that they are continually on the increase, and enabled to keep pace with the activity of the press. Of the numerous other libraries of this country we have no space to give a detailed account,

and must therefore content ourselves with merely indicating the names of the more extensive ones. In London are the libraries of the Royal Society and the Royal Institution; Sion College Library; Archbishop Tenison's Library, and Dr. Williams's Library, belonging to the Dissenters. The Lambeth Library of the Archbishop of Canterbury is exceedingly rich in ecclesiastical history and biblical literature. At Oxford and Cambridge, all the different colleges have libraries more or less extensive and valuable. Chetham's Library at Manchester is also worthy of mention. The library of the Writers to the Signet at Edinburgh is an excellent and valuable miscellaneous collection of books in science, law, history, geography, statistics, antiquities, literature, and the arts. Finally, the Scotch universities of Edinburgh, Glasgow, St. Andrews, and Aberdeen, all possess academical libraries of considerable size, and which are steadily on the increase. Many of the above receive an annual grant of money from government, as a compensation for the withdrawal of the privilege of receiving copies of every book published in the kingdom. All such, at least, ought to be thrown open to the public, and doubtless soon will be.

FOREIGN LIBRARIES.

1. *National Library, Paris.*—This library is justly considered as the finest in Europe. It was commenced under the reign of King John, who possessed only *ten* volumes, to which 900 were added by Charles V., many of them superbly illuminated by John of Bruges, the best artist in miniatures of that time. Under Francis I. it had increased to 1890 volumes, and under Louis XIII. to 16,746. In 1684, it possessed 50,542 volumes; in 1775 it amounted to above 150,000; and by 1790 it had increased to about 200,000. At present it contains 824,000 volumes of printed books, and 80,000 manuscripts. It is divided into four departments;—1. Printed books; 2. Manuscripts, charters, and diplomas; 3. Coins, medals, engraved stones, and other antique monuments; and 4. Engravings, including geographical charts and plans. Of the contents of this magnificent, nay, matchless collection, it would far exceed our limits to give any details, or even to enumerate its choicest articles. It is rich in every branch and department, unique in some, scarcely surpassed in any, and unrivalled in all taken together. Of books printed on vellum it contains at once the finest and most extensive collection in the world.

2. *Arsenal Library, Paris.*—This library, founded by the Marquis de Paulmy, formerly ambassador of France in Poland, was in 1781 acquired by the Count d'Artois, who united to it nearly the whole of the library of the Duke de la Valliere. It possesses the most complete collection extant of romances, since their origin in modern literature; of theatrical pieces or dramas, from the epoch of the Moralities and Mysteries; and of French poetry since the commencement of the sixteenth century. It is less rich in other branches, but it has all works of importance, and in particular contains historical collections which are not to be found elsewhere.

3. *Library of St. Genevieve, Paris.*—The foundation of this library dates as early as the year 1624, when Cardinal de Rochefoucauld, having reformed the Abbey of Sainte Genevieve, made it a present of 600 volumes. At present it contains 160,000 printed volumes and 2000 manuscripts. In it

may be found all the academic collections, and a complete set of Aldines; it is particularly rich in historical works; and its most remarkable manuscripts are Greek and Oriental. Its typographical collections of the fifteenth century are not more valuable for their number than the high state of preservation in which they are found. This library is open of an evening, and is much resorted to by students, and men of the operative classes.

3. *Mazarin Library, Paris*.—This library, as its name denotes, was instituted by Cardinal Mazarin. The formation of it was intrusted to the learned Gabriel Naudé, who, having first selected all that suited his purpose in the booksellers' shops in Paris, travelled into Holland, Italy, Germany, and England, where the letters of recommendation of which he was the bearer, enabled him to collect many very rare and curious works. Cardinal Mazarin, by his will, bequeathed it to the college which he founded, and in 1688 it was made public. It is remarkable for a great number of collections containing detached pieces and small treatises, which date as far back as the fifteenth century, and exist nowhere else: nor has any other library so complete a body of the ancient books of law, theology, medicine, and the physical and mathematical sciences. It also possesses a most precious collection of the Lutheran or Protestant authors. In one of the halls are placed models in relief of the Pelasgic monuments of Italy and Greece; in another is a terrestrial globe, eighteen feet in diameter, formed of plates of copper, and executed by order of Louis XVI.; but this instrument, which is unique in Europe, is unfortunately unfinished, being destitute of several requisite circles.

5. *National Library, Madrid*.—This "is one of the many institutions which awaken the admiration of the stranger in Spain, as being at variance with the pervading decay." According to Mr. Ford, "it is rich in Spanish literature, especially theology and topography, and has been much increased numerically since the suppression of the convents; but good modern books are needed." It contains many valuable Greek, Latin, and Arabic manuscripts, and unedited works, chiefly Spanish. The *Monetario*, or cabinet of medals, is arranged in an elegant and beautiful apartment, and contains an unrivalled collection of Celtic, Phœnician, Greek, Roman, Gothic, Arabic, and modern coins and medals, in excellent preservation. The library is open to all, at least as far as the printed books are concerned.

6. *Vatican Library, Rome*.—Among the libraries of Italy, that of the Vatican at Rome stands pre-eminent, not more for its grandeur and magnificence, than for the inestimable treasures with which it is enriched. It was originated about the year 465 by Pope Hilary, and has been augmented by succeeding pontiffs, and by various princes, until it reached its present extent and value. Our space will not permit us to give any thing like a detailed account of its treasures; but we condense from Sir George Head's admirable work on Rome the following description of the grand saloon of the library:—"The principal chamber of the library appears to be 179 feet long by 51 broad. The ceiling is remarkable for presenting to the eye the appearance of a uniform extensive surface, as if it were a beautifully broad elliptical vault, though in fact it consists of a double range of groined arches that, springing on each side from the walls, and blending together in the middle, are supported on a row of six pillars planted in a line on the ground. These pillars are contrived, accordingly, of an oblong shape, so

extremely narrow that, planted as they are longitudinally, and encompassed by large rectangular mahogany bookcases to serve as pedestals, they occupy but an inconsiderable space in the apartment when viewed edgewise by a spectator standing at the entrance, and from their form effectually counteract the appearance of weight, that would certainly otherwise be produced by the double vaulting. Moreover, while the lines of curvature slide as it were thus gently and harmoniously into the outline of the pillars, the transition of surface is the less perceptible, owing to the whole of the vault and pillars being painted in a uniform delicate pattern of arabesque, by Zuccari, as it is affirmed; but at all events, in figures of plants and flowers, almost as light and exquisite as the paintings on a china teacup, and thrown into relief by the prevalence of a clear white ground; so that an appearance is produced of airiness and space to all intents and purposes as effective as if the ceiling were really contained within the span of a single elliptical arch. Along the base of the ceiling is a cornice of stucco, ornamented with a light pattern in white and gold; and underneath, upon the upper portion of the walls, are six windows on each side; and the remainder of the surface is covered with paintings by several different artists, one of which represents Sixtus V. receiving from his architect, Dominico Fontana, the plan of the present library. The lower portion of the walls is entirely occupied by closed bookcases, composed of panels of wood painted in arabesque on a ground of white and slate colour, and surrounded by gilded mouldings; which receptacles bear no sort of affinity in appearance to ordinary library furniture, and thoroughly conceal from public view the valuable manuscripts which they contain. No books, in fact, are to be seen in the whole chamber, and particularly the rectangular bookcases above referred to, that serve the purpose of pedestals, from the middle of which each pillar supporting the ceiling and resting on the ground below rises, as the pier of a bridge from its ceisson, rather resemble ornamental buffets upon whose tabular surface vases and other splendid objects of art and antiquity are arranged in order.

"With regard to the principal objects worthy of observation there are, in the first place, two very magnificent tables, both alike, placed in the middle of the room in a corresponding position to one another, between the first and second pillar at each extremity. Each is composed of an enormously thick and very highly polished slab of red Oriental granite, supported by six bronze figures of slaves as large as life. Such being the appropriation of two of the intercolumnial spaces, a third is occupied by a low column of Cipollino marble, serving as a pedestal to support a splendid and very large vase of Sevres china, which was presented by the Emperor Napoleon to Pius VII. In a fourth intercolumnial space is to be seen, supported on a pedestal of Cipollino, whose base appears to be a sort of alabaster marked with different shades of olive-green, a square tazza of malachite, presented to Gregory XVI. by the Crown-Prince of Russia, after his visit to Rome in 1838. In the fifth intercolumnial space are a magnificent pair of candelabra of Sevres china, brought by Pius VII. from Paris, and also a splendid vase of the same material presented to his holiness by Charles X. There is also to be observed, placed at the extremity of the room, on the right-hand side near the wall, a spirally-fluted column of Oriental alabaster, which was discovered near the church of St. Eusebio, on the Esquiline; and

suspended against the wall, not far distant, is a curious old Russian calendar painted on wood.

"The bookcases being continually locked, as above stated, permission is nevertheless granted to those visitors who may be desirous of consulting the books and manuscripts, on making application to the cardinal-librarian or his assistants; but the privilege is merely nominal, in consequence of the extremely imperfect state of the catalogue; and in point of fact the multitudinous volumes on the shelves may be compared to a mine, unexplored and unexplorable; whence only a few particular objects, considered the staple curiosities of the region, and consequently continually had recourse to by the visitors, are extracted. The volumes in question consist principally of a splendidly-illuminated Bible of the sixth century; the most ancient version of the Septuagint; the earliest Greek version of the New Testament; the '*Assertio Septem Sacramentorum*,' written by Henry VIII.—a royal literary effort in defence of the seven Roman Catholic sacraments that procured the title of Defender of the Faith for the author, which descended to the Protestant monarchs of England; and a most curious and authentic collection of original correspondence between Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn. The '*Assertio Septem Sacramentorum*' is a good thick octavo volume, written in Latin, and printed in the year 1501, in London, on vellum. The type is clear, with a broad margin, and at the beginning is the original presentation addressed to Leo X., as follows, subscribed by the royal autograph—

'Anglorum Rex Henricus Leo Decime mittit
Hoc opus, et fidei testis et amicitiae.'

The whole work—in the preface of which the writer descants on his humble talents and his modesty—would seem, as far as I was able to judge by turning over the pages hastily, to be composed in a remarkably clear style, and to abound with naïve phrases and genuine expressions of the king himself, wrought into the mass and substance of a prolix theological dissertation, that no doubt was prepared and digested for the purpose by the divines of the period. With regard to the correspondence with Anne Boleyn, which places the royal author altogether in a different point of view before the public, the latter consists of a considerable number of original letters, of which those written by the king are for the most part in French and the remainder in English, and those of Anne Boleyn written all in French. The documents are all in excellent preservation, and the handwriting perfectly legible; from the difference of the character at the period in question, and owing to the abbreviations, somewhat difficult to decipher; not so much so, however, but that even an unpractised person, with sufficient time and leisure, might make them out without much difficulty. Visitors are relieved from the labour of the experiment; and fair copies, made in a clear round hand, are placed, each copy side by side with the original, and all are stitched together in a portfolio, where they may be perused with the utmost facility. The letters, which to those inclined to ponder on the anatomy of the human heart afford a melancholy moral, are chiefly remarkable for the boisterous eager tone of the king's passion toward his lady-love, which, expressed in terms that would hardly be considered proper now-a-days, verges on the grotesque."

7. *Casanata Library, Rome*.—This library, founded by Cardinal Girolamo Casanata in the year 1700, is said to contain a greater number of printed books exclusively, in contradistinction to manuscripts, than any other in Rome, not excepting the Vatican. "The library," says Sir George Head, "is a very beautifully-proportioned chamber, upward of fifty feet in breadth, and long in proportion, with an elliptically vaulted ceiling, along the base of which are a series of acute-angled arched spaces containing windows that throw an admirable light on the apartment, which is whitewashed most brilliantly. The books are ranged all round the room on open shelves, with a communication to those of the upper row by a pensile gallery that surrounds the whole periphery. At the extremity of the room is a white marble statue, by Le Gros, of Cardinal Casanata, the founder, elevated with remarkably good effect on a pedestal of dark-coloured Brazil-wood, very highly polished, and surmounted by a splendid frontispiece, supported on two pair of fluted Corinthian columns, all of the same material. The door of the room at the entrance is also surmounted by a frontispiece and columns of Brazil wood, similar to the preceding. The librarian, a Dominican friar, dressed in the habit of his order, and seated in an easy chair in the middle of the room at his desk of office, attends there continually, and is exceedingly kind and attentive to the applications of strangers who wish to read books in the library, though his good intentions are of little avail, from the want of a proper catalogue."

8. *Laurentian Library, Florence*.—This institution was commenced by Cosmo de Medici, the father of a line of princes whose name and age are almost synonymous with the restoration of learning. Naturally fond of literature, and anxious to save from destruction the precious remains of classical antiquity, he laid injunctions on all his friends and correspondents, as well as on the missionaries who travelled into remote countries, to search for and procure ancient manuscripts in every language and on every subject. He availed himself of the services of all the learned men of his time; and the situation of the Eastern empire, then daily falling into ruins by the repeated attacks of the Turks, afforded him an opportunity of obtaining many inestimable works in the Hebrew, Greek, Chaldaic, Arabic, and Indian languages. From these beginnings arose the celebrated library of the Medici, which, after having been the constant object of the solicitude of its founder, was after his death further enriched by the attention of his descendants, and particularly of his grandson Lorenzo; and after various vicissitudes of fortune, and frequent and considerable additions, has been preserved to the present day—the noblest monument which its princely founders have left of the glory of their line.

9. *Magliabecchian Library, Florence*.—Antonio Magliabecchi, from being a servant to a dealer in vegetables, raised himself to the honourable office of librarian to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and became one of the most eminent literary characters of his time. The force of natural talent overcame all the disadvantages of the humble condition in which he had been born, and placed him in a situation to make his name known and respected. But he endeavoured to deserve still better of his countrymen, by presenting them, shortly before his death in 1714, with his large and valuable collection of books, together with the remainder of his fortune, as a fund for its support. This constituted the foundation of the Magliabecchian Library,

which, by the subsequent donations of several benefactors, and the bounty of some of the grand-dukes of Florence, has been so much increased both in number and value that it may now vie with some of the most considerable collections in Europe.

10. *Imperial Library, Vienna*.—This collection is perhaps inferior only to that of the Vatican, and the National Library at Paris, for the rarity and value of its contents. It was founded by the Emperor Frederick III., who spared no expense to enrich it with printed books as well as manuscripts in every language. By the munificence of succeeding emperors, numerous important and valuable accessions were made to the collection; among which may be mentioned the large and interesting library of Prince Eugene, and a considerable portion of the Buda Library, founded by Matthias Corvinus, king of Hungary. The Imperial Library occupies eight spacious apartments, and a ninth is appropriated to a very valuable collection of medals and other curiosities. Besides the cabinet of medals, there is also attached to the library a superb collection of engravings, consisting of 473 large folio volumes, 510 volumes of different sizes, and 215 folio cartoons. The collection of music contains upwards of 6000 volumes, theoretical and practical; and that of autographs exceeds 8000 pieces, classed under the heads of monarchs and princes, ministers and statesmen, poets, philosophers, and men of learning or science, generals and renowned warriors, artists, musicians, and others.

11. *Royal Library, Munich*.—This is the most extensive collection in Germany. It was founded in 1550, and is very complete in all its departments. The ancient manuscripts relative to the art of music amount to a great number, and are exceedingly curious.

12. *University Library, Gottingen*.—The library attached to the university of Gottingen contains 360,000 printed volumes, and 3000 volumes of manuscripts. But its extent is its least recommendation, for it is not only the most complete among those of the universities, but there are very few royal or public collections in Germany which can rival it in real utility; and if not in Germany, where else? It is not rich in manuscripts, and many other libraries surpass it in typographical rarities, but none contains so great a number of really useful books in almost every branch of human knowledge. This library is mainly indebted for the pre-eminence it has obtained to the labours and exertions of the illustrious Heyne. In the year in which he came to Gottingen as second librarian, the entire control of the library was committed to him, and he became chief. From this moment commenced at once its extension and its improvement. When Heyne went to Gottingen, it already possessed a library of from 50,000 to 60,000 volumes; at his decease it had increased, according to the most moderate computation, to upwards of 200,000 volumes. Nor was this all. At the commencement of his librarianship entire departments of learning were wholly wanting; at its close, not only were these deficiencies supplied, but the library had become proportionally rich in every department, and, in point of completeness, unrivalled. Fortunately, Heyne's place has been filled by worthy successors, and the reputation of the collection is still as great as ever.

13. *Royal Library, Dresden*.—The king of Saxony's library at Dresden contains 300,000 volumes of printed books, and 2800 volumes of manu-

scripts. The valuable library that formerly belonged to Count Boursa forms part of this noble collection, which is most complete in general history, and in Greek and Latin classic authors. Among the printed books are some of the rarest specimens of early typography, including 600 of the Aldine editions, and many on vellum, besides a copy of the first edition of the "*Orlando Furioso*," printed by Masocco, "*coll' assistenza dell'autore*," in 1516, and other rarities. In the department of manuscripts is a Mexican manuscript, written on human skin, containing, according to Thevenot, a calendar, with some fragments of the history of the Incas; the original manuscript of the "*Reveries*" of Marshal Saxe, bearing at the end that he had composed this work in thirteen nights during a fever, and completed it in December, 1733; a fine copy of the Koran, taken from a Turk by a Saxon officer at the last siege of Vienna, and said to have formerly belonged to Bajazet II.; and a Greek manuscript of the Epistles of St. Paul of the eleventh century. An extensive collection of antiquities is preserved in twelve apartments under the library, below which are eighteen vaulted cellars, stored with a vast quantity of valuable porcelain, partly of foreign and partly of Dresden manufacture.

14. *Royal Library, Berlin*.—This collection includes works upon almost all the sciences, and in nearly all languages. Among the manuscripts are several Egyptian deeds, written on papyrus, in the demotic or enchorial character. These are very curious, and *fac similes* of some of them have been published by Professor Kosegarten in his valuable work on the "*Ancient Literature of the Egyptians*."

15. *University Library, Leyden*.—This library was founded by William I., Prince of Orange, and is justly celebrated throughout Europe for the many valuable specimens of Greek and Oriental literature with which it abounds. To it Joseph Scaliger bequeathed his fine collection of Hebrew books; and it was further enriched by the learned Golius, on his return from the East, with many Arabic, Turkish, Persian, and Chaldaic manuscripts. In addition to these it received the collections of Holmanns, and particularly those of Isaac Vossius and Ruhken—the former containing a number of valuable manuscripts, supposed to have once belonged to Christina, queen of Sweden; and the latter an almost entire series of classical authors, with a collection of manuscripts, perhaps unique, among which are copies of several that were consumed by fire in the Abbey of St. Germain-des-Prés.

16. *Imperial Library, St. Petersburg*.—Russia is indebted for this splendid collection to an act of robbery and spoliation. In 1795, when Russia triumphed over the independence of Poland, the victorious general, Suwaroff, unceremoniously seized the Zaluski Library, of nearly 300,000 volumes, had it packed up in all haste and despatched to St. Petersburg. There it formed the basis of the present Imperial Library, which, but for that stolen collection, instead of now ranking in the first class of European libraries, would scarcely have been entitled to a place in the third.

17. *Libraries of Constantinople*.—This city possesses thirty-two public libraries, all varying in extent, but more or less celebrated for the number and value of their manuscripts, which are neatly bound in red, green, or black morocco. The Mohammedans have a peculiar method of endorsing, placing, and preserving their books. Each volume, besides being bound in morocco, is preserved from dust in a case of the same material; and on it,

as well as on the edges of the leaves, the title is written in large and legible characters. The books are placed, one upon another, in presses ornamented with trelliswork, and are disposed along the wall, or in the four corners of the library. All these collections are open to the public throughout the year, excepting on Tuesdays and Fridays: the librarians are as polite and attentive as Turks can be to those whom curiosity or love of study attract thither; and every one is at liberty not merely to peruse, but to make extracts from the books, and even to transcribe them entirely, provided this be done within the walls of the library. Theology, including the Koran and commentators thereon, jurisprudence, medicine, ethics, and history, are the sciences chiefly cultivated by the Osmanlis. The books are all written with the greatest care on the finest vellum, the text of each page is enclosed in a highly-ornamented and gilt framework, the beginning of each chapter or section is splendidly illuminated, and the value of the manuscripts varies in proportion to the beauty of the characters.

We here terminate our rapid survey of the principal libraries of Europe. Small, however, would be the interest which one should feel for these magnificent establishments were they designed solely for the benefit of a few individuals, or of any favoured class. They would still be splendid monuments of the productive powers of the human mind, and of the taste or learning of their founders; but they would have no claims to that unbounded admiration with which we now regard them. There is a republican liberality in the management of the great libraries of the continent of Europe which is well worthy of our imitation. In these alone is the great invention of printing carried out to its full extent, by the free communication of all its productions to every class of society. No introduction, no recommendation, no securities are required; but the stranger and the native are admitted, upon equal terms, to the full enjoyment of all the advantages which the uncontrolled use of books can afford. As this mode of accommodating, or rather of meeting the wants of the public, is the real object of these institutions, they are provided with librarians, who, under different titles corresponding to the duties imposed upon them, receive from government regular salaries proportioned to their rank and to the services which they perform. To these the immediate superintendence of the library is wholly entrusted, and at a stated hour of every day in the week, except of such as are set apart for public or religious festivals, they open the library to the public. There, undisturbed, and supplied with every thing the collection contains that can aid him in his studies, the scholar may pass several hours of every day without any expense, and with no other care than that natural attention to the books he uses, which every one capable of appreciating the full value of such privileges will readily give. Nor do his facilities cease here. The time during which the libraries remain open may be insufficient for profound and extensive researches, and the writer who has to trace his facts through a great variety of works, and to examine the unpublished documents to be found in public libraries alone, would be obliged to sacrifice a large portion of every day if his studies were regulated by the usual hours of these institutions. For such persons a proper recommendation can hardly fail to procure the use, at their own houses, of the works they may need. In this

manner the door is thrown open to every one who wishes to enter, and science placed within reach of all who court her favours.

This is as it should be; and it is therefore with great pleasure that we have observed symptoms of improvements in this respect originating in our legislature. In March, 1849, a select committee was appointed by the House of Commons, on the motion of Mr. William Ewart, to report on the best means of "extending the establishment of libraries freely open to the public, especially in large towns, in Great Britain and Ireland." This committee consisted of fifteen members—namely, Mr. Ewart, Viscount Ebrington, Mr. D'Israeli, Sir Harry Verney, Mr. Charteris, Mr. Bunbury, Mr. G. A. Hamilton, Mr. Brotherton, Mr. Monckton Milnes, the Lord Advocate, (Mr. Rutherford,) Mr. Thicknesse, Sir John Walsh, Mr. Mackinnon, Mr. Kershaw, and Mr. Wyld. These gentlemen seem to have entered upon their labours with zeal, and to have performed their duty with thoroughness and fidelity. They held numerous sessions, and examined a large number of witnesses. The particulars of these examinations have been printed in full, and form a rather bulky blue-book, in which the report of the committee occupies only twelve pages, while the minutes of evidence, tables, &c., fall over three hundred. The committee appear to have felt that it was only necessary to lay before parliament and the public the facts concerning the present condition and wants of the public libraries of this country in order to insure the supply of all deficiencies.

After presenting a brief view of the principal libraries in the various countries of Europe, with a more particular account of the present condition of those in Great Britain, showing that the English are far behind their continental brethren in this respect, the committee thus express their conviction—"Whatever may be our disappointment at the rarity of public libraries in the United Kingdom, we feel satisfaction in stating that the uniform current of the evidence tends to prove the increased qualifications of the people to appreciate and enjoy such institutions. Testimony, showing a great improvement in national habits and manners, is abundantly given in the evidence taken by the committee. That they would be still further improved by the establishment of public libraries, it needs not even the high authority and ample evidence of the witnesses who appeared before the committee to demonstrate."

Frequent and favourable allusions are made in the report and the minutes of evidence to the numerous popular libraries in this country for district schools, factories, &c. These, we are aware, are of the greatest value; but these alone are not sufficient. The establishment of even a hundred thousand small village or district school libraries would not supersede the necessity of a certain number of large and comprehensive ones. These little collections are much alike, each containing nearly the same books as every other. The committee of parliament appear to understand this. "It is evident," they say, "that there should be in all countries libraries of two sorts: libraries of deposit and research, and libraries devoted to the general reading and circulation of books. Libraries of deposit should contain, if possible, almost every book that ever has existed. The most insignificant tract, the most trifling essay, a sermon, a newspaper, or a song, may afford an illustration of manners or opinions elucidatory of the past, and throw a faithful though feeble light on the pathway of the future

historian. In such libraries nothing should be rejected. Not but that libraries of deposit and of general reading may (as in the case of the British Museum) be combined. But though such combination is possible, and may be desirable, the distinction which we have drawn should never be forgotten."

The first, and apparently, in the estimation of the committee, the most important witness, was Edward Edwards, Esq., an assistant in the department of printed books in the British Museum. The minutes of his evidence alone cover between sixty and seventy of the closely-printed folio pages accompanying the report; and besides this, he has furnished various statistical tables, occupying fifty pages, and a series of twelve maps. In one of these maps it is his purpose to exhibit, by various shades, the relative provision of books in public libraries in the principal states of Europe, as compared with their respective populations: and in the others, the local situation of the public libraries in some of the principal cities is indicated. The evidence of Mr. Edwards has been severely commented upon in the London papers and elsewhere, and some inaccuracies in his tables, of greater or less magnitude, have been pointed out. We might, perhaps, by a particular examination of every word and figure, add something to the list of errata. But we think that those persons who are most familiar with the difficulty of obtaining exact statistical details, will not wonder that an error should here and there be found. We have looked over the evidence and the tables with considerable care, and think them, on the whole, highly creditable to the author. It is evident, however, from the general tenor of his testimony, that Mr. Edwards presses rather too strongly the point respecting the condition of England, compared with that of the countries on the continent, as to the number and accessibility of their public libraries. His enthusiasm on the subject, arising probably from a laudable desire to have his own country take a higher rank in respect to libraries than she now holds, has led him, we think, to overlook or undervalue some of the advantages which she already possesses. But his facts and figures are in the main to be relied upon; and we shall make use of them as sufficiently accurate to give our readers a general view of the present bibliothecal condition of the principal countries of Europe.

On Mr. Edwards's map of Europe we find the smaller German states to be represented with the lightest lines, indicating the highest rank, and Great Britain with the darkest or lowest. He states the provision of books in libraries publicly accessible, as compared with the population, to be as follows:—In Saxony, for every 100 inhabitants there are 417 books; in Denmark, 412; in Bavaria, 339; in Tuscany, 261; in Prussia, 200; in Austria, 167; in France, 129; in Belgium, 95; while in Great Britain there are only 53 to every 100 inhabitants.

In the following tables, the libraries containing fewer than 10,000 volumes each (of which there are, in France alone, at least seventy or eighty) are not taken into the account:—

France	has 107 public libraries, containing 4,000,000 vols.
Prussia	... 44 ... 2,400,000 ...
Austria	... 48 ... 2,400,000 ...
Great Britain	... 33 ... 1,771,000 ...
Bavaria	... 17 ... 1,267,000 ...
Denmark	... 5 ... 645,000 ...

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Saxony	has	6 public libraries, containing	554,000 vols.
Belgium	... 14	...	538,000 ...
Tuscany	... 9	...	411,000 ...

Taking the capital cities, we find the following results:—

Paris	has	9 public libraries, containing	1,474,000 vols.
Munich	... 2	...	800,000 ...
Copenhagen	... 3	...	557,000 ...
Berlin	... 2	...	530,000 ...
London	... 4	...	490,500 ...
Vienna	... 3	...	453,000 ...
Dresden	... 4	...	340,500 ...
Florence	... 6	...	318,000 ...
Milan	... 2	...	230,000 ...
Brussels	... 2	...	143,500 ...

Arranging these libraries according to their extent, or number of printed books, they would stand as follows:—

	Printed Books.	Manuscripts.
Paris (1,) National Library	824,000	80,000 vols.
Munich, Royal Library	600,000	22,000 ...
St. Petersburg, Imperial Library	446,000	20,650 ...
London, British Museum	435,000	31,000 ...
Copenhagen, Royal Library	412,000	3,000 ...
Berlin, Royal Library	410,000	5,000 ...
Vienna, Imperial Library	313,000	16,000 ...
Dresden, Royal Library	300,000	2,800 ...
Wolfenbittel, Ducal Library	200,000	4,580 ...
Madrid, National Library	200,000	2,500 ...
Stuttgart, Royal Library	187,000	3,300 ...
Paris (2,) Arsenal Library	180,000	6,000 ...
Milan, Brera Library	170,000	1,000 ...
Darmstadt, Grand Ducal Library	150,000	4,000 ...
Paris (3,) Ste. Genevieve Library	150,000	2,000 ...
Florence, Magliabecchian Library	150,000	12,000 ...
Naples, Royal Library	150,000	3,000 ...
Edinburgh, Advocates' Library	148,000	2,000 ...
Brussels, Royal Library	133,500	18,000 ...
Rome (1,) Casanata Library	120,000	4,500 ...
Hague, Royal Library	100,000	2,000 ...
Paris, (4,) Mazarine Library	100,000	4,000 ...
Rome (2,) Vatican Library	100,000	24,000 ...
Parma, Ducal Library	100,000	...

The chief university libraries may be ranked in the following order:—

	Printed Books.	Manuscripts.
Gottingen, University Library	360,000	3,000 vols.
Breslau, University Library	250,000	2,300 ...
Oxford, Bodleian Library	220,000	21,000 ...
Tubingen, University Library	200,000	1,900 ...
Munich, University Library	200,000	2,900 ...
Heidelberg, University Library	200,000	1,800 ...
Cambridge, University Library	166,724	3,163 ...
Bologna, University Library	150,000	400 ...
Prague, University Library	130,000	4,000 ...
Vienna, University Library	115,000	...
Leipsic, University Library	112,000	2,500 ...
Copenhagen, University Library	110,000	...
Turin, University Library	110,000	2,000 ...
Louvain, University Library	105,000	246 ...
Dublin, Trinity College Library	104,239	1,512 ...
Upsal, University Library	100,000	5,000 ...
Erlangen, University Library	100,000	1,000 ...
Edinburgh, University Library	90,354	810 ...

The largest libraries in Great Britain are those of the

	Printed Books.	Manuscripts.
British Museum, London.....	435,000	31,000 vols.
Bodleian, Oxford.....	220,000	21,000 ...
University, Cambridge.....	166,724	3,163 ...
Advocates', Edinburgh.....	148,000	2,000 ...
Trinity College, Dublin.....	104,239	1,512 ...

There are in the United States of America at least 81 libraries of 5000 volumes and upward each, to which the public, more or less restrictedly, have access, and of these 49 are immediately connected with colleges or public schools. The aggregate number of volumes in these collections is about 980,413. We subjoin the contents of a few of the largest:—

Harvard College Library.....	72,000 vols.
Philadelphia and Loganian Library.....	60,000 ...
Boston Athenæum.....	50,000 ...
Library of Congress.....	50,000 ...
New York Society Library.....	32,000 ...
Mercantile Library, New York.....	32,000 ...
Georgetown College.....	25,000 ...
Brown University.....	24,000 ...
New York State Library.....	24,000 ...
Yale College.....	21,000 ...

America will, however, soon possess a library worthy of its character as a great nation. The Astor Library, now in course of formation, owes its existence to the munificence of John Jacob Astor, who died on the 29th of March, 1848, leaving by his will the sum of 400,000 dollars for the establishment of a public library in the city of New York. Seventy-five thousand dollars were to be appropriated to the erection of a suitable building, and 120,000 dollars to the purchase of books as a nucleus. The smallest number of books which the trustees consider it safe to estimate as a basis for enlargement is 100,000 volumes. The Astor Library will probably, when first formed, contain a larger number and a better selection of books than any other in the United States. With the generous provision which the founder has made for its increase, together with the liberal donations which will undoubtedly be made to this as the chief library in the country, it is likely to grow rapidly, till it will take rank with the large libraries of the old world. Under the direction of an enlightened and judicious Board of Trustees, with Washington Irving for president, and Dr. Cogswell for superintendent of the institution, there is every reason to believe that the desire so warmly expressed at the conclusion of their report will be fulfilled: "That the Astor Library may soon become, as a depository of the treasures of literature and science, what the city possessing it is rapidly becoming in commerce and wealth."

The second witness examined by the committee was M. Guizot. In the distinguished positions which he has filled as minister of public instruction and prime minister in France, his attention has been turned to the public libraries of that country. While in office he ordered an inspection of those institutions, and the French government now has complete and exact documents relative to the number of public libraries, and the number of books in each. These institutions are accessible to the public in every way for reading, and to a great extent for borrowing books. Some of

them receive direct grants from the government towards their support; while others, in the provincial towns, are supported by municipal funds; and to the latter the government distributes copies of costly works, for the publication of which it in general subscribes liberally. M. Guizot attributes the happiest results to this system. He says—"There are two good results: the first is, a general regard in the mind of the public for learning, for literature, and for books. That complete accessibility to the libraries gives to every one, learned or unlearned, a general feeling of good-will for learning and for knowledge; and then the second result is, that the means for acquiring knowledge are given to those persons who are able to employ them."

His Excellency M. Van de Weyer, the Belgian ambassador, was next examined. He testified that the public libraries in his own country were numerous, large, and easily accessible to all who desire to make use of them. He attributes the best results to the literary character of his country from this privilege of free access to their large collections of books. He thinks the people are better prepared than is generally supposed to appreciate works of a high character. He seems to think it unwise to attempt to popularize science and literature by printing inferior books, written expressly for common and uneducated people. The government subscribes for a number of copies of nearly every valuable work published, by which means they encourage the progress of literature, and are enabled to enrich many of the public collections. "The government have sometimes, within a space of twenty years, spent some £10,000 or £12,000 in favour of libraries. I take this opportunity of stating also, that though the Chamber only votes a grant of 65,000 or 70,000 francs for the Royal Public Library of Brussels, whenever there is some large sale going on, there is always a special grant made to the library. Lately one of the most curious private libraries had been advertised for sale; a catalogue had been printed in six volumes; the government immediately came forward, bought the whole of the collection for £13,000 or £14,000, and made it an addition to the Royal Library in Brussels; they did the same thing at Ghent: I believe that the library that they bought at Ghent consisted of about 20,000 volumes, and in Brussels about 60,000 or 70,000 volumes." Our own government would do well to imitate this example more frequently than it has hitherto done.

Passing by several witnesses whose evidence we should be glad to notice did our limits permit, we come to George Dawson, Esq., who as a lecturer, has had opportunities of becoming acquainted with the condition, the feelings, and the wants of the working-classes in the manufacturing towns both in England and Scotland. He testifies that libraries to some extent have already been formed in those places, and that there is a very general desire among the working-people to avail themselves of more and better books. They can appreciate the best authors. Political and historical subjects interest them most, but the higher class of poetry is also read by them. Milton is much read. Mr. Dawson says, "Shakspeare is known by heart almost. I could produce men who could be cross-examined upon any play." The contrast between the manufacturing and the farming districts in respect to the intelligence of the people and their desire for improvement is very great. Speaking of one of the agricultural districts,

Mr. Dawson says, "I have heard of a parish in Norfolk where a woman was the parish clerk, because there was not a man in the parish who could read or write!"

Henry Stevens, Esq., formerly librarian of one of the libraries connected with Yale College, gave some valuable information respecting the present state of public libraries in the United States. He says, "the public libraries of the United States are small but very numerous. We have but two containing above 50,000 volumes, while there are nine above 20,000, forty-three above 10,000, more than a hundred above 5000 volumes, and thousands of smaller ones. The want of large public consulting libraries, like those of Europe, is much felt." The chief readers in these libraries are the working-classes, and persons who are engaged in active business through the day. Works on physical science, history, biography, and of a superior class, are those chiefly read by them; and Mr. Stevens stated, that when he came to England, he could not help being struck by the "little reading that there is among the labouring and business-classes" of this country as compared with the United States. This is succinctly explained by Mr. Dawson, who says, "the quantity of people who cannot read and write in this country is a very great hindrance to the demand for books. We have *eight millions* who cannot write yet!" Mr. Edwards, in his evidence, also points to the same deficiency of elementary education. "In addition," he says, "to the positive want of schooling on the part of large numbers of the population who are now growing up, those who do get some partial education habitually neglect to improve what they get from the want of cultivating a taste for reading. Unless good books are made accessible to the people, this is very likely to continue to be a cause—even where education by Sunday-schools, and other efforts of that kind, have been brought within the reach of a considerable number of the population—why the good effects of education have not been continued in after-life."

The committee very justly place much value on the opinions and suggestions of M. Libri. The thorough knowledge which that eminent bibliographer possesses of all matters pertaining to the condition and wants of public libraries, as well as of the needs of literary men, renders his remarks worthy of careful consideration. In a letter addressed to Mr. Ewart, the chairman of the committee, he develops his views at some length, and shows the necessity of having in great countries libraries "in which one may expect to find, as far as it is possible, all books which learned men—men who occupy themselves upon any subject whatever, and who cultivate one of the branches of human knowledge—may require to consult. Of these there is nothing useless, nothing ought to be neglected; the most insignificant in appearance, those which on their publication have attracted the least attention, sometimes become the source of valuable and unexpected information." It is in the fragments, now so rare and precious, of some alphabets—of some small grammars published for the use of schools about the middle of the fifteenth century—or in the letters distributed in Germany by the religious bodies commissioned to collect alms, that bibliographers now seek to discover the first processes employed by the inventors of xylography and typography. It is in a forgotten collection of indifferent plates, published at Venice by Faush Verantio toward the end of the sixteenth century, that an engineer who interests himself in the

history of the mechanical arts might find the first diagrams of iron-suspension bridges. -

Nothing should be neglected; nothing is useless to whoever wishes thoroughly to study a subject. An astronomer who desires to study the motions peculiar to certain stars requires to consult all the old books of astronomy, and even of astrology, which appear the most replete with error. A chemist, a man who is engaged in the industrial arts, may still consult with profit certain works on alchemy, and even on magic. A legislator, a jurisconsult, needs sometimes to be acquainted with the laws, the ordinances, which derive their origin from the most barbarous ages; but it is particularly for the biographer, for the historian, that it is necessary to prepare the largest field of inquiry, to amass the greatest quantity of materials. This is not only true as regards past times, but we ought to prepare the materials for future students. Historical facts which appear the least important, the most insignificant anecdotes, registered in a pamphlet, mentioned in a placard or in a song, may be connected at a later period in an unforeseen manner with events which acquire great importance, or with men who are distinguished in history by their genius, by their sudden elevation, or even by their crimes. We are not born celebrated—men become so; and when we desire to trace the history of those who have attained it, the inquirer is often obliged to pursue his researches in their most humble beginnings. Who would have imagined that the obscure author of a small pamphlet, "*Le Souper de Beaucaire*," would subsequently become the Emperor Napoleon? and that to write fully the life of the execrable Marat, one ought to have the very insignificant essays on physics that he published before the Revolution? Nothing is too unimportant for whoever wishes thoroughly to study the literary or scientific history of a country, or for one who undertakes to trace the intellectual progress of eminent minds, or to inform himself in detail of the changes which have taken place in the institutions and in the manners of a nation. Without speaking of the commentaries or considerable additions which have been introduced in the various reprints of an author, the successive editions of the same work which appear to resemble each other the most are often distinguished from each other by peculiarities worthy of much attention. It has been well said, that a public library should contain all those works which are too costly, too voluminous, or of *too little value* in the common estimation to be found elsewhere, down even to the smallest tracts. An old almanac, or a forgotten street-balled, has sometimes enabled the historian to verify or correct some important point which would otherwise have remained in dispute.

With a brief extract from the evidence of one other witness we must close our notice of the Report on Public Libraries. Charles Meyer, Esq., German secretary to his Royal Highness Prince Albert, had given attention to the public libraries of Germany, having resided several years in Gotha, Hamburg, Leipsic, and Munich. He had perused the principal part of the evidence which had been given by Mr. Edwards upon this subject, and found all that he stated to be quite correct. Dr. Meyer thinks the existence of the numerous and valuable libraries of Germany has given the literary men of that country an advantage over the literary men of England. "It has saved a great number of our German learned men," he says, "from the

danger of becoming *autodidactoi*—self-taught. I think that is one essential point of difference that is visible in comparing the general character of the instruction in this country with that on the continent: there are in this country a great number of self-taught people, who think according to their own views without reference to any previous scientific works. They make sometimes very great discoveries; but sometimes they find that they have wasted their labour upon subjects already known, which have been written upon by a great number of people before them; but as they have no access to libraries, it is impossible for them to get acquainted with the literature of that branch upon which they treat."

From the preceding quotations, it is evident that, in the opinion of the Parliamentary Committee, and of the witnesses examined by it, there exists in this country at once a great deficiency of public libraries and a pressing necessity for their establishment. Our people are and will be readers. They are generally prepared to make a good use of books of a higher order than those offered to them in so cheap and attractive a form by our enterprising publishers. Now, either their energies will be wasted in a desultory course of reading, by which they will gain only a superficial knowledge of almost every conceivable subject, or they must be furnished with the means, which they are so well prepared to use to advantage, of going to the bottom of whatever subject interests them, and having exhausted the wisdom of past generations, of adding to the stock of general knowledge from the results of their own thoughts and experience.

The necessity for the establishment of large collections of books, freely open to the public—of institutions in which, as Ovid well expresses it,

"Quæque viri docto veteres cepere novique
Pectore, lecturis inspicienda patent"—

is, we imagine, unquestioned and unquestionable. The question now arises, How are these libraries to be constituted? On this point it will not be expected that we should dilate at length. At the present time the best books on all subjects are to be purchased at a moderate rate; and in the formation of new libraries, attention should first be paid to the supply of works most generally in demand. It will neither be wise nor just to the public to purchase, at the outset, rare and curious works: when a sufficient supply of really useful and generally-read publications has been obtained, it will be quite time enough to think of indulging the bibliomania. But there is one subject on which this taste may advantageously be indulged—and that is, every town in which a public library is established should take care to collect all works relating to its local or municipal history. A selection of the best books on bibliography should also be possessed by each. These are to the librarian and the literary man what the compass is to the mariner, or the tools of his trade to the artisan.

But we must hasten to a conclusion. As a pendant to the Report of the Parliamentary Committee, Mr. Ewart brought forward a bill for the establishment of libraries and museums in country towns. This bill has now received the sanction of the legislature; its operation is, however, limited to boroughs whose population exceeds 10,000; and before it can be carried into effect, a public meeting of rate-payers must be called, and the consent

of two-thirds of those present obtained. Liverpool was the first to profit by this act: other towns have followed her example; and we trust that ere long, in all the considerable towns throughout the length and breadth of this land, public libraries and museums will be established. The subject is one that cannot long be neglected. It will go on gaining upon public attention, until seen by all in its true light, and in all its bearings. Then the connection between a sound literature and the means used for its formation will be felt; then the numerous and immediate advantages of such a form of encouragement, as the establishment of these institutions, will be clearly seen, and fully understood; and the rich harvest of glory which our future scholars will reap in every branch of study must convince even the most incredulous that literature asks no favours and receives no aid, for which she does not repay the giver with a tenfold increase.

AUSTRALIA AND VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

THE British Empire, extending through all the divisions of the world, comprehends no region more adapted for colonization than Australia. The shores of the Indian continent, rich in the most costly products of the earth, are more attractive to the trader than the emigrant; the superb islands of the remote East, with their camphor woods and precious metals, afford few plains for pasturage and corn-growing; while even the verdant karooes of Southern Africa present a less favourable field for settlement than the soil of New South Wales and Western Australia. Sixty years since the whole region was a desert. Now and then an adventurous sailor navigated the waters along its lonely shores, and disturbed the quietude of its forest-bordered harbours. Little more than half a century has established our civilization on the north and the south, the east and the west, of this the largest island in the world. Emigrant vessels and merchant ships throng the seas between, steam-packets ply along the coasts, shipping crowds the ports, omnibuses traverse the streets of well-built towns, farms and villas multiply near the sea, and a railway train is expected shortly to whirl through the passes of the Blue Mountains. The exports of Great Britain are consumed largely among the colonists, and Australia offers in return peace and abundance to those who are willing to labour for these blessings. In fine, the progress of the country, though occasionally interrupted, exhibits altogether one of the most striking features in the history of our transmarine empire, and it may not be uninteresting to the reader of these papers to trace with us briefly an outline of this gratifying development.

While the Portuguese and the Spaniards, early in the sixteenth century, were extending their enterprise through the seas of the farther East, rumours reached Europe of a new continent in the south. The navigator, driven by contrary winds and currents beyond the bounds of his ordinary enterprise, discovered different points of land, which for a long period none endeavoured to examine. The Spaniards had been navigating the Indian Archipelago for more than eighty, and the Portuguese for nearly a hundred years before the name of any mariner became connected with the discovery of Australia. The Unknown Southern Land, (*Terra Australis Incognita*,) and the Southern Land of the Holy Spirit, (*Australia del Spiritu Santo*,) were indefinitely mentioned in their records, yet no explorer

ventured to approach the mysterious coasts dimly seen by the chance voyager in those remote seas.

In 1605, however, the Dutch, eager to attain a maritime superiority in those distant regions, equipped the yacht *Duyfen*, which sailed from the port of Bantam in Java to explore the coast of New Guinea. Returning from this expedition, the little vessel entered the waters off the shores of Australia, and sailed into the great Gulf of Carpentaria. To these early voyagers all seemed desolate and barren; for since the discovery of America, the voyage of Vasco di Gama, and the exploration of the Indian Archipelago, the navigator continually thirsted for some new Chersonese, where gold was to be found in every stream, where amber was washed up on the beach, where spices perfumed the forests, and pearls were plentiful in the shallow waters near the shore. The wild aspect of the Australian coasts consequently offered little temptation to them. Nevertheless, Spanish, Dutch, and English mariners continued to visit those seas—Dampier, between 1684 and 1700, exploring a portion of the north-western coast, and surveying it in the rude manner of his time. Half a century of further research added little to the world's knowledge of this great region; but 1770, brought the advent of Captain Cook, whose immortal memory is associated with so many seas and shores. He discovered the eastern coast of Australia from Cape Howe to Cape York—naming the region New South Wales. Many successive voyagers followed, each of whom contributed some tracing to the seaboard of this vast territory, until Captain Stokes, about eight years ago, made the entire circuit of the island, and first enabled the geographer accurately to lay down the leading features of its mighty outline.*

While the daring navigators of Europe were exploring the shores of Australia—marking its outlying islands, endeavouring to discover the mouths of rivers, fixing the position of harbours, and laying down the general outline of the island—inland discovery commenced much later, and made a slower progress. In the south, ridges of hills were known to exist, and believed to be impassable. Not lofty, but precipitous and rugged, they were intersected by deep chasms and broad, barren valleys, sprinkled with half-blasted trees, and piled with masses of sandstone rock—landscapes sublime in their melancholy desolation. The Blue Mountains—so named from their habitual aspect—were long considered impassable; but when the English colonists in New South Wales were straitened for room, they looked for wider pastures for their flocks, and more extensive lands for the cultivation of corn and vegetables. Necessity, then, opened a passage through the hills, the Bathurst Plains were discovered, and a stage-coach rattled along a well-made road, winding among the mountain-passes. In other directions, adventurous men, starting from different points, attempted to explore the interior of Australia; but as yet, all have been unsuccessful in their endeavour to reach the centre, and he who travelled farthest, at the utmost point of his journey has only cast his eye over a monotonous desert, apparently of interminable extent.

* To those familiar with the history of maritime discovery, the mention of such names as New Holland, New South Wales, Tasmania, Van Diemen's Land, De Witt's Land, Torres' Straits, Bass's Straits, &c., will at once recall the numerous voyages and voyagers connected with the gradual exploration of Australia.

Australia is situated in the immense ocean stretching to the south-east of Asia, and lies in nearly the same latitude with the Cape of Good Hope and Brazil. Equal in surface to four-fifths of the European continent, it extends from $113^{\circ} 5'$ to $153^{\circ} 16'$ east longitude, and from $10^{\circ} 39'$ to $39^{\circ} 11'$ south latitude. The greatest breadth, from Cape York to Wilson Promontory, north and south, is 2000 miles, and the extreme length, from Shark's Bay to Sandy Coast, west and east, about 2400. The area is calculated at 3,000,000 square miles, and the coast line at 7750. The whole of this immense mass of land is solid and compact, broken by few indentations of the ocean.—The great Gulf of Carpentaria on the north, and Spenser Gulf, in the Australian Bight, on the southern side, are the only extensive sheets, though Shark's Bay and Hervey's Bay are also considerable. Numerous inlets, however—too small to be named as breaking the coast-line, but of noble dimensions nevertheless—afford easy approach to this otherwise iron-bound island.

The mariner, for the first time approaching Australia on its western coast, perceives few of those natural charms painted by so many writers. Along these shores—even now very rarely visited—there is little to allure the eye. A monotonous plain, bounded in the distance by a chain of bleak hills, stretches from the sea, and over the surface of this vast level are scattered sweeps of ground, blackened by the passage of flames. The few wandering tribes leading a nomade life in this part of the island frequently, by accident or intentionally, kindle the tall, dry grasses or the low bush. The fire, seizing greedily on the parched vegetation, travels with great rapidity, and driven by the wind, spreads to the base of the hills, where the conflagration spends its fury. Generally, in one direction or another, the navigator may perceive the smoke or flame of one of these prairie fires. As we proceed farther northward the shores become strewn with enormous masses of rock, extending to some distance from the beach. It is supposed that formerly the land here was considerably more elevated than at present, and that the action of water has levelled it, leaving the more durable masses unremoved. Some eminences, covered with a vegetation richer than that of Brazil or Borneo, with occasional fertile plains, present themselves in marked contrast with the general aridity of this coast.

On the northern shores the same level prevails. Flinders sailed 175 leagues without seeing any hill higher than the mast of a sloop. Irregular cliffs rise from the sea, broken by the embouchures of several rivers, some of which—the Adelaide, the Victoria, and the Albert—were discovered during the last surveying expedition of Captain Stokes; but they have never been traced to their sources. Along the Gulf of Carpentaria few elevations occur; but, reaching the eastern coast, the view is no longer monotonous or dreary. New scenes continually unfold themselves; forests, and open plains, and valleys, running up between the hills, and a more numerous population enlivening the country. Passing between the shore and that great barrier-reef which outlies the eastern coast of New Holland for more than 600 miles, we enter the principal field of British enterprise, where the coast is marked by a thousand fantastic irregularities. A line of precipitous cliffs extends far toward the south; a huge breach in this natural wall becomes apparent; and while the eye is resting on the grim magnificence of these granite barriers, the vessel glides between the rocks,

and reposes in the superb harbour of Port Jackson. The shore, sweeping in gentle slopes toward the hills, is covered with a natural growth of verdure. The sea, blue and brilliant, flows into beautiful bays, where vessels lie safe after their long voyage from Europe. White, stone-built villas, with graceful gardens and groves, lend artificial charms to a landscape naturally picturesque; and Sydney, the capital of New South Wales, with its forts and lighthouses, its churches, hospitals, and custom-houses, full of traffic, and smoking in the heat of industry, appears like the creation of enchantment. The industry of Europe, planted in Australia, now ploughs the sea between Port Jackson and Moreton Bay with steamers, which prepare the mind for the scene presented within; but with this exception, the change from the outer view to the panorama of Sydney is as that from a lifeless desert to an English seaport.

Still proceeding southward toward Cape Howe, the coast wears a similar aspect, until, rounding the huge peak of Wilson Promontory, with its inaccessible islets lying around, we enter Bass's Straits. Sailing along the fertile shores of Australia Felix, the eye of the mariner rests with delight on the scenery for many hundred miles. Toward the west the surface again becomes level; irregularities are few; tall, sloping cliffs commence; and the country sinks into a plain covered with shrub, and extending as far as the south-western point of the island. There rises a range of low hills, continuing as far as Gauthaume Bay, where we reach again the desolate level from whence our circuit commenced.

The general surface of Australia, so far as it has yet been explored, is level. In New South Wales several ranges cover a large portion of the province. Of these the principal are the Warragong, or Australian Alps, in the region called "The Happy," rising to the height of about 15,000 feet, and capped with perpetual snow. The Blue Mountains, west of Sydney, attain an elevation of 3000 feet; the Grampians, in Australia Felix, of 4500; and the Liverpool Range, between Sydney and Moreton Bay, of 6000. Other ridges, connecting these, complete a continuous, though tortuous chain more than 1000 miles in length. This chain runs from Portland Bay in Australia Felix, at a distance of from 60 to 100 miles from the sea, as far as Moreton Bay, branching out into several inferior ridges. The western mountains never rise to more than 3000 feet, and in no other division have any eminences deserving this name been discovered. The surface of Australia, therefore, is more uniformly level than that of any other region of equal extent. Its mountain-system also is altogether peculiar: in the countries of the old world every range, however tortuous, agrees in general direction with the length of the continent in which it lies; in Australia the case is reversed—the hills run transversely from north to south. In the old world also the tendency of the ridges, valleys, and rivers is parallel; but here we find a region apparently struggling into form with all the elements of its ultimate perfection loosely scattered over the surface. For example—south of latitude 33 degrees, the valleys run along the base of the hill-ranges, watered by streams which follow their direction throughout; north of that latitude they cross from east to west; while in the western provinces the land is divided into terraced plains like the steppes of Tartary. Thus a theory formed by investigation in one place is destroyed by the examination of another. All the geological formations exist; but

they occur without order, and appear subject to none of the laws laid down by science in the old world. Again, if we turn to the animal and vegetable kingdoms—we have black swans; white eagles; crabs of an ultra-marine colour; those singular insects the walking leaves; cherries growing with their stones outside; trees which shed their bark instead of their leaves; quadrupeds with birds' bills; and fish that are amphibious, leaping over the ground by the aid of their strong spiny fins.

Australia is consequently called the Land of Anomalies; but if we accept the theory of its recent growth, these phenomena become intelligible. All its features indicate an origin dating not far back in the history of creation. Its physical structure, as we have shown, is incomplete and peculiar; its indigenous vegetation is of the scantiest description; in many parts its soil is raw and unproductive; while its fauna belongs to the lowest orders in the animal kingdom. All is rough and crude—a mass of disordered elements unmoulded into the beauty of perfect nature. In the river system the same irregularity prevails; no more than thirty-five mouths of streams have been discovered along the whole of this immense coast-line, and of these none have been traced more than two hundred, and a few more than fifty miles, from the shore. They are insufficient to the drainage of a tenth part of the island: a fact which gave rise to the belief, not yet altogether exploded, that far inland a circular range of mountains existed, down whose inner slopes numerous rivers poured their waters through the plains into a great central sea. There is still, it is true, a vast blank around the centre of Australia; but travellers, as far as they have hitherto explored, have failed to discover any indications of this lake. Natives have reported the existence of a "great water," breaking in waves higher than the mast of a ship; but probably they had travelled from some district near the coast, and confounded the Southern Ocean with the inland sea of which the wanderers were in search. Violent inundations, however, certainly do occur, when the springs in the mountains discharge volumes of water, converting small streams into torrents, and spreading the waters over whole tracts of country. Deceived by these ephemeral floods, travellers have brought home accounts of immense lakes extending beyond the reach of sight, in places where the next explorer has found a grassy plain, covered with the traces of a dried-up deluge. In South Australia are several sheets of water, but few of them large or permanent. The Salt Lake Torrens, discovered by Eyre, lies at a distance of 400 miles from the sea, almost enclosing a circular tract of land nearly 200 miles across; Lake Alexandria, which receives the waters of the Murray River, is the most extensive of the fresh-water basins; while scattered along the banks of several streams in South Australia, and Australia the Happy, are considerable expanses of water, which do not in all cases bestow on the land that fertility to be expected from such an abundance of irrigation. In other countries rivers are the great fertilizers, and throughout their course clothe their borders with verdure. In Australia only the higher lands thus watered are verdant, and the streams spread themselves over a barren sandy waste, which they are powerless to reclaim.

From the great range which shuts in Sydney on the west descend numerous streams, which flow inland, and reach the plains through rocky and tortuous channels. Those below the latitude of 33 degrees empty

themselves for the most part into the Darling, which, after a long and winding course, joins the Murray 200 miles from the sea. Those above pour into the Lachlan, the Murrumbidgee, and the Hume—also tributaries of the Murray—a river which, though its course is many hundred miles, bears no proportion to the size of the region it waters. None of greater magnitude has been discovered. The streams in South Australia and Western Australia are in comparison insignificant; but it is a received opinion among many geographers, that great water-springs exist in the island, which will ultimately burst from the earth, flow together, form for themselves channels, and find outlets at various places along the coast. Springs are formed by the accumulation of moisture in the cavities and gullies of hills, and this process is at first extremely slow. When overcharged, these reservoirs burst, and emit their superfluous waters, at first by an occasional overflow, but gradually in a continuous stream. The waters wear their own channels, growing slowly from rivulets to rivers; and in Australia great numbers of these incipient, half-developed streams exist. At present, in the river-system of Australia, as well as in its mountains, valleys, and geological formations, its botany, and its zoology, we discover a strong support of the theory that this region is of recent emergence from the ocean. Formerly, Captain Sturt believes, it consisted of an archipelago of islands. The bed of the ocean, upheaved by the agency of subterranean fires, raised the whole to a level; and the action of the great sea sweeping over it, has produced those strange appearances which have earned for Australia its curious title—The Land of Anomalies. The researches of travellers in the interior will at no distant day lay it open to examination; and when the great doubt is removed, science will explain with accuracy phenomena at the present day so perplexing.

Over such a vast surface of the earth a variety of climates may naturally be expected to prevail. Throughout Australia, however, it is generally salubrious and genial to the European constitution. The third part of the island—the north—lies in the torrid, the rest in the temperate zone. The former part is not yet sufficiently known to allow an exact description of its salubrity; but in the extra-tropical divisions human life is endangered by few natural afflictions. Endemic diseases are all but unknown; small-pox, measles, and hooping-cough scarcely ever appear; but dysentery is common, though all disorders yield to simple remedies. It may be useful to state a point on which the best authorities agree: that the settler in Western or Southern Australia may in all cases preserve himself for the honours of a ripe old age by temperate prudence; for deaths from climatic diseases are exceeding rare.

The plains of Tropical Australia are swept by the Indian monsoons—blowing north-west about the beginning of November, and south-east in the early part of April. Rains are there uncommon, but the air is generally heavily charged with damp, and iron rusts after a few hours' exposure. In the extra-tropical divisions a mild drought often prevails. On the lowlands 65 degrees is the mean temperature of the year, but the atmosphere rapidly changes to cold as the surface rises; while on the peaks of the mountains the earth is eternally clothed with snow. The order of the seasons presents a curious contrast to that of Europe: from March to August is the winter; the rainy season is in May; while summer lasts from September to

February. In the interior, the weather, whether wet or dry, is always warm. One remarkable feature has been observed, or we should rather say has been supposed, to exist in the climate of Australia: at intervals of twelve years a period of unmitigated drought prevails, and for twelve months the clouds never send down their gentle showers to refresh and fertilize the earth; following this is a year of continual floods; after this the quantity of rain decreases, until another cycle has passed, and the land is once more parched with excessive thirst. Dews are abundant; thunderstorms without rain last for several days; and on the northern coast a shock of earthquake is occasionally felt.

In all things wandering from the ordinary course of nature, Australia is equally strange in her soil. In those interior deserts, a few times traversed by the traveller, it is various: in some places a red tenacious clay; in others a dark, hazel-coloured loam, rotten, and full of holes; in others, but these few and limited, sandy. When Sturt was exploring this dreary waste, he vainly looked for evidence of a hilly country near. "Had we picked up a stone," he says, "as indicating the approach to dry land, I would have gone on." But nothing of the sort was found; and the desert ever widening to his weary view, he turned about and retreated. In the sloping lands of New South Wales, however, and in the elevated valleys of Australia Felix, a rich, dry, vegetable soil prevails, abundantly prolific. In the rest of the island, the soil, like the river-system, is yet in the mould of nature; and doubtless at some distant period every prairie throughout this magnificent region will smile upon the immigrant, like those fertile "Plains of Promise" discovered in the north by Captain Stokes.

Of the 70,000 or 80,000 species of plants described by botanists, 5710 are already known to exist in Australia. Of these only 270 are common to it and to other countries, while 5440 are altogether peculiar to its extraordinary soil. Thus this island contributes to botany nearly a twelfth of the plants known, but they are generally of a very low order. Ferns, nettles, flowers, and grasses, having the form, bulk, and habits of trees, are abundant; hard timber, with rosewood, sandal-wood, and cedar, is plentiful; some trees yield the purest gums; while the leaves of others are used as tea. The sassafras and castor-oil have been discovered. On the northern coast, palms flourish abundantly, and the tropical mangrove exists in those parts nearest the Indian islands. With one exception, all the trees of Australia are evergreen. No dense woods have been found; and the groves, from a peculiar arrangement of their foliage, present a strange appearance—many of the trees having their leaves hanging with the edge downward. Flowering plants of excessive beauty are found; and the lily, tulip, and honeysuckle grow to the size of large standard trees. There are many odoriferous shrubs, which scent the air to a considerable distance. In the interior immense numbers of prickly plants cover the ground, binding down the loose soil, and preventing that drift which distinguishes the deserts of Arabia and Africa from the Australian wastes.

Large pastures form a prominent feature in the aspect of the country; yet a heavy, English sward is seldom found. Flax, tobacco, a species of cotton, tares, indigo, chicory, trefoil, and burnet (an excellent substitute for tea), are natural productions; but of fruits and vegetables fit for human food there is a strange scarcity. The pith of a reed is the only indigenous

substance with which bread can be made, and the only known fruits are raspberries, currants, one or two tasteless berries, and a species of nut. It appears as if Australia had been selected for colonization, by the avidity of civilized man, before her soil was sufficient to his support, and she was called on to nourish the children of an overpeopled land ere her breast was filled by the rich treasure of maternal maturity. Yet industry may be said to have outran nature, and completed in sixty years the task which centuries would not have accomplished. Corn-crops and orchards abound in all the colonized districts. Every species of grain, including maize, is cultivated with success: oranges, lemons, citrons, nectarines, apricots, peaches, plums, cherries, figs, mulberries, quinces, bananas, guavas, pine-apples, grapes, and many others, the produce of Australian soil, are sold cheaply in the Australian markets; and doubtless the luscious fruits of India will all shortly follow. The sugar-cane probably would thrive in the lower latitudes, but the colonists prefer pastoral industry, for which, indeed, the land affords much facility; though it is said that the keep of a sheep upon the native grasses requires three times the extent of ground which in a moderately fertile district in England would fatten an ox in summer, and keep two sheep during winter.

The zoology of Australia, like every other department of its natural history, also presents extraordinary features. The number of known species of mammalia is about one thousand. Fifty-eight are found in Australia, of which forty-six are peculiar to it, leaving twelve only which it contains in common with other regions. Even of these, five are whales and four seals; another is the strong-winged bat of Madagascar; another like the jerboa of America; and the last the dog—an animal found always where man exists, and rarely, if ever, where he does not. Kangaroos, however, are almost the only important animals. In the birds and reptiles similar peculiarities exist, while of fish and insects no account has ever been completed.

The people who inhabit this extraordinary region belong to the Ethiopic, which is the lowest family of the human race. Many writers, with great ingenuity, have attempted to trace the original colonization of Australia to a horde of Malays passing over in canoes from the Indian Archipelago, across Torres' Straits, to the unknown Southern Land. The colour of the skin, however, the formation of the skull and the limbs, with the genius, the habits, and the general character of the Australians, identify them with the negro race of New Guinea. The weapons they employ are similar, and their progress in the industrial arts, as well as their mental qualities and conditions of existence, being infinitely lower than those of the Malay, and closely similar to those of the Papuan, destroy the theory of their Malayan origin. Traditions they have few, and those but faint and incoherent. It is probable, however, that the wild savages of the Indian Archipelago, driven from their original homes by the superior civilization of the Malays, put to sea in rude canoes, and reaching the mysterious Southern Land, debarked, and gradually peopled the wilderness. They left their own rich islands to the conquering Malays, deserting a contested heritage for one where security and peace made up for the loss of a soil spontaneously productive. Liberty, even to the wild savage, is sweet, and life more cherished still, so that doubtless, if Australia was unpeopled at so late a period, the growth of the Malay empire in the East scattered the swarms of

Papua along its desert coast. That an infusion of other blood has taken place is probable, but not to such an extent as to have influenced the character of the population. The old custom of circumcision is found at two places, at opposite extremities of the island, and nowhere else. This appears to us rather as a traditional custom, originally practised by the whole race, whose size has dwindled to this narrow compass, than as a grafted habit borrowed from the Mohammedan traders. Thus, in Bali, among the Indian islands, the burning of widows was until recently an established custom. It was not, however, a practice derived from accidental intercourse with the Hindoos, but the relic of a mighty empire once held by that religion in the farther East.

The Australian aborigines are divided into numerous tribes, with distinct modes of life and various languages. The dialect of the south is a strange tongue in the north, and the northern vocabulary is wholly unknown in the east. The habits of the natives are unsociable: they seldom come into contact, except in war, each tribe wandering at will through the solitudes, where they have hitherto held an empire all their own. Their manner of existence in some measure resembles that of the Californian savages—dwelling in huts of the most primitive construction, and existing on the seeds of grass, and the pith of reeds, made into cakes. Those living near the coast consume large quantities of fish, which they roast, but have no idea of the effect of fire upon water. A shipwrecked sailor, domiciled among a tribe of Australians, once obtained the reputation of a sorcerer by boiling a potful of water. They gash their bodies with decorative scars, and strike out their front teeth in the spirit of vanity inherent in the most barbarous as well as the most civilized people. An English trader once made a large profit by selling in London a number of these teeth, beautifully large and white, for the use of the dentists.

The colour of the Australian's skin is lighter than that of the African negro; his form, unencumbered by clothing, is well proportioned; his hair, black as ebony, is twisted about the head in the form of a hoop; no whiskers or moustaches are worn, though a scanty beard frequently drops from the chin; the face is in almost all cases ugly, even to repulsiveness: the nose large and flat, the mouth extravagantly distended, the ears long, the forehead retreating, and the chin highly protuberant. Nor is the character of the Australian more alluring: to lie and cheat are practices almost universal—not so much indicative of moral depravity, as illustrative of the low condition in which these savages still remain. Among some tribes treachery to Europeans ranks among the virtues, and basely to assassinate a white man is considered heroic. We knew a naval officer who was stabbed from back to breast by one of these barbarians, who stole on him as he sat sketching on a bank in a lonely spot. On another occasion, two Europeans, engaged in making observations, were startled by a loud shout from above. Looking up, they saw with horror the summit of a lofty bank swarming with savages, who quivered their spears, and were evidently intent on the strangers' death. The Englishmen, skilled in the characteristics of the savage mind, immediately commenced dancing, capering until they were ready to sink under exhaustion. Every time they paused in their strange exercise, the savages lifted their spears with threatening gestures; till at last weary of the sport, they quietly retired.

With some tribes, however, different ideas prevail, and shipwrecked men, hungry and naked, have in the worst hour of their need learned to bless the rude but honest hospitality of an Australian savage. Among themselves a crude social system exists. Ideas of property are very distinct, and one man respects the roasted fish and fried frogs of another with scrupulous integrity. Murders are rare, and when they occur, are punished. It is the opinion of certain philosophers that these wild men will never be reclaimed, but will be driven deeper into the wilderness as colonization proceeds, until ultimately all will perish under the breath of English civilization. It is hard to accept this theory, though there is unfortunately much in the history of modern times to lead to its adoption. We would rather cling to the philosophy of the poet T. K. Hervey, who writes in the spirit of humanity, in language of the loftiest eloquence, for the wild man of the Australian desert—

“Yet on his forehead sits the seal sublime
That marks him monarch of his lovely clime,
And in his torpid spirit lurk the seeds
Of manly virtues and of lofty deeds.
Within that breast where savage shadows roll
Philosophy discerns a noble soul,
That, like the lamp within an eastern tomb,
But looks more sickly 'mid surrounding gloom.
Full many a feeling trembles through his frame,
For which he never knew or sought a name;
And many a holy thought but half suppress
Still lurks 'mid all the tempest of his breast.
Pants not his heart with human hopes and fears,
And is he not the child of smiles and tears?
'Tis love that links him to his native woods,
And pride that fires him while he breasts the floods,
And glory guides him, felt but undefined,
To battle with the breakers and the wind,
To tempt the torrent, or in arms to claim
The savage splendours of a warrior's name.
True, through their souls all fiercer passions run—
These fiery ones, these children of the sun.
But gentler thoughts redeem the frensied mood;
Repress, but quenchless; hid, but unsubdued.
Theirs is the spell of home, where'er they rove
The maiden loves with all a maiden's love;
And the dark mother, as she rocks her boy
Feels in her bosom all a mother's joy!”

Where the human heart is warm with these feelings, it is surely susceptible of some refinement. An anecdote will show that the mind of the Australian savage is not blunt to all the better passions of humanity. A native named Tonquin, dwelling on the banks of the Swan River, stabbed one of his comrades. The murderer fled into the desert, remaining there for fifteen days alone with the memory of his crime. When he reappeared among the people of his tribe he was a maniac—heartbroken by remorse.

The Australians recognise a benignant god and a variety of evil spirits, especially one in the form of a gigantic serpent. When the winds groan over the hills and woods, they imagine it to be the voice of this monster, and illuminate the plain with fires, repeating magic spells, to scare the evil one away. Notwithstanding this timidity, they are brave in battle, though trembling in the presence of death. A grave placed before the door of a

house is a perpetual safeguard against thieves. The dwelling of a lonely settler was once attacked by the natives, of whom two were slain. Their bodies were buried in front of the house, and the two low mounds, haunted with the idea of death, were more formidable than the loftiest walls. Some of the tribes enclose their dead in wrappings of leaves and bark, placing them among the branches of solitary trees, near which the vulture sits immovable, with drooping wings, waiting for the last covering to drop from the corpse. Captain Stokes saw one woman who continually bore, hanging from her neck, a net containing the bones of a little child whom, during its short term, she had loved, and over whose dear remains she lingered with tearful eyes, imagining, in the warmth of her maternal fondness, that they rose before her clothed again with the lineaments of life. The Australians regard the white men as their former brethren, whose spirits, purified after death, have passed into superior forms. At Perth, one of the colonists was twice visited by a strange native, who had heard that there had come to his land a lost brother. The savage travelled through a long extent of hostile country to behold again a cherished friend blessed with the glory of a second life, who had left his paradise beyond the sea to revisit the scene of his earthly career.

Three ranks of society prevail among the aborigines: the young men, the warriors, and the aged—the hierarchy of the Australian commonwealth. Simplicity degenerate is their characteristic. Four slender poles planted in the ground, and roofed with wattled boughs, form a palace for one of these lords of the creation; and at night, when cold winds blow, the savage, burying himself neck deep in the sand, warms himself literally in the bosom of mother earth.

What, however, is chiefly interesting to the English reader, is the colonization of Australia. First in order of the settlements is that of *New South Wales*. It was the earliest established, and has risen to prosperity by more rapid degrees than any other. From a miserable convict colony it has become a valuable dependence of the British Empire, with a flourishing capital, and an increasing trade. Sydney, with its churches, theatres, forts, hospitals, and other public structures—its banks, hotels—its parks and promenades—above all, its crowded port—displays all the features of a young and energetic civilization. Trade is developing largely; its population has become an important consumer of British manufactures; and its towns and rural districts offer a fine promise of fortune to the industrious emigrant from the mother country. But it is a saying no less expressive than true, that those who settle in Australia must lay by their kid gloves, cast off dainty habits, customs, forget their love of lounging, and look to themselves only for the success they desire. No others will prosper in New South Wales. The youthful colony needs no soft-handed Sybarites, whose whole life is the realization of one idea—comfort. The young with open prospects before them—the disappointed with a wreck of fortune—and those who have accumulated a small store of wealth by the industry of a life, do well to emigrate to Australia. The young may look for opulence, others may retrieve their losses, and the old may plant their vines and fig-trees at once to shade their heads in age, and to make a provision for their children. But none can succeed there or in any other

colony who forgets these important rules—to depend on his own vigorous industry, to be frugal and sparing of expenditure, to be cautious in his speculations, and watchful when he has entered into them.

Eighty years ago the adventurous voyager Captain Cook sailed along the eastern coast of Australia, and there, in latitude 33° south discovered a commodious inlet. Near the water's edge he saw many curious flowers blooming wild, and from them named the place Botany Bay. The account of his visit was circulated in England; and when, sixteen years later, our unhappy war with America had closed up the great outlet for crime, it was resolved to establish a colony in some other part of the world. The African coast at first appeared convenient; but the idea was abandoned. Then the existence of Australia seems first to have been remembered in England, and the idea suddenly flashed upon the public mind of carrying the seeds of British population to people the "Unknown Southern Land." Botany Bay was thought of. In 1787, the *Sirius* and the *Supply*, with six transports and three store-ships, sailed with the germs of a new colony on board. Besides the crews and 166 marines there were 757 convicts—565 men, and 192 women. Stores and provisions for two years were taken, besides agricultural implements and tools, with all the necessities for the foundation of a permanent settlement. Captain Philip, the appointed governor, took command of the squadron, and sailed first to the Cape of Good Hope, then belonging to the Dutch, where live-stock and seeds were procured. At Rio Janeiro more stores were taken in, and the expedition steered direct for the new land.

Continuing their course, they reached Australia after a voyage of eight months and one week. On January 20th they anchored near the antipodes of their native country in general good health. Botany Bay appeared to promise little. Water seemed scarce, and an aspect of aridity on the surrounding land decided them to go elsewhere in search of a place of rest. The fleet, therefore, weighed anchor, and as they left the bay, two French ships under La Perouse entered it. That enterprising discoverer stayed two months in this haven, and then set sail for the Pacific, disappearing for ever from the sight of civilized man.

Drawing near an opening in the cliffs, a few miles further north, the governor went to examine it in person. The natives collected on the rocks, shouting to the strangers to go away; but they persevered. Captain Cook had reported the existence in this neighbourhood of a creek where boats could be sheltered. A sailor named Jackson, however, declared that a great haven lay within the mighty rocks that frowned above them; and entering between these, the explorers were delighted to discover a harbour of many miles in extent. A fine anchoring-ground was at once chosen, and the name of the sailor bestowed on the harbour. This is one of the instances in which the name of the original discoverer has remained fixed to the scene of his discovery.

The spot chosen for debarkation was near a stream of fresh water overshadowed by trees. Every man literally stepped from the boats into a forest. They detached themselves into parties, and the primeval silence of the shore was immediately broken by sounds which have never since died away. Some shouldered the axe, and commenced clearing ground for the different encampments; some pitched the tents; some brought

from the ships the necessary stores, and others examined the capabilities of the neighbouring soil. Every one wandered freely over the country, and wholesale disposals were made of land which, fifty years later, was worth more than a thousand guineas an acre.

The people were then collected together, and the governor's commission was read, with letters-patent for establishing courts of justice. The ground was gradually cleared, a rude farm was prepared to receive the live-stock, and gardens were laid out for the planting of seeds and roots. The *Supply* was then sent to Norfolk Island, a thousand miles to the east, to form a settlement on a spot said to be favourable to the cultivation of flax. Thus was planted the colony of New South Wales. Before tracing its growth, it may be desirable to describe the territory, and show upon what materials English energies were then set to work.

From a point on the eastern coast, near the Tropic of Capricorn, to Portland Bay, on the south, the coast-line of New South Wales measures more than 1,600 miles. It is broken by many safe and spacious harbours—the gateways, as it were, of a country diversified in aspect, with a rich soil, abounding in coal and iron, and intersected by numerous streams. These flow from the ridge of mountains we have already described, winding down the slopes, and traversing, with a tortuous course, the maritime districts, and discharging themselves into the sea at intervals along the eastern coast. Few of these are navigable, even for small craft; but they serve to enrich and adorn the high valleys through which they flow, covering the earth with fertility. South of Sydney, as far as Bass's Straits, the mountains encroach so nearly to the sea that the streams are mere torrents; but northward are several fine rivers—the Hawkesbury, the Apsley, the Brisbane, &c. Near Port Philip others have been found; but none of those which descend the eastern slopes of the great range, and follow an independent course to the sea, are of equal magnitude with those on the western side, which swell the waters of the Murray. Two great channels, we have shown, receive the tribute of all the hills, from the Grampians to the Darling Downs, yet hitherto they are little used for navigation. For the formation of highways, however, and railways, the surface of New South Wales is admirably adapted—a fact which compensates in some degree for its poverty of water-communication, in all countries the easiest and most obvious.

The climate is mild and proverbially salubrious. It is indeed commonly compared with that of southern Italy, but the remark should be accepted with reserve. The atmosphere is drier, the extremes of temperature are greater, the average heat is less, and the air becomes colder more rapidly as we ascend the hills.

The soil of New South Wales is capable of yielding every grain and vegetable useful to man, with fruit in rich perfection, and in the utmost profusion and variety, from the gooseberry and currant of the north to the banana and pine-apple of the fervid tropics. Even in the neighbourhood of Sydney, apples, pears, plums, strawberries, cherries, raspberries, mulberries, medlars, apricots, nectarines, figs, grapes, melons, oranges, olives, lemons, citrons, loquots, and pomegranates, are abundantly produced; while in warm and sheltered situations the luscious guava and banana grow intermingled. Peaches—never in England a very common fruit—are abun-

dant to excess in New South Wales. During four months in the year they are produced in incalculable profusion. The fruit grows everywhere in all soils. A peach-stone planted, no matter where, will in three or four years become a fine, productive tree. In such numbers are they gathered, that vast piles are made, which are left to ferment in the sun, and then thrown to the hogs, who fatten magnificently on this dainty food. A pleasant and wholesome cider is made from the peach.*

Green peas are gathered in winter as well as in summer, and two crops of potatoes are produced in the year in districts near the sea-coast. As we approach the hills, the cold seasons become more severe. Sharp, white frosts are then of usual occurrence, and snow lies even on the lower mountains. On well-chosen soil the wheat-crops, with good cultivation, average from twenty to thirty bushels an acre. In the colder district of Argyle forty bushels an acre are often obtained. The small settlers at first, however, carried on so improvident a system of husbandry, that fifteen bushels was the average produce. The seed-season for wheat, barley, and oats, is from March to June, and harvest from November to December. Maize, the most prolific of all grains, sown in October and November, ripens in March and June, producing, according to the quality of the soil, from twenty to seventy bushels an acre. There are thus two seed and two harvest seasons in New South Wales, and the sickle and the drill are in continual employment.

The soil and climate are admirably adapted for the cultivation of the vine, the olive, and the mulberry. Many vineyards and olive-plantations have been established, and flourish well, while extensive fields of good tobacco alternate with the other species of cultivation. It is considered probable that silk and dried fruits will shortly enter into the exports of the colony, nor is it unreasonable to suppose that the capabilities of the soil remain as yet incompletely developed. Its richness is singular; yet for the food of civilized man nature in New South Wales has produced spontaneously nothing. Trees of gigantic growth, flowers of brilliant hues, and wholesome pastures, abound; but the forests are not hung with fruits, the fields are not covered with grain-bearing grasses, and edible roots in this division of the island are unknown. Yet, as we have said, to the hardy settler willing for a while to eat bread by the sweat of his brow, and accumulate fortune by diligent industry, no country in the world is more favourable for settlement. There is a fine contrast between the bleak desolations of the Blue Mountains and the fertility of the lower provinces: the one wild and terrible; the other presenting a pleasant prospect of green and beautiful pastures, graced by swarming flocks, with towns, and villages, and decorated villas, with cultivated land, and all the signs of a complete civilization. Cattle thrive well in New South Wales, where the pastures are sweet and wholesome, fattening the animals well, if not with unusual rapidity. The produce of grain and vegetables will always supply the colony with cheap provisions; but its chief commercial wealth at present is in the pastures, where the millions of pounds of wool are produced which now form so important an article of exchange for the manufactured fabrics of Great Britain.

* In America a very good brandy is made from the fruit of the peach.

This general sketch will afford an idea of the region first colonized by the English in January, 1788. The early years of the settlement were far from prosperous. Idleness, ignorance, crime; and general demoralization prevailed. Some of the convicts were hanged, others killed themselves by excess, and others fell under the knives of their comrades. And, as usual, among a community for the most part criminal, offences were rarely punished, because the offenders could not be discovered. There is a strange fidelity among the wicked. Men who would rob one another, steal a pittance of food, and quarrel until knives were drawn, refused to betray a fellow-culprit.

The great difficulty in any colony is its support during the early years of its existence. From the first, this object was steadily kept in view by Governor Philip; but the idleness and inaptitude of the settlers—who had not chosen the best field for farming operations—contributed to bring the community into danger of famine. Cultivation proceeded slowly and irregularly, the stores were wasted and stolen, the provisions decreased, and scarcity threatened. After two years' struggles the rations were reduced, and the colony languished in despondency. While, however, the spirit of industry flagged, and the land lay untilled in spite of the danger, an eager attention was given to any rumour which seemed to promise wealth without labour. The curse of many colonies has been a mine of gold, a grove of spice-trees, or a bank of costly pearls, for they allure men from industry to spoil the earth of its natural treasures. An impostor among the convicts knew the temper of his companions. With a brass buckle and a guinea he manufactured specimens of the precious ore, and displaying them, endeavoured to get clothes and provisions from the stores as the reward of his discovery. But the deceit was detected, and the impostor flogged for his fraud. The miserable man afterward ended his life on the scaffold.

A flagstaff was now erected at the entrance of Port Jackson, to signal the arrival of any ship: as the provisions sunk, many an anxious eye was turned upon the staff, desiring the expected sign. Alone on that remote, inhospitable coast, they dreaded the horrors of famine, though somewhat relieved by the supplies of fish brought in three times a week, and distributed in equal rations to the whole community. The governor made no exception in his own favour, faring as the rest fared: and when a party was collected at the government house, each guest was requested to bring a supply of provisions for himself. In 1790, though the rations had been reduced by one-half, there were only four months' supplies in the colony, and some measures were necessary to check the approach of famine. It was resolved to plant a settlement on Norfolk Island. Two hundred and one convicts, men, women, and children, were sent thither, and a vessel was despatched to Batavia for supplies. The *Sirius*, bearing her criminal burden to Norfolk Island, landed them, and was immediately afterward wrecked upon the coast. A lofty hill was observed, whither at evening enormous flights of birds proceeded from the sea, where all day they collected food. Their eggs were gathered in vast quantities, and when fires were kindled to attract their notice, the birds came down in such numbers, that 2000 or 3000 were taken every night. From the circumstance of this occurring at a time of great need, these birds were called the Birds of Providence.

Meanwhile more convicts arrived at Port Jackson; death struck down numbers of the first comers; sickness prostrated nearly 500 at a time; and a state of demoralization followed which rendered the young colony of New South Wales a lazar-house of crime and misery. Five men, endeavouring to escape, put to sea in a boat, steered for Otaheite, and were doubtless drowned in the abysses of the Pacific. Many of the Irish started off, intending to travel across the whole region, and reach China overland—for only so far had our knowledge of the country then proceeded. Probably they were killed by the natives, though some of them may have become domesticated among them, and adopting their customs, sank into the savage state. Next year ten ships arrived with upward of 1000 convicts, and their coming imparted an air of life and activity to the infant city of Sydney. Various public works and buildings were commenced; tanks were cut in the rocks, to provide against dry seasons; and fresh land was got ready for the cultivation of Indian corn. Some of the ships, after discharging their cargoes, were employed with considerable success in the whale-fisheries; while many of the convicts were for good behaviour released, on condition of remaining in the country to fulfil the terms of their sentence, while those who had already passed their terms, and were willing to remain, received allotments of land.

At the end of 1791, when the colony had been established four years, the public live-stock consisted of one aged stallion, one mare, two young stallions, two colts, sixteen cows, two calves, one ram, fifty ewes, six lambs, one boar, fourteen sows, and twenty-two pigs. The cultivated ground amounted to 300 acres of maize, forty of wheat, six of barley, one of oats, four of vines, and eighty-six of garden ground, besides seventeen under culture by the soldiers of the colonial corps. These were the humble beginnings of that wealthy colony, to which, in the first half of the year 1850, we exported more yards of cotton cloth than to the whole Austrian empire. When we reach the present state of the province it will be seen what advance has been made.

Six years after the foundation of the settlement, a church was built of wood and thatch, costing £40, and employed during the week as a school-house, where 200 children were instructed by the chaplain. Meanwhile the mortality increased, provisions ran low, and famine again became imminent. All the while the utmost discontent prevailed. Fifty-three persons were missing at one time, all of whom had deserted in the delusive hope of reaching China overland. Crimes and punishments multiplied, and the infancy of the colony was passed in the most disheartening confusion. Drunkenness and gambling demoralized the community, the spirit of sloth invaded it, and it became dependent on importations of corn. The live-stock however, increased. A few animals strayed, and some years after there was discovered on the banks of the Nepean river a herd of upward of sixty cattle, wandering over pastures of fine sweet grass, thinly scattered over with trees, and dotted with large ponds. Upon the surface of these sheets of water, fringed with beautiful shrubs, ducks and black swans swam to and fro. Perceiving the value of a wild breed of cattle near the settlement, the governor arranged that no part of this fertile tract—to this day known as the Cow-Pastures—should be allotted. In consequence of this the animals multiplied so rapidly, that before 1813 the 60,000 acres were

unequal to contain them. A severe drought following, they died by thousands; and from that period the pastures were allotted, and the wild herds retreated to a greater distance from the sea.

Captain Hunter, the second governor of the colony, was an adventurous man. He explored the country, and enlarged the boundaries of the settlement. Several valuable discoveries were made during his administration. In 1796, some men fishing in a little bay considerably to the north of Port Jackson, found at a little distance from the beach quantities of coal scattered over the ground. Near the spot a considerable river—now named the Hunter—discharges itself into the sea. The valuable mineral was obtained in abundance, and a township has now been established there which supplies the whole colony with this fuel. A large trade in lime, obtained from immense quantities of oyster-shells thrown up on the beach, is carried on at this place—appropriately named Newcastle.

Through all its struggles Sydney continued to rise, and by slow degrees free settlers from England arrived. Government provided their passage, their tools and implements, allotments of land, provisions for two years, and clothes for one. Soldiers and convicts also turned farmers, and individual instances of prosperity encouraged the rest. One man to whom Governor Philip had in 1792 granted a ewe for breeding, found himself in seven years proprietor of 116 sheep, and on the high road to opulence. While some applied themselves to the rearing of flocks and herds, others pursued agriculture, and many beautiful farms were established on the banks of streams near the little town of Sydney. A gradual change came over the face of the province: from a wild forest it became a pastoral country, with houses, stacks, and sheds, fields well fenced, and all the usual features of well-directed industry. In the last year of the eighteenth century a great flood took place. From some unknown cause, the river Hawkesbury swelled to an enormous volume; and a settler, whose dwelling stood on a hill, near a beautiful bend of the stream, saw at one moment, floating with the flood, no less than thirty wheat-stacks, on some of which were numerous pigs and poultry, vainly seeking refuge from the rising of the waters. The consequences of this disaster were most calamitous. Wheat rose to 30s. a bushel in a colony where it had at times been thrown to the pigs, and Indian corn became equally scarce.

In course of time roads were made through different parts of the colony; and in 1813, when the settlers resolved to widen their territory, a passage was found across the Blue Mountains. A drought in the maritime plains and valleys compelled the colonists to seek pasturage beyond; and driving their sheep and cattle through the passes, they came down upon the plentiful plains of Bathurst. An excellent road, 109 miles in length, now connects Sydney and the town which soon sprang up in the new territory.

In Governor Bligh's time an insurrection upset the government, which was with difficulty restored. A contest then broke out between two parties in the community—the Exclusionists, who, in the petty pride of honesty, refused to associate, even in the offices of charity, with the tainted population; and the Emancipists, who considered that a convict, after his term of punishment expired, was as good as any other man. The first endeavoured to stamp the criminal with the ineffaceable brand of infamy; the second, perhaps too hurriedly, sought to produce a mingling of the convicted and

unconvicted classes. The governor, Maquarrie, famous for his success in road-making, exerted himself philanthropically to raise the convicts from their degradation, and thus came into collision with the sentimentality of a few little-minded Exclusionists. During the twelve years of his administration New South Wales increased in extent and prosperity, while the boundaries of discovery were pushed still farther westward. Bathurst Plains, and the ways to them, were discovered; the district of Argyle was opened to the enterprise of the settlers; two rivers, the Lachlan and the Maquarrie, were traced beyond the Blue Mountains, until they were supposed to flow into pathless swamps; while northward the river Hastings, with a large tract of pasture-land, called Liverpool Plains, was discovered. A penal settlement for the punishment of refractory convicts was formed on the Emu Plains; another at Newcastle, near the mouth of the Hunter; and a third at Port Maquarrie, at the mouth of the Hastings, about 180 miles north of Sydney. When Maquarrie's administration began, the settlement was in a state of imbecility, disabled by privation, the country impenetrable beyond forty miles of Sydney, agriculture indifferently carried on, commerce only beginning, and no revenue; famine ever on the threshold, factions continually alive, public buildings falling into ruin, a few miserable roads commenced, a people depressed by poverty, abased by crime, and utterly careless of religion. He left it with brightening prospects, with an enlivening energy pervading the community, and elevated hopes moving men to vigorous action. The port-dues of Sydney had risen, from 1810 to 1822, from £8000 to £30,000 per annum. A population of 29,783 of whom 13,814 were convicts, now laboured with energy for the public good. From that period the struggles of the colony were less severe, and its strength was greater. Accounts of its resources were circulated throughout Great Britain, men brought home fortunes, and those who emigrated in poverty counted their acres and their flocks by thousands. To trace the progress of the settlement to its present condition through every change of fortune would be an interesting task, but it would be incompatible with our limits. A glance at its actual state, however, is necessary:—

Among the twenty-one counties into which the territory of New South Wales is divided, Cumberland is the most populous and important, though not the most fertile. The capital, Sydney, with the prosperous towns of Paramatta, Windsor, Liverpool, and others, give it pre-eminence. It consists of an undulating plain stretching from north to south 53 miles, and from the base of the Blue Mountains to the coast, which is broken by many creeks and inlets, of which the noble harbour of Port Jackson is the most remarkable. Near the sea the soil is poor and unproductive, but inland the country improves, the woods thin, the valleys become verdant, and the hills excessively fertile. The borders of the Hawkesbury and Nepean rivers are covered with rich soil, spread over extensive flats, finely cultivated. Good water is not plentiful, though by boring wells this might in a great measure be remedied. There are 900,000 acres in the county, of which little more than a third is fit for profitable cultivation. All the good land has been granted away; but a curious fact is, that the greatest abundance of water is found on the most ungracious soils.

The next county southward is Camden, with 66 miles of coast-line, and

a breadth of 55. It is more mountainous than Cumberland, with lofty timber, alternating with tracts of great fertility. Illawara district contains 150,000 acres of fine, deep soil, whose rich qualities may be perpetually preserved by a manure of decayed shells found upon the shore. The most delightful landscapes abound in this favoured region, wooded hills, and beautiful streams; while the Shoal Haven River, navigable for ships of eighty or ninety tons, bears its produce to the capital. The 60,000 acres of the Cow-Pastures are now sheep-farms, well watered. There are no important towns in this county.

Next to this is Argyle, a lofty, rugged district, well timbered, but containing many broad, bare levels, like Goulbourn Plains, which are twenty miles long, and ten wide. Two remarkable lakes—George and Bathurst—exist here, supposed to be of recent formation. The natives, indeed, declare that they remember the period when their beds were dry. Bathurst county lies inland, due west of Cumberland, divided from it by the Blue Mountains; it is 72 miles long by 68 wide, approaching in shape an irregular square. Downs like those of Sussex extend along the banks of the Macquarrie for more than 100 miles, and among them Bathurst Plains, containing upward of 50,000 acres of the most fertile land, with a cool climate that reddens the cheeks of children.

North of Cumberland county is that of Northumberland, measuring about 60 miles by 50. Its general appearance is undulating, with high table-lands among the hills. Here are the coal-mines, near one of the principal towns—Newcastle—with the productive farms which dot the valley of the Hunter—a stream navigable for small craft 50 miles from the sea. Boats may ascend 200 miles, but frequent and violent floods interrupt the navigation. The coal, found in most parts of New South Wales, is most abundant here. A company obtained a grant of the mines from government, and in 1836, 12,646 tons were delivered at the pits' mouth, at 9s. a ton. Steamers, introduced five years before, now ply so frequently along that remote coast, that the demand has enormously increased. In this land of anomalies the coal district is the most fertile, for not even the rich vales of the Hawkesbury or Nepean can vie with the borders of the Hunter River. Maitland is the largest town, and its market supplies Sydney with potatoes, tobacco, cheese, and butter. The district is liable to one great evil—namely, the frequency of floods which often rise forty or sixty feet, pouring through the valley, and sweeping away all traces of cultivation.

Of the counties still imperfectly known, only partially colonised, and almost completely undeveloped, there are—Bligh, Brisbane, Durham, Gloucester, Wellington, Philip, Hunter, Roxburgh, Cook, Georgiana, Westmoreland, King, Murray, St. Vincent, Stanley, and Macquarrie. Distributed among the whole are about forty-five "chief towns," above which Sydney stands the mistress of them all.

Port Jackson, with an entrance three-quarters of a mile wide, a length of fifteen, and a breadth of three, would afford shelter to fleets of the largest size. Around it spreads a panorama of varied landscapes. Toward the sea are scattered picturesque islets; northward rise long chains of rugged cliffs; southward the wide harbour of Botany Bay extends; and westward the stately forest, broken by occasional clearings, still reminds the spec-

tator that he is in a new country, fresh from nature, with all the features of youth impressed upon it.

The city of Sydney covers a considerable space of ground. It is laid out on a regular plan, with straight streets, crossing at right angles, and adorned with many large and some elegant buildings. Quays, wharfs, and forts, government buildings, churches, hospitals, hotels, customhouses, newspaper-offices, barracks, assembly-rooms, post-offices, police-offices, market-places, banks, insurance-offices, chapels, theatres, and a cathedral, adorn streets lively with the rattle of superb carriages, cabs, horsemen, and omnibuses. There is little in Sydney to distinguish it from an English town except the scenery surrounding it, for scarcely a street is not called after some name familiar in "the old country." The "Sydney Morning Herald," the "Sydney Chronicle," the "Atlas," "Bell's life in Sydney," the "Daily Advertiser," the "Australian Journal," and the "Sydney Guardian," exist to impress on the settler's mind, that in leaving his mother-land he has not left the luxury of newspapers, and leading articles. There is a post-office also, with branches, at eighty post-towns, with a charge of from 4d. to 1s. 6d. according to the distance. If, indeed, the reader can imagine a town as large as Brighton, characterised by a mingling of English and Australian features, he will realize an idea of the capital of New South Wales.

In the market-place of this flourishing city, we find wheat at 4s. the bushel of sixty pounds, and Indian corn 1s. 6d.; potatoes at £6 a ton; beef at 2d. or 3d. a pound; fresh butter 1s., tea 2s., moist sugar 3d., tobacco 9d., candles 4d., mutton 1½d. or 2d., veal 4d., and bread, best quality, 1½d. a pound. All other articles of consumption are in proportion. Fruit is excessively cheap. Most of the neighbouring counties contribute to supply Sydney with provisions, consumed by a population of 60,000 persons. The most expensive part of living is house-rent, for a moderate habitation, unfurnished, can be hired for nothing less than £100 a year. The number of houses in Sydney is about 7500; and in the whole colony little more than 35,000.

Of the other towns in New South Wales, numerous as they are, a detailed description cannot be afforded. They are all similar to Sydney in plan and aspect, differing only in size and situation, and the character of the public buildings. When we estimate their number, consider the commerce which supports them, and glance at their rapid growth in a region where, sixty years ago, there was not a village standing, it is with excusable pride that we point to New South Wales as an example of national energy.

Sixteen years ago the population of New South Wales was 77,096. In eight years it rose to 173,377, and is now more than 220,000, in the proportion of 60 women to 100 men. The exports average three millions, and the imports more than two millions and a-half a year; while the revenue, now increasing at the rate of £10,000 a quarter, has risen from £183,218 in 1836 to £288,044 in 1849. Sixteen million pounds of wool are annually produced in this colony, where, as we have shown, there existed in 1791 1 ram, 50 ewes, and 6 lambs. Contrasting with that account of live-stock, the following figures appear startling:—98,000 horses; 1,366,200 horned cattle; 6,530,000 sheep; and myriads of pigs, the descendants of that solitary boar, which, sixty years ago, represented the species in New South

Wales. Now, if the reader recollects the account of the land then under culture, he will hear without surprise that nearly 200,000 acres are now annually cultivated, producing more than 3,000,000 bushels of grain, and 60,000 tons of potatoes, tobacco, and grasses for hay. It is necessary thus to introduce a few figures in illustration of this interesting subject.

Since 1840 no convict-ship has debarked its corrupting burden at the harbour of Sydney; and since its emancipation from this curse, the colony has received the right of partial self-government, returning its own representatives. Recently an amended constitution has been granted it, and, blessed with these advantages, we may look to its continual progress among the most prosperous colonies in the world. Vessels continually leave our own shores bound for this "land of plenty;" but we fear that many are disappointed through the extravagance of their expectation. The earth was given to man, that he should live on it by labour; and the slothful will find, in New South Wales, as at home, that they may wait long at their doors before sixpenny-pieces will fall like the manna from heaven.

The colony contiguous to New South Wales is *South Australia*. It was originally projected in 1831, when a committee was formed in London for establishing a chartered company to settle the country. The project failed; but three years later another association applied for an act of parliament to erect South Australia into a British province. Meetings were held, the preliminary arrangements were carefully made, and a colony was established. Its territory extends from the 132d to the 141st degree of east longitude, and runs up northward as far as the 26th parallel of latitude. There was for some time a discussion as to boundaries; but the governments of Adelaide and Sydney have amicably adjusted the point, and marked a line to a distance of 123 miles from the coast. The shore is wild, and broken by many bays, into which the Southern Ocean rolls in tremendous breakers. In the waters of Encounter Bay—always white with foam—a successful whale-fishery is carried on. The first settlement formed by the South Australian Company was at Kingscote in Kangaroo Island, off the shores of the Nepean Bay, at the mouth of St. Vincent's Gulf. A town was laid out, and some houses built; but the place was officially abandoned some years ago, though a pretty seaport town remains, with a good harbour. Penetrating the gulf about seventy miles, we reach Port Adelaide, and landing, proceed toward the town. Villages, cottages, and farms are scattered over the monotonous flats, and after traversing the swamps near the sea, the emigrant finds himself on the Park Lands, rich and beautiful, where Adelaide stands on the first elevated ground. Westward lie the plains of Adelaide, with the sea running up St. Vincent's Gulf; eastward a richly-wooded country extends down to the valley of the Murray, beyond which spread forest and plains as far as the heights of "Lofty Range." Lower down, and separated by the valley of the Torrens from the upper town, stands South Adelaide on a flat surface. It is large, and densely built, and forms the commercial division of the city, containing the government house and other public structures. Some handsome edifices have been erected; and Hindley Street and Rundle Street would do no discredit to a second-class city in England. Churches, schools, banks, and other buildings decorate the broad thoroughfares, and outside

a promenade, half-a-mile wide, runs round the city. Its inhabitants here enjoy the mild evenings, and crowd upon it, like our own citizens in the parks, with cheerful faces, doubtless sometimes contrasting their position with that of those whom they have left behind to struggle with extravagant competitors in the mother country. Little more than twelve years have passed since the first wooden dwelling was erected on the spot where now stands Adelaide, the capital of South Australia.

The general resources of the colony are considerable. The copper mines of Kaprunda are supposed to be immensely rich, and other minerals have been discovered which may be expected to form the materials of future prosperity. The climate is favourable to the growth of fruit, even of the tropical kinds. The loquat, the guava, the orange, and the banana, flourish well, but slowly; while the vine, the fig, and the pomegranate attain a superb maturity, with English fruits of every description. The climate of the plains is altogether different from that of the hills: while the latter are white with snow, the former are warmed by a glowing sun. On the lowlands the forest-trees of Europe have a stunted growth, but in elevated situations they thrive to perfection. Gooseberries and currants also bear only on the hills. Two extremes of climate prevail in South Australia: in the early part of the year the rains fall copiously, the whole land is brightly green, and vegetation thrives in luxuriant richness; later, the sun is intensely hot, the earth is almost herbless, millions of grasshoppers swarm over the ground, but the air, though hot and calm, is breathed without difficulty. In August the thermometer ranges about 59° , and rises till January, when it is often $106\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, descending in July to 55° at two P. M., the hottest hour of the day. This climate is exceedingly salubrious; even the most heated winds are light and agreeable. It is of course subject to the ordinary maladies common to most regions; but there are no dangerous indigenous complaints, and it is, in the opinion of a well-informed traveller, "one of the healthiest countries in the world;" but it is important to remember one fact, a universal knowledge of which might have kept death out of many homes—that the climate of South Australia and of Sydney is fatal to persons of consumptive habits. As in New South Wales, the summer of Europe is winter here, and the winter summer.

The soil of this colony is not better than that of New South Wales, and inferior to that of Van Diemen's Land, yet the crops produced in it are finer than those of the other provinces. The agriculturists of South Australia, less dependent on pasture, have applied themselves more studiously to cultivation; and the most magnificent specimen of wheat ever exhibited in our markets was grown by them. The province contains an area of about 324,000 square miles, or in round numbers 207,000,000 acres. The settled territory, however, occupies no more than 4000 miles, or 7,000,000 acres, and even in this a large portion of country, at present desert, is included. About 500,000 acres have been purchased for cultivation, besides large tracts for sheep and cattle pastures. The rate of progress in the colony may be indicated by a few facts:—In 1845, 18,848 acres of wheat were sown; in 1846, 26,135; while oats increased 7000 acres. In one year 400 names were added to the list of landed proprietors. The produce of the colony, therefore, exceeds its capability of consumption, so that, while in 1839 the price of flour in South Australia was £120 a ton, it is now

about £12. The increase of stock was equally rapid: cattle and sheep stations were established immediately after the formation of the colony, and the wild nutritive herbage so abundant gave nourishment in 1844 to 355,700 sheep; in the next year to 480,669; and now to about 1,200,000, with an increase of 200,000 annually. There are in the colony also about 80,000 cattle, imported principally from New South Wales, with 6000 horses, and about 25,000 pigs and goats.

Though not so rapid in its recent development as New South Wales, South Australia prospered better during the early years of its existence as an English colony. The encampment at Rapid Bay, with the rude gardens at first laid out, were soon abandoned, though some traces of them may still be seen, as well as some curious ovens scooped in the banks by the first settlers. The situation was deserted for the site of the present capital, planned on an extensive scale. A thousand acres were surveyed—seven hundred on the south, and three hundred on the north of the river, and the streets, crossing at right angles, are from one to two chains in width. No convicts were ever allowed to be imported. All religious denominations were encouraged by an equality of rights. The town-lots were put up at £2 10s. an acre, the country at £1—half the money thus raised being added to the colonial fund, and half applied to bring out labourers and mechanics. The value of the town-land has risen to £1000 an acre. After the first, new settlers continually arrived, flocks of sheep and herds of cattle were brought from Van Diemen's Land, and every artisan skilled in house-building was engaged at wages varying from seven to ten guineas a week. Men earned much money; but uneducated poverty, suddenly prosperous, is apt to run into excess; and sawyers and splitters, earning in two days enough to riot on all the rest of the week, drank rum and beer until an empty pocket induced them to resume work. Bullock-drivers, and others of their class, became dainty, and drank only claret and champagne; while many, who in their own country wanted the necessaries of life, staked £50 on the toss of a halfpenny. The sale of liquor was a prosperous trade. One publican made £10,000 in three years. While this factitious prosperity endured, hardy Bushmen from New South Wales came down to Adelaide with their flocks and herds to sell, cows at £40 each, bullocks £100 a pair, meat at 2s. a pound, bread at half a crown the four-pound loaf, flour at £120, and potatoes at £30 a ton. Thus things stood for some time in 1839. All was done on a large scale. Surveyors marked the land in a circle of twenty-five miles into lots, which were bought by speculators, who drew clever plans, marked Islington, Kensington, Brighton, Paynham, and Walkerville, and advertised them as town-lots. A mania followed. People ran deeply into speculation, money flowed like water, and excitement rose to a spring-tide of excess. As usual, panic trod on the heels of this pernicious fever, and in 1840, hundreds of labourers crowded the streets of Adelaide, begging for employment at the lowest rate of wages. The colony became involved in debt, and when Governor Grey arrived in 1841, all credit was destroyed, and ruin hung over the settlers. The government expenditure had risen to £180,000. In two years an honest administration reduced it to £30,000, though a loan was effected from New South Wales, and public works were commenced to prevent the poor from starving.

Farming operations had not been vigorously commenced ; but now, when the mania was over, and wholesome industry revived, families settled in the bush, lands were bought, cleared, and fenced, put under cultivation, and covered with magnificent crops. Hedgerows lined the roads, cottages dotted the fields, stacks and ricks sprung up, reapers and sowers multiplied, the plough went through the furrow, and before the end of twelve months provisions became abundant. In two years more the colony, with brightening prospects, took rank with the other Australian settlements.

The seaport lies several miles from the town, and is connected with it by a good macadamised road, traversed every hour by passenger cars—(fares, sixpence.) A spacious basin, lined with wharfs, receives the shipping; and along the highway teams of oxen are continually moving, carrying British manufactures to the town, or Australian produce to the port. There are several good inns on the roadside, with ruddy-faced barmaids—every thing, indeed, familiar to the English eye, except the landscape and the people; for the newly-arrived emigrant would never recognise in the stalwart fellows, well mounted and clothed, who ride to and fro over their own farms, the thin and sickly creatures who would at home have broken stones in the yard of a workhouse.

Round Adelaide lie three principal divisions of the colony: the north, or sheep, cattle, and great mineral district; the east, famed for agriculture and pasture; and the south, combining cultivation, rearing of cattle and sheep, fishing and mining. A vast quantity of level land, covered with crops of rich grass, and unencumbered with trees, affords the finest pasture. In 1843, lead and copper were discovered, and now gold is also known to exist in many parts of the colony. The discovery of these treasures, instead of producing its legitimate effect, caused another mania. The fields were deserted, and every one turned miner. A prospect of scarcity hung over the colony. A noble harvest was ready to bend before the sickle, but the community was mad with the rage for mining, while the winter threatened to close in and cut off the promise of land. Enormous sums were offered for reapers. "Gentlemen and ladies sallied forth with sickles, even with scissors," to save the harvest, and the military and police were called out. They marched in battalions, and attacked the standing corn; great exertions were made; many granaries were filled; but over hundreds of acres the ripe grain fell and rotted to the earth. But this fever was of brief duration, and we now witness in South Australia the spectacle of an industrious community of settlers with a profitable division of labour—some at the mines, some in the fields, some in the pastures, engaged in developing to their own advantage the resources of a wealthy soil. The population within the last ten years has risen from 10,115 to 38,666—or 286 per cent. An increasing commerce is carried on with the mother country, which in the first six months of 1850 exported to its young offspring as many yards of cotton cloth as to the whole of Denmark.

Western Australia, at the Swan river settlement, is another English colony. It is situated on the western coast, nearly opposite New South Wales, and 36 degrees of longitude to the westward of it. The place was discovered in 1697 by the Dutchman Vlaming, who named it from the black swans found floating on the stream. The first settlement took place

in 1830, in somewhat an unusual manner. A few private individuals, in consideration of immense grants of land, undertook to colonize the province, on condition of restoring the grants if their engagements were not fulfilled within a given time. Great difficulty was at first experienced, but Western Australia, like her sister colonies on the same mighty island, has struggled through her difficulties, and promises soon to prosper well. Beyond a line of barren country bordering the sea the land is very fertile. In the neighbourhood of the principal settlements, Perth and Freemantle, it is hilly and bare; but most of the poor soil is capable of improvement, and admirably adapted to the cultivation of the grape. There is a vine in the government garden at Perth, which, planted as a cutting, sent forth shoots 16½ feet long in the second year, and yielded more than four hundredweight of fruit. The climate of this productive region is salubrious and pleasant, though not, as some writers assert, superior to that of the other colonies. The rains are more abundant and regular; but while this fertilizes the soil, it does not favourably or otherwise affect the atmosphere. The waters on the coast swarm with fish, and whales gambol in shoals a few miles from the shore. Oil is therefore a principal article of export, and the enterprising Americans have sometimes engaged as many as 300 ships along these distant shores.

Freemantle is a port town at the mouth of the Swan river. Two miles up is Perth, the capital, and seven miles farther, Guilford, where the rich corn-lands commence. There are several other settlements, all in steady and vigorous, if not rapid growth.

In 1838, two British vessels sailed to colonize Port Essington, on the northern coast, where one or two attempts had already been made without success. The situation of the new settlement is at the utmost point of *North Australia*. There was found, to the astonishment of our countrymen, a community of Australian Christians, with churches of their own, which had already elementary instruction in the arts of civilization. To the Dutch belongs the praise of thus planting, at this remote point, what may be the seeds of a great change in the condition of the native people. We have now a settlement there which, like the others, thrives with considerable success. There is a splendid harbour, capable of sheltering the largest fleet. The soil of the territory—by some described as very poor—is in reality very productive. Industrious settlers could cultivate with much success crops of rice, cotton, and indigo of the finest quality: but there is one drawback—the climate. This, though not in itself unhealthy, is unsuited to the European constitution; though it is believed that when the seasons, atmospheric changes, and other peculiarities of the place are thoroughly understood, temperance will destroy the virulence of the ground fever. Abundance of fresh water exists, and already, from the little beginnings described, this settlement develops toward prosperity.

Among the continental nations it is believed to have been established with purely political views. The French especially describe it as the opening of a port to the south of the Indian Archipelago, near the Dutch possessions, to counteract the influence of Holland in those seas. However this may be, it is certain that the Malay trade is expected to be attracted thither, and that already many a fleet of Indian prahus, laden

with tea, sugar, salt fish, and other commodities, come to bargain for British cottons. As at our new settlement of Labuan, many opportunities of profit occur at Port Essington without effect, from the absence of European merchants to take advantage of them. At either place an enterprising trader, with £2000 or £3000 at his command, could speedily realize a fortune by trading with the Malays. From an early date the rude vessels of the Indian islanders have visited this coast in search of sea-slugs for the Chinese market. They would gladly collect for Port Essington the costly products of their islands, and barter them for cottons and utensils of rude earthenware. An account of their ancient traffic carried on between the Indian islands and the northern coast of Australia would afford a most original picture of human industry, but we are compelled to forego it, and pass to the concluding portion of our subject.

Outlying the southern coast of Australia, as Ceylon outlies the Indian continent, *Van Diemen's Land* appears, separated from the mainland by a broad channel, known as Bass's Straits. Numerous islands are sprinkled over these mid-lying waters—some inhabited, others so surrounded by reefs, and so beaten by surges in eternal commotion, that they are unapproachable. The most northern point of Van Diemen's Land is about 120 miles distant from the most southern point of Australia. The country is equal in size to Ireland, more mountainous than the great neighbouring region, more full of variety, and graced with more charms of scenery. The hills, varying in elevation from 4000 to 5000 feet, do not run in unbroken ranges, but are crossed by fine valleys, watered by many beautiful streams. Limestone abounds, and iron and coal will probably be discovered in large quantities. Where cultivation has commenced, the soil is found to be partly a rich vegetable mould, partly mixed with sand and flint, but almost everywhere fertile. The coast is diversified—here projecting in promontories, there retiring into bays, with many commodious harbours, and the mouths of some considerable streams. The Derwent, on whose border stands Hobart Town, on the south of the island, is a broad, deep, salt-water stream, free from rock or shoal, and navigable for vessels of heavy burden. On the north, the Tamar pours into Bass's Straits, with Launceston near its mouth—a convenient port, though obstructed by a bar. These two towns, the twin capitals of the colony, are situated in the midst of beautiful scenery—the one under the shelter of Mount Wellington, the other in the midst of a gently undulating country, varied with woods and pasture-lands. Their progress has not been regular, the southern outstripping the northern city in commerce and industry, though Launceston now promises to attract considerable trade to the Tamar river.

From the date of Tasman's* visit to Van Diemen's Land, (1642,) no European vessel sailed thither during 130 years. In 1773, Furneaux, one of Cook's captains, coasted along the eastern shores, and entered Bass's Straits, to ascertain whether the territory was an island or a part of Australia Proper.

* Many efforts are made to endow this island with the name of its original discoverer. The colonial bishop was sent out, not as lord spiritual of Van Diemen's Land, but of Tasmania. It is difficult, however, to change the public custom in this particular. America has retained its beautiful name, though justice has constantly suggested its alteration to Columbia.

Stormy weather drove him back, and the discovery was left to Bass. In 1777, the great navigator himself visited these shores, and carried on some intercourse with the natives. Years later, La Perouse is supposed to have come hither, and the expedition sent out in search of him explored the coast in quest of some memorial that might throw light on the fate of the unfortunate navigator. In 1797, Bass's Straits were first navigated; and Flinders, who accompanied the discovery of the passage, circulated in the new colony at Port Jackson the idea of forming a settlement on Van Diemen's Land. The plan was neglected until 1803. The French then evinced an inclination to secure the prize, and to forestall them, a small party of soldiers and convicts were lodged on the island. A site was chosen near Hobart Town. The usual preliminaries were gone through, but unhappily the Europeans and the natives quarrelled. Blood was shed, and an ill-will was established which has only lately ceased to rankle in the breasts of the aborigines.

The early years of the colony were passed in the ordinary manner. Many difficulties arose, and several conflicts took place with the natives; but the settlers were hardy, their numbers increased, the soil was fertile, and the colony prospered well. A legislative council managed the public affairs, and, by 1831, the excess of revenue over expenditure was £20,000; a fair standard of the condition of the colony. Next year, at a large meeting, it was determined to petition both Houses of Parliament for a representative assembly; a privilege which was not granted for some time. Colonial policy forms one of the most difficult and important of the statesman's studies; and it is only of late years, with the experience of great misfortunes before our eyes, that we have commenced acting on the principles whose universal acceptance can alone render our distant possessions the permanent sources of prosperity.

Van Diemen's Land has been a great convict colony. In 1852, there were 11,040 male criminals on the island. Of these 921 were undergoing severe punishment for offences committed after sentence. Two hundred and forty were at the penal settlement of Port Arthur, on a barren peninsula, connected with the main by a narrow neck of land. Across this runs a line of posts guarded by savage dogs and some soldiers, to prevent the escape of the culprits. Nevertheless some do evade even the vigilance of the brute watchers; and we have heard of several men who, clothing themselves in the skins of kangaroos, and imitating the motions of the animal, thus contrived to escape.

For a long period the abundance of convict labour was an evil, especially as men were draughted into the farms on tickets of leave, to perform tasks for which they were utterly unfit. A free settler once received the allotment of a convict set down as a ploughman. "Can you plough?" he inquired. "No." The man was a weaver, but his master employed him to drive a cart. The first day he broke the vehicle to pieces; the next, intrusted with another, he snapped the pole; and the third lost it in a swamp. He was then directed to cut down a large tree overshadowing a barn, and performed the office with vigour, letting the huge tree fall directly across the building, which it crushed to a total ruin! But where willingness accompanies this ignorance, the case is not so bad. In some instances, however, the convicts refused to work at any other but their

proper avocation; and one weaver, who was ordered to root up trees, hewed off his arm with an axe rather than comply. As household servants, they answered better, though, with such recommendations to character, the colonists could little be expected to trust their servitors. One gentleman wrote home—"Even in our small ménage our cook has committed murder, our footman burglary, and the housemaid bigamy!" It is only fair to qualify this extract by quoting a remarkable passage which follows:—"It is strange to be in a country of thieves at all, but still stranger to be there without any fear of having your pocket picked. Such is the admirable arrangement of the present government."

From various causes there was a few years ago a vast superabundance of labour in Van Diemen's Land. The consequences were very disastrous, but an influx of capital now promises to remedy these evils. The resources of the island are varied and extensive, and it will be long before its population increases to an extent commensurate with its natural capabilities. A change also is drawing over the spirit of our colonial policy, which cannot be without effect on the welfare of our Tasmanian settlements. All, indeed, that they require is the energy of man prudently directed; for nature has done her part to perfection. The island being nearly the antipodes of our own country, the seasons are almost exactly the reverse of ours. The cold is, however, more extreme, both from the vicinity of the southern pole, and the fact, that no land lies between the southern coast of the island and the masses of eternal ice that load the sea a few degrees beyond. A clear and brilliant atmosphere, dry, pure, and elastic, almost invariably prevails, though occasionally the weather is fitful, and changes from heat to cold within the revolution of a day. In the western districts much rain falls, on the northern less, on the eastern still less, and on the southern least of all—not averaging more than fifty or sixty wet days in the year. September, October, and November are the *spring months*; December, January, and February, correspond with our June, July, and August; March, April, and May form the autumnal, the most agreeable season; and during our hot season, frost, snow, and rain prevail in Van Diemen's Land. The shortest day (21st of June) is eight hours and forty-eight minutes, or one hour and four minutes longer than the shortest day in England (21st December;) but the longest day in England is an hour and twenty-two minutes longer than with them. The climate, even now in the uncultivated condition of the country, is remarkably salubrious. In comparison even with the healthiest parts* of Europe it is unusually genial, and its salubrity will in all likelihood increase as colonization spreads over the unexplored districts of the island. Fever and dysentery sometimes prevail; hooping-cough was introduced among the female convicts, but though it attacked all the population, not one fatal case occurred; and influenza, common at times, never becomes dan-

* It has been calculated that in the Roman States and ancient Venetian provinces 1 in 27 dies annually; in all Italy, Greece, and Turkey, 1 in 30; in the Netherlands, France, and Prussia, 1 in 39; in Switzerland, Austria, Spain, and Portugal, 1 in 40; in European Russia and Poland, 1 in 44; in Germany, Denmark, and Sweden, 1 in 45; in Norway, 1 in 48; in Ireland 1 in 53; in England, 1 in 58; in Iceland and Scotland, 1 in 59. It would be interesting to make a similar calculation with respect to Australasia.

gerous. The only affliction most severely felt is insanity ; but it has been well remarked by a writer on the subject, that this can be traced to the excessive use of ardent spirits. During a long period the amount consumed in Van Diemen's Land was at the rate of five gallons a year to each individual, including women and children.

The island is divided into two counties and fifteen districts. The fertile lands are distributed over the whole, in alternation with rugged mountains and dense woods. Numerous streams, bordered with rich land, intersect its surface, fed from perpetual springs, as well as by the snows which, during many months in the year, crown the loftier peaks. Hobart-Town district is the most important, but, like that of Sydney, not as the most fertile and extensive, but as containing the metropolis of the island. It contains about 250,000 acres, and the cultivated soil yielded in 1829 an average return of fifteen bushels of wheat, twenty of barley, twenty-five of oats, twenty of peas, twenty of beans, three tons and a-half of potatoes, or seven tons of turnips an acre. Since then its productiveness has greatly increased. The produce of wheat is nearly thirty bushels an acre, and of other grain in similar proportion—an example of the effect of careful husbandry. A brisk trade is carried on at Hobart-Town, where a motley population is now continually on the increase. Between 1839 and 1847 it rose from 44,121, to 70,164, or 59 per cent. Scots with Highland kilts and claymores, Irish peasants with blue jackets and trousers, Frenchmen, Germans, Americans, Chinese, Malays, Lascars, black aborigines, Africans, and elegantly tattooed New Zealanders, jostle in the streets, and crowd about the stores. At these depots are sold all imaginable articles of use, to which public attention is attracted by advertisements in the local paper. A specimen of these may be amusing:—"At the store of the undersigned. —For sale—Cart-harness and cayenne pepper, drill trousers, crockery-ware, one lady's side saddle, one very strong gray, gold and white cambric, four circular saws, ladies' stays, starch, blue, and soap, Leghorn hats, shot, mustard, pattens, black stuff and bombazines, nails and iron pots." Prices in Hobart-Town are not remarkably low.

The produce of the soil is varied. Of timber fit for shipwrights, builders, and cabinet-makers, there are gum, stringy bark, white and yellow thorn pine, and sassafras; black and silver wattle, dark and pale lightwood, pencil cedar, Adventure-Bay pine, (a peculiar species,) cotton-tree, musk, silver-wood, myrtle, forest and swamp oak, plum-tree, yellow-wood, lignum vitæ, red and white honeysuckle, peppermint-wood, pink-wood, and cherry-tree. No native trees bearing edible fruit have been found. The peppermint-tree affords an oil efficacious in cholera; a kind of grape that grows near Maquarrie Harbour, on the west, yields a juice equal to that of the lime for scurvy; the leaves of the tea-plant are not much inferior to those of China; and the bark of the wattle is useful for tanning. European fruits, however, supply the absence of any indigenous species. The grape, the apple, the peach, the cherry, the apricot, the nectarine, the greengage, the pear, the raspberry, the mulberry, the gooseberry, the currant, the strawberry, the quince, the walnut, the chestnut, thrive well, some requiring care, others none. Many beautiful flowers, finely scented, have been discovered, and many others have been introduced.

All kinds of grain cultivated in these islands will flourish in Van

Diemen's Land. Potatoes of the first quality are produced, though not so plentifully as in England; mangel-wurzel and turnips thrive well, with clover, tares, lucern, sainfoin, sweet-scented vernal, and indeed most of the English grasses. Sheep fatten well on the native kangaroo grass. Hemp, flax, and tobacco are also produced, with peas, beans, cabbage, broccoli, cauliflowers, spinach, carrots, parsnips, asparagus, beet-root, artichokes, lettuces, cucumbers, celery, radishes, onions, leeks, and shalots. With this abundance of vegetable produce, capable of still further development, the island will be able at all times to support whatever population may spring up to crowd its commercial cities, and cultivate its rural lands.

Horses, asses, and mules, black cattle, sheep, pigs, and poultry, flourish as well as in New South Wales. The native zoology, as in that province, consists of the kangaroo, in five species—from the forest kangaroo, standing five feet high, and clearing fifteen feet at a bound, to the kangaroo mouse, considerably smaller than a rabbit. The flesh of these animals is much esteemed. There are numerous varieties of the opossum; and there is an animal between a tiger and a hyena, very destructive to the flocks. The "devil" is another carnivorous beast, shaped like an otter, which attacks the sheepfolds at night. Porcupines, wild cats, and weasels, with bandicoot rabbits and rats, exist; but not in great numbers. The ornithology of the island is also in some respects similar to that of Australia, but belongs to a higher order. The emu found on both islands, is the largest bird known in those regions, weighing sometimes as much as a hundred pounds. Around the coast during the breeding season, great numbers of whales resort, and the fishery is valuable and productive, oil forming a considerable article of export.

As of all the other British settlements formed in Australia, we may say of Van Diemen's Land that it is still in the infancy of its existence. Large tracts remain unexplored, the capabilities of the soil have never been completely tested, and the universal wealth of the country is scarcely at all known. With every year we may look for an increasing prosperity; and if no speculating manias occur again to convulse and derange its system of industry, the colony may one day rank among the foremost of our dependencies, as a brother in a great union of which each member contributes to the welfare of the rest. With a climate of the finest kind, with a rich soil, and every facility for the construction of a railway from Launceston to Hobart-Town, its great distance from England should be no objection in the eyes of the emigrant. The sea once crossed, what matter whether three or thirteen thousand miles of water roll between the new home and the old? Steam will soon rivet the links of intercourse between the British islands and Australia; and a monthly Indian mail arriving with intelligence from the remote south, the difference of a few days will be all in the communication between this country and any of her transmarine dependencies.

The general value of our Australian colonies must not be estimated wholly in a commercial point of view. It is as fields of emigration, homes for our surplus population, outworks of our magnificent empire, that they are also important. The crowds of our too densely peopled cities landed on those fertile coasts may plant new towns on every part of the great

island. They may clear away the woods, bore the mountains, fill the harbours with commerce, and cover the long-neglected lands with harvests, or fatten upon them millions of sheep and cattle. They may draw within the circle of their own civilization the barbarous aborigines, of whom it has been said that they are destined to be swept off the face of the earth by the advance of the white race. We have already doubted the truth of this view, and many circumstances concur to support an opinion which humanity would find it hard to abandon. In more than one instance a white man has taken a wife from among the natives; several of them are employed in agriculture; and on the northern coast, it will be remembered, a small community of Australian Christians existed before the settlement of Port Essington was founded. Anecdotes could be multiplied to infinity, tending to show that the native heart is rich in the feelings of humanity; darkened and deformed, indeed, by the violence of untrained passion, but still deep and warm, as when fresh from the fount of life. With all nature around him a mystery to his unenlightened mind—with only the faintest ideas of a Deity—with utter ignorance of the past, and scarcely a hope for the future—the Australian savage has wandered for ages among woods and deserts, until he has become the reflection of the savage nature spread everywhere around him. Contact with Europeans has already, in many instances, induced in him a cultivation of those feelings, originally fine, which, untrained, degenerate into the wildest passions. In Van Diemen's Land, the natives, after hostilities with our countrymen, entered into agreement with them, and have preserved faith. There are indications of a nature too much resembling the nobility of man to be consigned as incorrigible to its original debasement. When we find writers arguing that a whole race must perish because incapable of civilization, we feel inclined rather to doubt their humanity than to share in their philosophy, and yet the history of America and the fate of its aboriginal races must teach us to express ourselves with caution.

If, therefore, the establishment of British colonies in Australia lead ultimately to an intercourse of friendship with its native population, this will not be the least triumph of our civilization. The first process must be to enlighten the savage in his own nature, to teach him he is a man, to inspire him with self-respect, and infuse into his breast a desire for the advantages which he sees possessed by the white strangers. Then convince him he has friends, and do for him the office of friendship, and in the end will be realized the old poetical proverb—"Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days." During the recent surveying voyage of the *Beagle*, Captain Stokes discovered on Depuch Island, on the north-west coast, numerous drawings on the rock, the work of native artists. They were executed by removing, according to the figure desired, the hard outer coating, of a red colour, and baring to view the bright greenstone beneath. In many of these representations much ability was displayed, and enormous numbers of them were observed, some fresh, others weather-worn, representing human figures, animals, birds, weapons, domestic implements, and scenes of savage life. This lonely picture-gallery was uninhabited, but the natives frequent it at a certain season of the year, to admire their forefathers' skill, and leave monuments of their own. Doubtless the Australian chiselling the stone expended on his work as

much labour and patience, and felt in it as much pride, as the famed artists of Italy decorating the walls of St. Peter's or the Vatican. Doubtless, also, there are critics among them, whose verdict is eagerly looked for; and the savage probably delights as deeply in the admiration of his rude countrymen as man in civilized regions enjoys the approbation of his. "Wherever we discern," says Captain Stokes, "the faintest indication that such a principle is at work, there we may hope that development will ultimately take place. Until we find a nation which has never attempted to emerge from the circle of its mere animal wants—which has never exhibited the least inclination to develop the most ordinary arts—which not only rejects clothing, but is absolutely indifferent to ornament—which leaves its weapons unadorned, its skin unpainted, free from tattoo—we must not despair of the general efficacy of civilization. These savages of Australia, as we call them, who have adorned the rocks of Depuch Island with their drawings, have in one thing proved themselves superior to the Egyptian and the Etruscan, whose works have elicited so much admiration, and afforded food to so many speculations—namely, there is not in them to be observed the slightest trace of indecency."

As the consumers of British manufactures, supplying us in return with many valuable commodities, the Australian colonies rank high in the list of countries with which we hold commercial intercourse. By a calculation made more than a year ago, and which may now be considered as below the reality, we are enabled to form an idea on this point:—In Prussia the inhabitants consume each to the value of 6d. of British manufactures, in Russia 8d., in France 1s. 6d., in the United States 5s. 6d., in Canada £1 15s., in the West Indies £2 17s. 6d., at the Cape of Good Hope £3 2s., and in Australia from £7 to £10. Should the population of those settlements—amounting altogether to about 350,000—therefore increase during the next half century as it has increased during the last, we may expect an enormous impulse to our industry, and consequently a great accession to our general prosperity as a nation.

THE LONE STAR.

I.—THE DEPARTURE FROM PORT.

MANY years ago, not long after the death of Cromwell, and while the West Indies were still infested by a lawless crew of outlaws from all nations, a tall brig took her departure from Bristol, bound for Jamaica, with a cargo of considerable value, and numerous passengers, emigrants, supercargo, and others. The *Royal Charley* was a sound brig of 400 tons, a good sailer, well-armed, and tolerably well-manned. Her captain was a weather-beaten tar, who knew almost every sea where the English flag had yet waved, and his passengers felt a proportionable amount of confidence from their knowledge of his experience. There were on board several personages of very ordinary character, but only a few connected with our narrative, and to these alone can we now refer.

Mr. James Bowen was a wealthy proprietor going out to reside permanently in Jamaica, accompanied by his daughter, a nephew, and several workmen whom he had selected for their intelligence and honesty. This gentleman was one of those straightforward, frank Englishmen who please at a glance, and whose lives of utility and perseverance prove as useful to those around them as they are profitable unto themselves. His wife had been an excellent and worthy woman; but after being his partner for nearly thirty years, she had recently died, leaving him an only daughter, who was now a very beautiful girl of about two or three and twenty. Well-informed, accomplished, and extremely fascinating, she seemed formed by nature to prove the delight of her parents, and the pride of him who should win her maiden affections. But Eleanor Bowen was a romantic girl, given to melancholy moods and reverie: having formed in her own mind a model of a man, she had as yet found no one to come up to her ideas—a very common occurrence when people expect any thing unreasonable. Fond of romance and poetry, well-read in Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, and even Milton, Eleanor dearly loved mystery and ideality. A plain, positive man would never have done for her, and yet Henry Postans, her cousin by the mother's side, who accompanied them on their journey, was plain and positive enough, and he was the only serious suitor she had yet had. Henry was Mr. Bowen's only male relative. The child of a young and favourite sister, he had been educated as a clerk, and when old enough, had been taken by his uncle as a junior partner. He had in early youth

been used to poverty, but since eighteen, his uncle's generosity had made him independent enough; and now that a marriage between him and Eleanor was projected, brilliant indeed was the prospect before him. The sole inconvenience was, that his cousin had flatly rejected him; but this the young man regarded only as coquetry, which time would get over. As he really loved her, he lived in hope.

Before starting, royal officers came on board and carefully examined every passenger. A leading officer of Cromwell's had been denounced as in England, and about to escape, and the vigilance of the officials of every port was great. The list was gone over, the vessel searched in every imaginable quarter, and then the anchor was weighed, the sails loosened to the breeze, and the *Royal Charley* started on her way. It was a lovely May morning, and Eleanor sat on the raised quarter-deck watching the evolutions of the crew and the physiognomies of the passengers. The crew was motley enough in character, but her eye at once singled out one among them who certainly formed a marked contrast to all his companions. He was a tall, handsome man of about thirty, with expansive forehead, eyes that pierced to the very heart, and a look of command which could not be mistaken. The young lady could not keep her eyes off him. From the time of the loosening of the sails, he had been busy everywhere, below and aloft. He hauled the ropes and halyards as if they had never been out of his hands, and yet his gait was to all appearance far more that of a soldier than a sailor.

About two hours after leaving Bristol, and after a long look round the horizon, Eleanor noticed him come aft, pass the captain, who bowed, she thought, with unusual respectfulness, and go down into the cabin. Our romantic young lady's ideas were at once excited. There was a mystery to unravel it was quite clear, and she could not help rejoicing at a circumstance which promised to take away from the tedious monotony of a sea voyage. Something to think about is almost as good as something to talk about or see, and what with her favourite poets and her mysterious sailor, Miss Bowen began to fancy she might pass the time of her journey pleasantly enough. She had been at sea too often to have the diversion of seasickness, which usually occupies a week with sensitive people, and the stranger was quite a godsend.

While these thoughts were in her mind the sailor came up on deck, but far differently clothed. He wore a semi-Spanish costume, with slouched hat and plumes, a sword and brace of pistols—all showing off a most remarkably handsome face and elegant figure. He advanced toward the group formed by the captain, Mr. Bowen and daughter, Mr. Henry Postans, and some other passengers, bowed politely but rather haughtily to them, hastily fixed his black eyes on Eleanor, and then passed them to lean his folded arms on the bulwarks, where he sunk into a deep reverie. All the passengers were puzzled, while the young lady's heart quite beat with excitement. It was clear that she had fallen upon a genuine, undeveloped mystery, and she considered herself a very happy woman.

"A good leading breeze this, captain?" suddenly said the stranger, turning round; "and one that, if it would but last, might run us to port in forty days."

"True, sir, true; but winds are variable," replied the worthy skipper with

a smile and a bow; "and we'll be very apt to find it contrary before the week's out."

"Before night perhaps," continued the stranger, after a steady and careful examination of the heavens. "There's a south-easterly look about the sky I don't at all like. Perhaps it may keep off until to-morrow, but crack on every thing, Captain Montrose, if you would get off the land. Shove out the studding-sail booms, and loosen royals."

"Ay, ay, sir!" replied the skipper, with whom the stranger's word seemed law.

"Wait a while!" cried the other quickly, looking down to leeward, and lowering his voice; "there's a sizeable craft yonder trying to get to windward of us, and maybe she's no good. Haul aft the starboard braces; helm a-weather."

The captain immediately followed his directions, which immediately brought the stranger astern, and the brig lay down to a pretty stiff breeze, going through the water with considerable rapidity. It soon became evident that the vessel behind was a man-of-war in chase, and the captain and stranger exchanged significative glances.

"We must keep on this tack for another hour," said the stranger; "keep her rap full; don't lift the sails, boys. She'll stand the breeze, never fear. She's a good ship, and minds her helm."

The skipper now drew the other on one side. An animated conversation ensued. The tone of the captain was respectful, and even rather imploring; the other's was calm and commanding. Presently they looked over the stern.

"Her poop is now clearly visible," exclaimed the skipper; "an hour ago I only saw her maintop. She's gaining ground fast."

"She can't reach us before night, captain, and then we'll be amid the shoals and rocks I wot of, where she will never follow. Trust to me. I defy the myrmidons of the man Stuart."

"Hush!" said the skipper in alarm. There was no one near, however, but Eleanor, whose eyes were fixed curiously on the white sails of the stranger vessel; and who, although she distinctly heard the words, made no sign of having done so.

Hours passed without producing much evident change in the state of affairs, though it was clearly visible to an experienced eye that the man-of-war sailed at least a knot an hour better than the merchantman. But it was dark, and there was no moon until midnight. On this both captain and his mysterious passenger counted for safety.

The cabin passengers supped together, and when they came on deck it was dark. High land was clearly visible ahead, however, despite the gloom. The stranger took a keen look around, and then, standing by the captain on the quarter-deck, gave his directions in a whisper.

"All hands about ship—tumble up—down with the helm—tacks and sheets—mainsail haul—belay!" were orders as rapidly obeyed as given; and then when the brig forged ahead, according to a plan previously arranged, dead silence prevailed, not a light was allowed to be shown, and the *Royal Charley* went back almost the way she had come. Presently the stranger sprang quickly to the wheel.

"Square yards!" he shouted; "haul up the weather clue of the mainsail!"

The skipper himself ran to obey, and in five minutes the *Royal Charley* was right before the wind, with foaming breakers right and left, and but a narrow channel in which she could move. This continued for about a quarter of an hour, when the stranger left the wheel, and bade the captain lay to. The yards were braced round, and, those forward counteracting those aft, the brig became motionless. Every thing was now ready. An old jolly-boat, with a short mast, was lowered, an immense lantern was fastened to the top of the mast, and the thing let loose. At a distance it presented all the appearance of a vessel anchored outside the breakers, afraid to move in the dark. This simple plan—one often resorted to, but still often successful—carried out, the sails were again filled, the helm put down, and away went the good brig on her first course, free from all serious anxiety with regard to her pursuer.

II.—THE VOYAGE OUT.

Early next morning Eleanor came on deck, where she found the unknown quietly walking up and down, with all the calm of a man who felt perfectly safe. There was nothing in sight but blue sky and water. It was a lovely day. The wind was fair, the sails bellied to the breeze, the masts bent under the stiff pressure, and all seemed to promise a pleasant voyage out. Eleanor sat down and looked out upon the sea, but her thoughts were not there. She had scarcely slept all night for thinking of him who now walked by her, his arms folded, his brow knit, and his eyes fixed on the deck. She was strangely puzzled to know who he could be.

"You seem a good sailor, miss?" said he suddenly, speaking in a full, deep voice close by her side, and with all the ease, elegance, and grace of a polished gentleman.

"Pretty good!" said Eleanor with a start of unfeigned surprise. "This is my fourth long voyage."

"You have been a traveller? I suppose you know the West Indies well?"

"I know nothing of them save what can be seen round my father's plantation in Jamaica."

The stranger, seemingly encouraged by her words, sat down by her side, and began speaking of the various islands round the Mexican gulf, of the buccaneers and Spaniards, of the Spanish Main, and of all the wonders and curiosities of a place then comparatively little known. His descriptions were clear and deeply interesting, and Eleanor was much surprised at the immense knowledge displayed by so young a man, who from his conversation had evidently spent the greater part of his life in England. He frankly owned to the lady that he was an officer of the famed Ironsides, that he had been a favourite with Cromwell, and consequently was proportionably detested by the reigning powers. He had only been in England, he said, three weeks on family business; but during this time he had been tracked like a wild beast of the woods, and was glad to breathe the free air of the sea once more. He entered into picturesque details of his adventures which singularly interested his listener, who, from education and religious feeling, felt much sympathy with the animated speaker.

Suddenly, however, he turned his talk back to the gulf, as Mr. Bowen and Mr. Postans came on deck. A rapid glance made Eleanor aware that his confidential avowals were for herself alone.

"Good morning, father dear," said Eleanor advancing to meet him; "here am I up to my ears in histories of buccaneers and pirates. Pray Heaven we meet none of them!"

"Art so fearful of them, lady?" remarked the stranger.

"And surely no wonder. They are terrible men. I would not like to fall into the hands of Henry Morgan, or Montbar, or"—

"Him of the *Lone Star*," continued the Ironside with a smile.

"Pray who is he?"

"No man knows," answered the other. "He is said to own the loveliest craft in all the gulf, to lie about in unknown places, coming down like a thundercloud on unsuspecting merchantmen in the very places where they count themselves safe. Many a good ship has been picked up by his swift brigantine just off a port."

"God preserve us from the bloody-minded knave!" said Henry Postans. "We have heard enough of him in Bristol. He wages a war of extermination against the Spaniards, though he never touches English merchantmen; but, strangely enough, he has captured many English men-of-war of twice his force by sheer cunning. A magnificent reward is offered for his apprehension."

"I never heard that he was bloody-minded," replied the Roundhead, quietly; "I always was told that he never took life except in fair fight; but there are many rumours afloat, and no man can say which are true and which are false."

The conversation continued some time in the same tone, and by breakfast-time a considerable amount of intimacy had sprung up between the parties. There is no place like a ship for breaking down the barriers that society raises between man and man. Some days passed over, and the Commonwealth officer became unceasing in his attentions to Miss Bowen. He was ever at her side, and as his talents, education, conversational powers, and experience, were vastly superior to those of Henry Postans, Eleanor could not but pay him almost exclusive attention. At the end of a fortnight it was evident that the young men were declared rivals, and a coolness ensued. A great change was then visible in both men. The Roundhead became gay, light-hearted, merry; a smile was ever on his lip, and his eye beamed with inexpressible delight. The merchant became moody, sullen, and silent, and thus almost destroyed every chance of rivalry which might have existed.

Still Eleanor made no marked distinction between them, except as regards listening to the one more than to the other. This she could scarcely avoid, for there was no comparison between the colloquial powers of the rivals. The father seemed scarcely aware of what was going on. He had habituated himself to look on Henry Postans as his future son-in-law; and like many other parents in a similar position, he hardly thought it possible that another should attempt to interfere with such comfortable and satisfactory arrangements. About three weeks, however, after their departure from Bristol, two brief scenes occurred which brought matters to a climax.

After dinner one day, Eleanor and the stranger went on deck, the passengers scattered themselves about, while Mr. Bowen and Henry Postans remained alone. The young man abruptly addressed his senior partner, and expressed his regret that his hopes of a nearer and dearer tie were at an end. The old man, much surprised, asked for an explanation. It was given. Postans explained that since the first interview between Eleanor and the mysterious unknown, an evident attachment had sprung up on both sides, which rendered his future assiduities out of place. He therefore begged to withdraw his pretensions, and hoped that this unfortunate change in his prospects would not alter their connection of affection and business. Mr. Bowen would not believe the young man; but the nephew insisted, and the uncle at length yielded to the other's solemn assertions. He then explained that his property in houses, lands, and moneys in England was intended for his daughter, while his West Indian estates, negroes, and business, were all for his nephew. A will existed, he said, prepared, in case of his death before the expected marriage, which provided for every thing, save a large sum in specie which he was taking out to Jamaica, where he wanted it for immediate use. The young man thanked his uncle warmly, and after again expressing his sorrow at the severe disappointment he had received, joined some planters in a game of cards, leaving the father wrapped in deep thought. He was a fond and affectionate parent, devotedly attached to his child, and it never crossed his mind to think of thwarting her affections. He determined, however, to have an explanation with the stranger next day, as, except that the captain showed him great deference, nothing was known about him.

Toward midnight Henry Postans retired hastily to his room with a dark and moody countenance.

On deck another scene had taken place.

"In three weeks more," said the stranger as he and Eleanor leaned over the bulwarks, "our pleasant journey will be over."

It was a lovely night, though rather dark, except below upon the waters, where myriad phosphorescent lights danced around the ship as she cut lazily through the waves. All day it had been calm, the sun had shone on the mirror of the long billows so as to fatigue the sight, while a few vapoury clouds had floated across the sky. The wind was sinking and dying away, evidently before a change of weather. All was still, quiescent, and in repose. The two new friends felt the influence of the hour and of nature, and their hearts readily beat with similar emotions. Eleanor made no reply to the other's speech, and he was far from displeased at receiving no answer.

"Will you bear in your mind some remembrance of our meeting, lady?" said he after a long pause, during which he had in vain attempted to get a glimpse of her averted face.

"I shall never forget the kindness with which you have shortened my long journey by pleasant talk," answered the lady in a low tone.

"And may I hope that we may meet again?" asked the Ironside soldier anxiously.

"My father will be glad to see you at his house if you make any stay in Jamaica, and can spare time to visit Old Oak Plantation."

"Lady, why should I hesitate to speak frankly. I am a soldier and a

gentleman, and if I come to your father's house, it will be to beg your hand in marriage. I would not, however, put so delicate a question to your excellent parent without some word to encourage me. Our acquaintance has been short, lady, but on board ship days are weeks, and weeks months."

Receiving no reply, the Ironside poured forth in his own eloquent and energetic manner all his feelings; and at last, after nearly two hours of unceasing persuasion, obtained an avowal that, provided he could win her father's consent, he might put faith in her generosity. He could not expect more, he had not dared hope so much. The joy of the soldier was grave and earnest; he thanked Eleanor with the serious and solemn tone of a man who unfeignedly felt that he had taken the most decisive step in life, and who fully appreciated the genuine value of such a prize as a woman's heart. The conversation of the happy couple became more confidential after this, and it was nearly midnight when the young lady kissed her father's forehead, and went to bed.

III.—A TRAGEDY.

Mr. James Bowen slept in a large and handsome cabin, of which one side was occupied by the captain. It was little apart from the sleeping-room of the other passengers, the nearest to it being those occupied by the stranger and Mr. Henry Postans. The captain went on deck at midnight, and all the passengers went to their rooms, and dead silence soon prevailed below. The principal cabin, round which were the state-rooms of the party, was illumined by a dull lamp, which cast a fitful and imperfect light around as it swung from the roof. Naught was heard save the creaking of the ship's timbers, as the vessel pitched and rolled in the tossing sea under a light breeze. Now and then the heavy breathing of some sleeper might be heard for a moment, but then all relaxed into deep tranquillity and repose. An hour passed after all had retired to rest, and then the door of one of the state-rooms was opened softly, a head protruded, two eyes glared wildly around, then a dark form came forth, and a man might have been seen stealthily stepping along the floor in the direction of the captain's cabin.

He listened an instant at the foot of the ladder which led to the deck. All was still; and after a cautious glance around, laid his hand on the handle of the door, turned it, and entered. The door was then cautiously and quietly closed behind himself by the midnight intruder. A pause ensued, and the man might have been heard groping about the cabin; then a low voice said, "Who is there?" After that no sound was heard; and at the expiration of ten minutes, the man again opened the door, and came out with a heavy bag in his hand. He breathed thickly, and almost tottered, but he was able to reach his room, and conceal himself in his bed. Presently, however, he struck a light, and for an hour was moving uneasily about his berth. Then again all was still and dark; and when the watch was changed at four in the morning dead silence prevailed.

At eight next morning the captain was summoned to breakfast. He had retired to rest at four, and slept soundly. Like a true sailor, however, he

was stirring in five minutes after he was called, and then proceeded to wake Mr. Bowen. He laid his hand upon his arm and shook him, but at the same instant started back with horror and affright. A loud cry followed. It was heard by several, but Henry Postans and the unknown only came.

"Your uncle is dead!" said the skipper in a voice of dismay. "He has died in his sleep."

"My God!" cried the nephew, who was pale and trembling.

"He has been foully murdered, smothered with his pillow!" exclaimed the stranger in a grave and bitter tone after a rapid but keen and searching examination of the body, while his eyes were fixed meaningly on Henry Postans.

"And no wonder, when men whom nobody knows are allowed to mix with men of substance and reputation," said Henry Postans in a voice of mingled menace and horror.

"Gentlemen, no quarrelling," cried the half-bewildered captain. "Mr. Postans, if you allude to my friend, Colonel Sir Reginald Woolaston, I call upon you to retract your words. But, my God! is it true? Sir Reginald, look again."

"Murdered!" repeated the stranger sternly—"murdered! 'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord,' but justice is man's attribute in civilized climes. This horrible crime must be examined into."

A writing desk of rather large dimensions, which had been broken open, now caught all eyes. Sir Reginald moved toward it, and took up a roll of a paper which had fallen out. He raised it, opened it, and read. It was the will of the deceased, and largely in Henry Postan's favour. The soldier groaned and turned pale. The nephew read over the other's shoulder.

"My good, my poor uncle!" exclaimed the young man.

"Captain," said the soldier, drawing the skipper on one side, "I have horrible suspicions. Did you notice any thing peculiar between the uncle and nephew last night?"

"Ay!" answered the other with a look of amazed horror: "they were closeted two hours here, and warm and passionate words passed between them. After that the young man played cards in the most reckless manner, and went to bed without a word of greeting."

"I remarked myself he said not good-night unto his cousin," mused Sir Reginald. "But Eleanor. God of mercy! what shall be said unto her? Where is she?"

"She is on deck," replied the captain.

"I will go break the fatal news unto her," continued the Ironside. "Do you have the chamber of death put decent, and prepare for the last solemn rites."

Sir Reginald went on deck, followed by Postans. Their solemn and chilled look froze the greeting smile on Eleanor's lips. She began to tremble. The officer approached her tenderly, and spoke in cautious words. Her father was indisposed—ill—very ill—ay, sick unto death—dead—murdered! All this took long to tell: between every word Sir Reginald had whole sentences of affectionate condolence; and when the fatal truth burst upon the unhappy girl, she had been so wilily prepared for it, that she heard the news with grief, passionate grief, but without any of those

sudden and fearful shocks which unhinge the functions of the mind, and drive reason from her stronghold, the brain. She was carried to bed, a draught administered by the ship doctor, and presently, after a wild burst of tears, she slept.

At the breakfast-table that morning men looked suspiciously and uneasily at each other; but eyes were especially fixed on the young baronet and the murdered man's nephew. Both were singularly agitated, and suspicion, that most fleet of human reflections, was busily at work. Some suspected one, some the other, and yet no man spoke his thoughts. All ate in silence. They heard the faint sounds of the carpenter's hammer preparing the coffin for the man who had the day before dined heartily and happily with them, and they shuddered. The void was doubly felt in the circumscribed world of a ship. The captain sat at the head of his table helping his guests mechanically. An acute observer might have noticed that after a while he became restless and uneasy, while his eye stealthily sought the countenance of the Ironside officer. Captain Montrose evidently suspected Sir Reginald. His love for Eleanor, the father's preference for Henry Postans, the independent position in which the young lady was now placed, were all arguments of irresistible force to his mind.

So absent was he, that the mulatto steward, Josh, a servant of Sir Reginald's, had all the labour of attending to the passengers' wants. Like his race in general, he performed his duty with alacrity and ability, and the breakfast passed off.

"Josh," suddenly said Sir Reginald, rising, "come here into the captain's cabin."

"I, Massa Reginald, go near de dead man! Rader not."

"Come!" continued the other sternly, and the mulatto obeyed, though not without much of that superstitious reluctance which belongs to his race. He took care, however, to turn his back on the body.

"Josh," said the officer, "I know who murdered this poor man, and so do you."

"I Massa Reginald!" cried the mulatto with a start of most unfeigned astonishment, while his eyes rolled uneasily in their sockets: "I s'pose who say I did it nex."

"God forbid, Josh! But at all events I have strong evidence to make me believe that the nephew is the man. Now it must be found out before we leave the ship, and I charge you to use your eyes. Let not a look or motion of the young man escape you. If you see any thing to weaken or strengthen my suspicions, let me know.

"I will, massa—nebber fear."

Sir Reginald said no more, but turning round, gazed mournfully and sadly on the corpse, and then leaving the cabin, passed through the ward-room, and went on deck.

That evening, one hour before sunset, with the usual solemn rites, the remains of poor Mr. Bowen were committed to the deep, and Eleanor was an orphan indeed. A gloom hung over the whole ship. A murder at sea is a rare and terrible thing, and the whole population of that little world surrounded by waters were profoundly affected, while the more timid asked themselves with a shudder whose turn would come next?

IV.—THE LONE STAR.

The captain of the *Royal Charley* had made up his mind to sight land off Porto-Rico, and about a fortnight after the terrible tragedy which had saddened the whole voyage, was on the look-out for the little island of Sombrero. There was scarcely a breath of wind upon the waters, the breeze which had brought them along right merrily for some days was gradually dying away, the heavens looked sultry and scorching, the sun seemed ready to burn up the decks, the sails flapped lazily against the masts, the wind not having sufficient strength to fill them. The brig for hours scarcely obeyed the helm, and presently swung round, wholly unheeding of the efforts of the man at the wheel. There was a dead calm. Nothing is more unpleasant than a ship at sea in a calm. The waves are never still, and the vessel, uninfluenced by the sails, rolls and pitches in the most fearful manner. Now she rises on a wave, and plunges headlong down it; then she catches a mountain billow on her broadside, which sends her yards almost dipping in the waves, while the masts seem ready to be torn from their sockets with the violence of the shaking. A dead calm, with a heavy sea on, will do more injury to a vessel than even a storm.

Captain Montrose was aloft with Josh, whose powers of vision were remarkable; Sir Reginald stood beside the pale and mourning Eleanor; Henry Postans walked the deck with gloomy brow; while the other passengers stood or sat about, holding on to belaying-pins and ropes. Not a word was spoken. All were waiting for the long promised cry of land, and even more impatiently still for a breath of wind to fill the sails and send them on their way. The Commonwealth officer, who, by the way, had dropped, if he had ever adopted, the peculiar phraseology of his party, spoke an occasional word in a whisper to Eleanor, who seldom answered except by a nod. She dwelt in silence on the dreadful fate which had befallen her father. Vague, wild, and strange suspicions floated through her brain. That her father had been murdered was quite evident. Then came the fatal question, asked in a terrified whisper, by whom? and it cannot be denied that the thoughts of Eleanor Bowen fell upon her two suitors. Her suspicions, however, took neither body nor shape; they floated dreamily through the mind, and, unable to fix any thing real or substantial upon either, she said nothing. Had, however, a searching investigator have pried into her most secret thoughts, it would in all probability have been found that the bias of her mind was against her cousin.

"Sail oh!" suddenly exclaimed Josh in a loud voice; and then he added, "Yes, sail oh! yah!"

"Where away?" asked the captain from the main-top-gallant sail yard, while Sir Reginald moved rapidly toward the after-mast main-shroud and looked out.

"Two points on de starboard bow, massa," answered the mulatto, who was on the foretopsail-yard.

"Is she moving?"

"Comin' along like fun," replied the black; "she got long legs."

The captain eagerly pointed his long glass in the direction designated by the mulatto. Sir Reginald quietly resumed his position alongside of Eleanor, and the passengers were all attention. A sail at sea after a long voyage is an event.

Scarcely had Captain Montrose caught sight of the craft first seen by the negro, than he came down from aloft, and calling Sir Reginald and his officers on one side, proceeded to hold council. He was certain, he said, that the vessel bearing down upon them was a pirate, a buccaneer. Her moving along with sweeps at a rapid rate showed that she was well manned, and he proceeded to ask advice as to what should be done. All hands were general in their first idea, and Captain Montrose, accordingly, had all sails closely furled, which might render them almost invisible except to good glasses. Sir Reginald said little. He leaned against the stern, where they stood, and listened.

"And what say you?" cried the skipper, suddenly addressing him, after all the others had spoken.

"Let the drum beat to quarters, and let passengers and crew prepare to fight like men."

The tone of the Commonwealth soldier was electrifying, and his wishes were at once orders. The drum beat to quarters, the fearful intelligence run through the ship that a pirate was close at hand, and all save the women eagerly prepared for defence. Eleanor expressed a wish, however, to remain on deck until the last moment, and on a sign from Sir Reginald, the skipper complied.

The bustle was prodigious for a while. The guns were uncovered and loaded, muskets, swords, pikes, and cutlasses were brought on deck, and all proceeded to arm themselves. Not a man showed any sign of flinching save Henry Postans, who shrank from the weapons offered him, and walked the deck in still moodier silence than usual.

On came the strange vessel, and before every thing was quite ready, it was clearly visible from the deck. From that moment its advance was rapid toward the motionless brig. The splashing sweeps could soon be distinguished dipping with tremendous rapidity into the water, and then the shape and form of the supposed pirate became distinct. All stood watching its advance with intense anxiety. Every man was at his post, and ready for the fray; and yet when the schooner came within a few hundred yards, all stood in mute admiration. It was more like an elegant pleasure-boat than a pirate craft. Nothing could be lighter, more gracious, or more supple. It was a perfect miniature of the most splendid forms of naval architecture, and seemed as if built for a model, and not for use. It was almost ærian in its movements, as if it had been the work of a marine fairy. A picturesque eye would have thought that a dolphin had lent its quick and elegant form for the career. Light as the sea-gulls that flitted around it, there was no breeze so gentle but what moved it. No matter how rough the sea, it cared not for it. When another vessel was labouring heavily in the trough of the sea, or was breaking amidships on the curling top of a wave, the cutter seemed to choose its own way, and to skate from wave to wave like a stone cast along the smooth surface of a lake. Its decks never were washed by the tempest, for it rose light as the very

ocean foam, and looked as if it could have been carried away by a stiff breeze on to the very land.

Its decks were crowded by armed men, and as it neared the brig, keeping out of the range of the *Royal Charley's* guns, it hoisted its colours, a blood-red flag with a huge white star in the middle. Captain Montrose answered by hanging out the banner of old England. A single gun from the *Lone Star* was all the reply, and then the sweeps were put in active motion, and the schooner prepared to cross the broadside of the brig, as if to board by the bow. In five minutes more the *Lone Star* was close under the guns of the larger vessel, but apparently too low down in the water to be hurt by them.

"Stand by your guns!" thundered Captain Montrose; "take aim at the rascal's deck!"

"Not a shot, as ye love your lives!" cried Sir Reginald, suddenly leaping upon the bulwarks just as the schooner's head turned round toward the bows of the brig.

Every eye on board both vessels was now fixed on the mysterious stranger, who, holding by the main-rigging with his left hand, unfolded a small flag in his right, and waved it aloft. It was a milk-white banner with a single red star in the centre.

A frantic shout of joy instantly burst from the decks of the beautiful schooner, which began pulling toward the brig with even greater rapidity than before.

"What orders, sir?" presently shouted one from the deck of the *Lone Star*, touching his hat as he spoke, and bringing the *Lone Star* to a stand-still.

"Send Williams on board," replied the stranger, who then resumed his position on the deck of the *Royal Charley*.

"Ay, ay, sir," continued the man from the other deck, and next minute a shrill whistle was heard, a slight bustle became visible, and then a long, narrow, eight-oared cutter was launched and manned.

Every man on board the *Royal Charley* stood transfixed with astonishment. Their surprise was so great, that they no longer thought of defence. Captain Montrose stood speechless, with knit brow and clenched fists; Eleanor gazed wildly at the stranger; and Henry Postans advanced fiercely toward him. He trembled with passion.

"Bloody-minded pirate!" said the young man menacingly, "we are in your power, but nevertheless do I accuse you of the murder of my uncle.

"Every man in this vessel," replied Sir Reginald calmly and coldly, "is free, and when I have given orders to my men to keep in the same waters, I shall go my way with you; and if you will, you can accuse me before the governor of Jamaica. Freebooter I am, but not bloody-minded. I wage war on Spaniards only, except when a vessel of Charles Stuart comes in my way, and then I avoid her not. Accuse me not, young man," he added, in a solemn and earnest tone; "rather look into your own heart, and ask if that be stainless."

Henry Postans stepped back, pale as death, his face actually blanched with horror.

"I—I accused!"—He said no more, but hurried away to the opposite side of the ship, and resumed both his moody silence and his walk along the deck.

"Boat alongside, sir," said the man at the gangway.

Sir Reginald immediately made signs for the officer in the cutter to come on deck alone—an order instantly obeyed. Williams was a weather-beaten tar of about fifty, in an elegant uniform, and with a look of honesty and respectability not often seen on board the vessels of the brethren of the coast. But he of the *Lone Star* was no common pirate. The sailor advanced toward his officer, and for five minutes they spoke together in whispers. Then the buccaneer turned away, and without addressing a word to any one on deck, went down the side, entered his boat, and pulled away.

A few minutes later a light breeze arose, scarcely sufficient, however, to urge the brig along. The schooner, on the contrary, spread its milk-white sails, thin, to all appearance, as sheeting, and away she sped over the waters like a graceful swan, in the direction of the land.

V.—EXPLANATIONS.

Captain Montrose, as soon as all his sails were loosened, his helm once more governing the brig, advanced respectfully toward Sir Reginald, and cordially thanked him. He said that the fortunes of himself and family were wholly in the *Royal Charley*—that had she been captured, and sent to Turtle Island, he had been a ruined man. Under the circumstances, he owed, he said, an eternal debt of gratitude to the ex-Commonwealth officer.

The captain of the *Lone Star*, after receiving these thanks in public, drew the skipper and Eleanor on one side, despite the visible reluctance of the latter, and leaning against the bulwarks, briefly addressed them. He explained that, deprived of active employment by the fall of Richard Cromwell, and violently opposed to the existing government, he yet could not live without something to excite and move his mind. He and some of his party had, he said, conceived the notion of founding a small independent commonwealth on the Spanish Main, and had been some time recruiting among their scattered forces for the purpose. In the mean time, he being wealthy, had bought a vessel, picked a crew, and spent two years in search of a fitting place to commence operations. He necessarily came in constant contact with Spanish ships, and never avoided a fight. He, however, never attacked English merchantmen, and the *Lone Star* had only come across their path by orders. They were directed to lie across the Mona passage, and board every vessel in search of himself, or news of him, if unfortunately he had been discovered in England.

"And have you still this scheme in your head?" said Captain Montrose, while Eleanor looked curiously at him.

"That wholly depends upon circumstances," replied Sir Reginald. "There is one thing would make me ask leave to live quietly in England, quit all my ambitious hopes, and become once more the English baronet, lord of the manor, and perhaps knight of the shire; but that rests not with myself."

Eleanor turned away toward the sea to hide her extreme confusion, for despite her intense mental suffering, she could not resist the influence of the tyrant passion; and Captain Montrose, after a significant pressure of

the hand, left them together. Henry Postans stood still and gazed at them from a distance.

"Miss Bowen," said the freebooter in a low, anxious tone, "it is very soon, after so fatal an event, to speak of marriage or love; but before I leave this ship my fate must be decided. If you hearken to my prayer, and accept my hand, my fortune, and the name of Lady Woolaston, I shall return to England at once, and the interest of my friends will save me from any thing but an order to reside in the country: but if you refuse me, I join my merry rovers, and for the rest of my life become a skimmer of the seas, a buccaneer—if you will, a pirate."

"Sir Reginald," replied Eleanor bitterly, "my father has been dead but twenty days, and would you have me speak of marriage?"

"Eleanor, dear Eleanor! you have to decide a question of life and death to me. I ask not to have you fix a period for our union; I ask only hope for the future."

"Sir Reginald, is there not ringing in my ears the fearful accusation brought against you by my cousin?"

"And you do believe"——

"Oh no!" cried the young lady with all the deep touching confidence of a woman's heart, and speaking in a rich, full voice, that left no ground for mistake. "Oh no! But what would the world say of me accepting the addresses of one accused of murdering my father? Sir Reginald, ask me no more until this question is at rest, and the assassin is discovered. Then, believe me, Eleanor Bowen will not refuse the protection and home of a man she cannot help loving."

"That word is enough," said the freebooter, "and on that promise shall I now live. It seems that just as I was returning to my wild life, after a brief absence, fortune has thrown in my way a gleam of sunshine, which I cannot but eagerly catch at. Be my wife, dearest Eleanor, and you will make me once more a useful member of society; and I shall forget in your company the broils and wars which have so long stained the fair face of England."

"I have said much, Reginald," replied Eleanor—"too much perhaps, under the circumstances; ask no more of me."

The countenance of the Ironside lit up with a smile of joy and confidence. The word Reginald, without the sir, was to him sufficient. He asked—he wished for no more. They remained, however, in conversation on other topics for hours, and ceased only when summoned to the evening meal. They sat side by side; and the captain of the *Lone Star* interested both her and the whole company by his vivid narratives of adventure by sea and land. There was at first a certain degree of stiffness on the part of the passengers toward the renowned pirate of the Gulf; but his urbanity of manner, his eloquent and elegant language, soon chained their attention, which then could not be taken off. He so frankly explained his peculiar piratical operations, conducted with a view chiefly to the persecution of England's hereditary foes, the Spaniards, that his companions ended by approving instead of disapproving his proceedings.

Henry Postans alone held wholly aloof from him. In the mind and character of this young man a terrible and fearful change had been worked. All his quiet and good-natured gayety was gone, and it was impossible for

the dullest observer not to be aware that he was devoured not only by deep grief, but by remorse of some kind. He had for days ceased all intercourse with his cousin, and never looked at Sir Reginald without a glance which was either a scowl or a look of terror. No one ever spoke to him, and as the end of the journey drew near, every man avoided him, for the same fearful suspicion pervaded all minds.

VI.—THE STORM.

On the second morning after the encounter with the *Lone Star*, Sir Reginald came on deck at an early hour, aroused by the heavy labouring of the vessel. He found that Eleanor was there before him, equally awakened by unusual and novel sensations. The sky was dark and gloomy, the wind had risen during the night, and was blowing half a gale, while the dark colour of the clouds, and the heaving of the huge waves, threatened a perfect hurricane. Long strips of ragged vapour were every now and then detached from more solid masses, and sent scudding furiously along the sky. The brig lay under a close-reefed topsail; but being a good ship, answered her helm well, the more readily, however, when a storm staysail was set.

The captain and all the crew were diligently attending to their important duties. Two men stood at the wheel, and several were aloft on the look-out for land or breakers; but the wind had been so adverse ever since the calm, that they had run off the land instead of on to it, and this precaution was scarcely necessary. The scene was in reality sublime. The billows had risen in the night to the height of mountains, and presented a strange contrast to the calm surface of the water on the previous night. The heavens which, spangled with stars at eventide, had appeared a vault high aloft in immeasurable space, now seemed pressed down low and hung like a funereal pall over all creation. The eye, accustomed to wander over a vast surface, and to gaze upon a boundless horizon, was now confined and cramped; for nowhere could any one see more than a hundred yards around. There was a dense vapour, which, mixed with drizzling rain, rendered the position of the *Royal Charley* infinitely more precarious than it otherwise would have been.

The captain nodded silently to his two passengers, who were wrapped up in garments suited to the occasion. But he attempted not to speak; he was anxiously looking around the horizon for a break in the clouds, which, however, promised no sign of the storm subsiding. Sir Reginald drew Eleanor into as sheltered a position as possible, and throwing a heavy cloak he had carried on his arm around her, seated her by his side. He had selected a pile of ropes between two guns to windward, whence a good view was obtained of the raging main.

"Is there much danger?" was the first and most natural question of Eleanor.

"There is always danger in a storm," said Sir Reginald in reply. "At the present moment the wind is not strong enough to present much peril for our brig; but even this wind, if it lasted long, would lash the sea into fearful waves. But things will not remain long thus; the storm must subside or increase."

"And which appears most likely?" continued Eleanor, doubly confident in him both as a sailor and a lover.

"I can hardly say. The weather looks what the sailors call ugly; and were I in my own little craft, I should run under the lee of some small island or into some quiet cove, and remain there until the storm abated. But that can scarcely be done by the brig."

"What think you, Sir Reginald?" suddenly exclaimed Captain Montrose, advancing to his side. "Are you not afraid we are in a serious predicament?"

"Hum!" replied the freebooter. "I confess I like not the aspect of the sky; but worse weather has been seen than this. Your brig is a good solid craft, and will stand much rough work."

"Ay, ay. But mark me, sir; we have only as yet felt the tail-end of an old storm. I can see a fresh one brewing, and fear the worst is yet to come. Are you not timid about staying on deck, Miss Bowen?"

"No, captain; I far prefer seeing what is passing to being cooped up in a cabin."

"I expect," remarked the commander of the *Lone Star*, who was examining the heavens with a keen and piercing eye, "to see the wind shift to a directly opposite point of the compass. Have a care that you be not taken aback."

"Sail on the weather-bow!" cried one of the look-outs.

All eyes were at once turned in the direction intimated, and a tall brigantine on the opposite tack was seen bearing rapidly down upon them. The captain flew to the helm, fearful that there might be a collision, and Sir Reginald examined the strange vessel with much curiosity. He almost immediately seemed to recognise it.

"'Tis perhaps fortunate, Miss Bowen," he remarked, "that we have met that fellow in a storm. He is one of the most noted buccaneers of the Gulf, and it would fare ill with us to fall into his hands."

"Would he not respect you?"

"Not he. He knows no distinction of nations or persons."

At this moment the brigantine was abreast of them. A black flag became visible at the peak, while the deck was covered by men; but though the piratical nature of the craft was self-evident, the elements precluded all possibility of danger on that score. A man in the costume of an officer raised his hat politely to Captain Montrose, who returned the salute, very much pleased to confine his conference to such salutations, and then away sped the strange vessel, to be once more buried in the drizzling rain and fog.

For nearly the whole morning matters continued in the same way; the storm did not at all appear inclined to abate. A hasty meal was snatched by all on board, and then passengers and crew proceeded to watch the course of events. About three o'clock in the afternoon, however, a sudden lull took place, the ship rolled violently, and the wind ceased almost as suddenly as it had commenced. The result was again most painful; the brig was pitched and tossed about in the most disagreeable manner. The sails filled with the motion of the vessel one way, and flapped with a roar like that of distant thunder as it flew back in the opposite direction. The rigging shook, and every plank felt the vibration.

"Be quick," said Sir Reginald, rising and making his way alongside of the captain. "Let all hands have meat and drink, and then prepare to fight Lopez, the Spanish renegade. He will be down on us almost before we are ready."

"Was that Lopez who passed us?"

"The very man. Loosen the guns, and fire two, and then three. We shall want the *Lone Star*; if she be within hearing, that signal will bring her down."

"Many thanks, Sir Reginald. Drums beat to quarters!—all hands splice the mainbrace!—send the gunners aft!"

These varied orders were given in a rapid tone, and as rapidly obeyed; while one watch took the proffered refreshments, the others once more prepared the warlike implements. A few minutes later, two guns were fired, followed at three minutes' interval by three.

The fog and rain gradually vanished with the violence of the storm; and when wafted along by a gentle breeze, the *Royal Charley* again sped upon her way. The pirate brigantine was, however, not more than three miles off, under a heavy press of canvas, making in the direction of its much-coveted prey.

VII.—THE COMBAT.

Every sail which the *Royal Charley* could bear was crowded upon her at this eventful moment, and though there was little chance of avoiding a fight, yet Captain Montrose was not without some slight hope that night might come on before the combat became serious. Every preparation was made under the energetic guidance of Sir Reginald, whom the men obeyed with alacrity; for there was something in his tone and manner that showed him used to command. The skipper attended to the ship—the freebooter to the warlike preparations. The brigantine, however, sailed with such vast rapidity, that it soon became evident all idea of flight was vain, and at a preconcerted signal from the captain of the *Lone Star*, the brig swung round, and before the brigantine was aware of the audacious manœuvre of the merchantman, Lopez received its whole broadside amid his rigging. The flapping of sails, loud cries, and a terrible diminution in the brigantine's speed, confidently proved that the broadside had told. As quickly as possible the brig was again brought round, and a double volley showed that the two antagonists had fired at once. By the advice of Sir Reginald—who saw no prospect of safety except from desperate valour—the brig gave up some of its advantages, (it had been a good deal to windward,) and bore down upon the pirate. All was very soon wrapped in smoke; volley succeeded volley, each being guided by the vivid flashes from the other's guns. At almost every discharge the two vessels came nearer, until suddenly the brigantine received a shot which carried away its main boom. Captain Montrose took advantage of this.

"Crack on all sail, boys—put her before the wind—a stern chase is a long chase, and we'll get away from the reptile under the cover of night."

"Quite right to try," said the freebooter; "but I fancy we must put more faith in the good fight than in our long legs. See, the fellow is so strong handed, his boom is nearly up again."

In five minutes more the two vessels were again plying each other with those metallic arguments which until lately have been universally considered the best for settling disputes. The *Royal Charley* was remarkably well manned for a merchantman, and Sir Reginald was a host in himself. After a mutual exchange of broadsides during another half hour, the antagonists came near enough to use small arms; and the appearance of a cloud of men, clustering like bees about the bows of the brigantine, showed that they were preparing to board. Every man of the crew who could be spared from the guns, and all the passengers, hastened to put themselves in trim to repel the dangerous gang, whom they had now to deal with in close combat.

"Let every soul," said Sir Reginald sternly, "remember that he now fights for the life which God gave him, and which man strives to take away. Every living being will walk the plank if we be taken. There is no mercy in the mind of Lopez after a combat."

Every being on board the *Royal Charley* shuddered at this fearful announcement, which, however, braced up the nerves of all to prepare for the terrible last struggle. On came the brigantine, receiving the last broadside of the *Royal Charley* in a way which did tremendous havoc both to men and spars, for the upper sails came down by the run, and hung over the side. But the pirate cared not. In another minute the two vessels met, their bows cracked against each other, grappling-irons were thrown out, and securely fixed, and then a cloud of dark and bearded ruffians of all nations plunged headlong on the deck of the devoted brig.

The number of the boarders was double that of those who had to defend their lives and properties against the attack of the reckless buccaneers. The defence, however, was earnest and valiant. All felt the cheering influence of a good and just cause, which is half the battle, and which gives to the attacked and the oppressed such universal force, and accounts for half the heroic deeds done by those who defend their fatherland against overwhelming and ambitious hosts. Sir Reginald was everywhere. He, by word and act, roused the bold crew and the passengers to stand fast; and though they soon gave way under the sheer weight of the assailing party, yet no man thought of surrendering. It would be painful to detail every minute feature of this terrible scene. It is sufficient to say, that in a quarter of an hour the deck was strewed with bodies, and all that remained of the *Royal Charley's* gallant defenders were Sir Reginald, Henry Postans, Josh, four passengers, and five sailors.

"Surrender, dogs!" cried the pirate Lopez, furious at a protracted struggle that was weakening his own force almost as much as that of the enemy, and aware, too, that another storm was brewing, a circumstance likely to prove fatal to ships in the state in which they had been placed by the combat.

But the answer he received was as startling as it was utterly unexpected. "Down, renegade Spaniard—down on your bended knees, and ask your recreant life," shouted Sir Reginald in a loud voice. "On, my gallant rovers! on! The *Lone Star* for ever!"

"Down! down!" cried a hundred fresh and clear voices of men, leaping on the deck from all sides.

The pirates stood motionless. During the fever of the fight, even the

look-outs had left their posts, and joined the combatants. The man at the wheel had his eyes fixed on the tragic scene, and the elegant *Lone Star* had quietly crept up alongside without being noticed. The pirates had their pikes and cutlasses beat out of their hands before they could recover from their surprise, and the terrible struggle was over.

The remnant of the crew and passengers of the *Royal Charley* stood round Sir Reginald in a mute but grateful attitude.

"No thanks," cried the captain of the *Lone Star*; "I fought for myself and for her. I ask no thanks, for I deserve none. Williams, give us all necessary aid; secure Lopez and his gang, and then I give you his ship to pillage as you will."

A loud shout was the answer; and then, after transferring the crew of the buccaneer to the hold of the *Lone Star*, the men proceeded to clear the decks of the dead, while the wounded were committed to the hands of the surgeon. Among the latter were Captain Montrose, several passengers, and some sailors. The dead were decently sewn in their hammocks, and launched into the deep under a salute of guns.

All the men of the *Lone Star*, after repairing some of the more obvious damage done to the brig, then proceeded to pillage the pirate brigantine, on board of which they found a rich booty. It had been cast loose from the brig, and lay-to at some distance. Suddenly Sir Reginald made a sign to Williams, who gave a shrill whistle. The crew obeyed the signal, and in a few minutes they were on their own deck, with every thing worth removing. They had come away in time, for they presently saw the brigantine give a heavy roll, settle down in the water, its head pitch forward, and then in ten minutes more, with a noise like thunder, its decks burst their bonds, and then down went the vessel in the profound depths of the sea.

All stood still an instant gazing on the solemn sight, and then every thought was given to their own preservation. Sir Reginald ordered the carpenter to sound the pumps, and received from him the disagreeable intimation that there was eighteen inches of water in the hold. Still this was not an alarming state of affairs, and sail was diligently set, despite the gloomy look of the sky. A strong party of the crew of the *Lone Star* were transferred to the *Royal Charley*, which then proceeded on its way, keeping, however, as near as possible to its consort.

VIII.—THE LEAK.

It was quite clear that the lull which had taken place in the storm was to be of brief duration. As evening drew in, the wind rose again, the dark and gloomy sky once more appeared to weigh upon the tall masts of the brig, and every thing presaged a terrible and horrible night. Sail was gradually taken in under the orders of Sir Reginald, who had constituted himself commander, now that Captain Montrose was lying on a bed of sickness. All hands, after snatching a brief instant of repose, came on deck, and prepared for the renewed battle with the elements. Two men, by way of precaution, were already placed at the wheel.

Not a star, nor a glimpse of the moon, which, however, had long since

risen, could be seen. The sun had gone down in a deep bank of clouds of an angry red, and not one of the signs that encourage the mariner could be distinguished. The rigging began to quiver and shake under the force of the breeze, and then the gale was upon them. The howling of the wind through the shrouds, backstays, and flying gear, was fearful. Nothing can convey an idea of its sound but the supposed screeching of unhappy spirits, while the shaking of the masts and yards added to the wild character of the uproar. Every plank, too, in the brig creaked and groaned, while a man must have bawled loud, indeed, to have made himself heard in all this tumult.

Eleanor, who could never remain below during a storm, wrapped up in cloaks, and with a tarpaulin round her besides, held on to a belaying-pin with one hand, and to a gun with the other. Sir Reginald stood beside her, gazing at the heavens, and occasionally giving some brief order, which the men obeyed with sombre alacrity.

"Try the well," whispered he to the carpenter suddenly, speaking in a low and cautious tone, from certain knowledge of the fact, that no terror is greater for the sailor than the presence of a leak.

The carpenter went to the pumps and measured the depth of water.

"Two feet of water, sir," he replied in an equally low tone, not unmingled with terror.

"Rig the pumps," continued Sir Reginald; "boys, divide yourselves into two gangs; there is a little water in the hold from the straining of the vessel, but half an hour's spell will set that to rights."

The men did as they were ordered, and each gang pumped a quarter of an hour. The storm seemed, however, to increase in fury. The men at the wheel were bound to keep their attention awake to every movement of the brig, which at times seemed almost ungovernable. The darkness increased, and the vessel seemed absolutely sailing in a sea of ink. Suddenly the whole scene was illumined by a bright flash of lightning; every rope and spar became distinctly visible, while the *Lone Star* could be distinguished at some distance crossing the foaming crest of a wave. Presently rain, too, began to fall in torrents so heavy and unceasing, as even to beat down the raging waters, and slightly to diminish the rolling and pitching of the *Royal Charley*.

"Sound the well once more," said Sir Reginald, again at the expiration of an hour, addressing the carpenter.

"Two feet six inches, sir," presently replied the man in a low and despairing tone.

"Keep at them, boys," said the captain of the *Lone Star* in a cheerful tone, though his heart sank within him. But he knew the vast importance of keeping up the men's spirits. "Courage! the storm shows signs of abating, and the water is being got under."

He then, without further speech, headed the fresh gang himself, after bidding the steward distribute a free ration of spirits to the men who had just left off pumping. But though all went cheerfully enough to work, both crew and passengers, they could not but see that Sir Reginald was simply speaking to encourage them, and keep up their spirits. They all felt the desolating influence of the fact, that the ship was filling with water. The storm may rage, the wind howl, the lightning flash, the

thunder roll, and yet the sailor will have confidence in the planks he treads on; but when once he feels that water is within the ship, under his very feet, his courage fails him, and despair takes fast hold upon his heart.

About midnight the storm seemed still further to increase. Huge waves rolling furiously behind the brig threatened every instant to break over the stern-poop of the vessel, one of the greatest dangers of a tempest of long duration on the deep. The vessel laboured heavily in the trough of the sea, then upon mountain waves, and seemed at every plunge about to rise no more. Not a word had been spoken for a long time. On all sides nothing could be seen but torrents of white foam, illumined every now and then by vivid flashes of sheet-lightning. The men were still at the pumps. Precisely at midnight Sir Reginald again commanded an inspection of the well, which now showed four feet of water in the hold. The men stood aloof, and refused to work.

"Bear a hand, my gallant boys," cried Sir Reginald; "it wants but four hours to daylight, and then we can leave the brig to its fate, and go on board the *Lone Star*. It is but to keep the ship afloat for a few hours. Steward, give the men cold meat, bread, and Hollands, and then all hands to the pumps. Overboard with the first man who flinches!"

The captain of the *Lone Star* spoke with intense energy. There was a double tone of persuasion and command in his words, which had its effect, and, despite the gloomy night, the dreadful beating of the storm, the rolling and pitching of the vessel, the men, after rapidly devouring the welcome refreshment offered, again separated into two gangs, and prepared for work.

"I think," said the soldier commander, addressing the carpenter, "if she were lightened of her masts, she would strain less, and make less water."

"Very likely, sir."

"Hand me an axe."

The axe was given him.

"Starboard your helm, boys—keep her away a point. Look alive! Steady!—so!"

This order given, both he and the carpenter sprang to windward, and began hacking at the shrouds and stays, while others did the same forward. Very little time was needed to cut away the strained ropes, and their cracking was soon heard.

"Look out below!" thundered Sir Reginald, and the next minute the two masts broke off at the main and foretop, and hung to leeward. They were not, however, loose. Numerous bolts and ropes still held them on, and the brig lay down on one side in a very fearful manner. The four who had axes in their hands sprang up the rigging, clung firmly to the rattlings, and though almost blown off by the violence of the gale, succeeded in gaining the tops. A few well-directed blows soon sent the masts swimming alongside. They all then descended, and proceeded to sever the ropes which attached the spars to the ship to leeward.

The *Royal Charley* seemed visibly eased. She rolled still, but more lightly, and at two o'clock an examination of the well showed no increase of water in the hold. Still there was no abatement in the storm, and when in the morning the remnant on the wreck looked around them, and saw,

about a mile off, the *Lone Star* skimming the waters like a duck, all wished themselves on board the admirable little vessel. The difficulty was to get on board. It was clear that no boat could live in such a sea, but Sir Reginald, after making a signal to the schooner to come down upon them, began devising some means of escape. Presently a sweet smile floated on his face as a memory of childhood came upon him, and he bade the men look for a flexible but strong piece of wood for him. This was readily found, and converted into a bow. Arrows were rudely manufactured by the carpenter in a few minutes. Sir Reginald himself attached a leaden point to one, and a piece of rag by way of feathers. To the whole he attached a long piece of strong twine, to which in turn was fastened an immense and powerful cable.

In a very short time the *Lone Star* was, as directed by her commander, dashing close under the stern of the brig. Sir Reginald drew his bow, let fly, and the arrow, after twisting and twirling a little in the air, fell right on the deck of the *Lone Star*, and was seized by some of the men. A rapid movement of the schooner's helm then brought her nearer still, and before the raging sea could separate them, the cable was fast. A communication was at once established between the vessels, another smaller rope was passed, and the wounded, fastened in hammocks, were rapidly pulled over to the deck of the *Lone Star*. The passage, however, was long and tedious; and when a whole hour had passed, there still remained on the deck of the *Royal Charley* Sir Reginald, Eleanor, and Josh, who was at the wheel.

"Go," said the captain to the mulatto; "you can then pull me over, with the lady in my arms. Bid them pull gently."

"Me go last," replied the black sullenly.

Sir Reginald advanced menacingly toward Josh; he left the wheel; the brig, abandoned to itself, gave a fearful lurch, and all three were cast from their feet. When they regained their footing, they found that the shock had parted the cable—that the *Lone Star* was edging away to leeward, without any—the remotest chance of making back to them. They heard the frantic shouts of the men; they saw the sweeps put out; but all in vain. The elements had still too much power, and the devoted trio remained on board the *Royal Charley*, at the mercy of the gale.

IX.—ALONE.

The position of our three adventurers was now apparently of the most painful, hopeless, and dreary character. They were alone, on board of a wreck, which was evidently fast filling with water. They were totally unable to manage it for any length of time. Sir Reginald and Josh, however, to gain a moment's reflection and rest, lashed the helm amidships, which kept the brig dead before the wind, and then held counsel. Eleanor sat in a state of perfect stupor on the deck. The *Lone Star* was already far away to leeward, still making desperate efforts to get to windward, a position it had hitherto nearly always kept; but the experienced eyes of the two men plainly told them that all its efforts were vain.

"What you tink we do, massa, now?" said Josh with a sullen and almost insolent grin.

"Put our trust in our courage and energy," replied the ex-Commonwealth man. "The storm has nearly exhausted its fury; the leak may not increase so rapidly as we fear; and if it does, why, we must get a boat into the water, and try our fortune there."

"The ship him sink, certain," continued the mulatto, who, however, spoke as if his thoughts were elsewhere.

"The ship will not certainly sink. See, the wind is already less, though the waves run mountains high. Go to the helm. We will each take it in half-hour spells."

The mulatto obeyed, and Sir Reginald approached the young girl.

"Eleanor, this is a very terrible position for you; but have faith and hope. Perhaps we may be better off than we imagine. If the storm continues to abate, we shall escape with perfect ease. We are not two hundred miles from land, and the jolly-boat will take us that distance without any difficulty."

"We shall never see land again," replied Eleanor in a sombre tone; "fate is against us."

"Eleanor, never despair, never despond. It is the sure vanguard of failure, as confidence is the almost sure basis of success. We have still a good brig, perhaps too hastily abandoned, under our feet. To speak frankly, Miss Bowen, I have little dread of her sinking. I saw that the leak disheartened and discouraged the men, so I, in self-defence proposed a transfer to the *Lone Star*. But I see no sign of the depth of water increasing."

"Nay, give me not vain hope. I am now resigned to all. Reginald, my father is dead: those whom I love are under the ban of fearful suspicions; what, then, is life to me?"

"What life is to all created beings—the most glorious and brightest of things, Eleanor. Never despise life. It has far more honey than bitters in it, if we but seek the sweets. Eleanor, live in hope of happy days. My dearest girl, put faith in one who never lied. You will yet be my proud and happy wife—yet be revered and loved by all around you. The picture is before me, clear and distinct. I see it, I feel it, I know it!"

The convinced and confident tone of Reginald roused Eleanor. She held out her hand to him with a faint smile, while her eyes, beaming with hope and renewed life, were fixed upon his face with an expression which even at that moment made his heart leap. He added a few more words of consolation and comfort, and then again, like a general preparing for a battle, reviewed the elements. The *Lone Star* was still to be seen, this time with sail upon her, beating up toward the brig, but with very little chance of making it. The *Royal Charley* was dead to windward of her, the gale still very violent, the sea heavy; and Sir Reginald knew well that his faithful schooner would make more lee-way than she would gain ground on each tack. He gave up all hope on this side.

His first thought, then, was for provisions. The wheel was again securely lashed amidships, and both Josh and Sir Reginald proceeded to lay by all that was necessary for a cruise. Bread, meat, a little wine, a keg of water, with as many bottles as they could fill, and a few odds and ends were put in a secure and convenient place. Alongside these they placed a short mast, a sail, a compass, and two pairs of oars, some boat-cloaks, a spare

sail, and a small mattress. The soldier did not forget some pistols, and powder and ball. He then bade Josh look to himself; but the mulatto contented himself with a small bundle, which he placed in a locker under a seat by the stern with every mark of care and caution.

Meanwhile the storm sensibly abated.

"Go below, Josh, and fetch the captain's spy-glass," suddenly exclaimed the captain of the *Lone Star*; "and look in his drawers: I think there are a few doubloons there, which you may have if you can find them."

The eyes of the mulatto flashed like fire, and he went below; while Sir Reginald advanced toward the wheel. As he passed the locker in which the negro's bundle was placed, he put his hand in and lifted it. He smiled as he laid it down; but a strange smile, such as puzzled Eleanor, who was watching his every movement. Presently the negro returned on the deck with the spy-glass in his hand, and putting on a very long face.

"What's the matter?"

"Him captin ole fox. Take ebery single dolla away wid him. Nebber leave a quarter."

"Never mind. If we get safely on shore, you shall have your reward."

"Tankee, massa."

"Now, then, we must have out the jolly-boat. It is heavy; but we must rig pulleys, and hoist at the capstan. Everything for life."

The wind had now much decreased, and was blowing scarcely half a gale; but the *Lone Star* was wholly out of sight.

Josh ascended to the maintop, Sir Reginald to the fore, and there they fixed two strong pulleys. Through these cords were passed, which were then securely attached to the jolly-boat, a new and tight little craft. Its firm and well-tied lashings were then cut away, and the two men went to the capstan. They first, however, made doubly sure of their best hope, by fastening a long painter to it. They then began to hoist. They had to do the work of six or eight men; but they were working for life; and at the end of twenty minutes' arduous labour—at times the capstan would not work—they had the boat hoisted a good way above the bulwarks. But it hung some distance over the deck. This, however, was soon obviated. Several spars were laid in a slanting direction from the huge and lofty long-boat, to the bulwarks, and well tied. The jolly boat was then slowly lowered, and Sir Reginald, rushing to the wheel, brought the brig up to the wind and made her lie over. At this instant the cable flew from the hand of Josh, darted with extreme rapidity off the capstan, and sent the boat falling with a terrific splash into the water. Again securing the helm, the men both hastened with beating hearts to examine the state of affairs.

"All right, massa," said Josh with a grin.

"All right!" replied Sir Reginald in a deeply thankful voice. "Go down and loosen the blocks. Let her go astern, and I will hand you down the oars, masts, and plunder."

The mulatto obeyed with alacrity, and the jolly-boat was soon well loaded with all that could be safely stowed into it. It was then determined to wait a while, for the storm was abating fast, and the sea was calming its fury. Eleanor and her lover took the first refreshing meal which they have partaken of for some time. Both were full of hope and

satisfaction, though Sir Reginald was unusually reserved and thoughtful. Their dinner concluded, Eleanor went to her cabin in search of some few little articles which might add to their comfort in the boat. When she returned on deck, the freebooter was standing with folded arms gazing at the sun, which was getting low. The wind had now fallen to a stiff breeze, and every thing looked propitious for their proposed journey.

"Let us sound the wells," said he, after a while.

The negro half-caste approached the well, and assisted his officer to take the depth of the water.

"Six feet!" exclaimed Sir Reginald gravely. "We have a fair warning; let us not despise it."

"I am ready, dear Reginald."

"Be ready in all things, then, Eleanor," cried the other in a loud, ringing, and menacing voice; "and now be firm and quick. Catch up yonder cord, and tie the scoundrel's hands."

As he spoke, Sir Reginald raised a handspike, struck the mulatto across the head with it in a way to have killed a man with a thin skull, stretched him stunned upon the deck, and then began to tie his legs.

"Good God, Reginald, what mean you?"

"Ask me not, but tie the villain's hands. He meant to cut our throats in our sleep, and rob us—at all events I think so; and who is forewarned is forearmed. I can explain no more just now."

Before the mulatto had recovered his senses, he was so securely tied, that resistance was in vain. Sir Reginald then drew forth a pair of pistols and a dirk concealed under Josh's dress, and gave them to Eleanor.

"Keep these as evidence."

Then the ex-Commonwealth soldier, whose strength was prodigious, raised the mulatto in his arms; and lifting him on to the bulwarks, lowered him by a cord into the boat. Eleanor followed; and then the captain of the *Lone Star*, after casting loose the painter, and taking Josh's parcel, descended also, and they were next minute pitching and tossing in an open boat upon the wide waste of waters.

X.—THE BOAT.

Sir Reginald had at once stepped his mast, and fixed a tall sprit-sail, admirably suited to the boat. He had, before leaving the brig, (during the day,) taken several observations, which gave him a pretty good idea of his position, which was far from being a pleasant one. The nearest land was the island of Porto-Rico, belonging to the Spaniards, his sworn enemies. But he was not perhaps personally known to any, and he trusted to the feelings of humanity which might be naturally expected to exist in the bosoms of all men toward persons in their position. But then he knew the vindictive character of the mulatto, who, though for years a faithful servant, would now, he was fully aware, readily risk his own life to gain revenge. He had but to speak a word, and the secret of the captain of the *Lone Star* was betrayed.

"It would have been wiser to have killed him," said he, suddenly speaking aloud, without being aware of it.

"Who?" exclaimed Eleanor, who sat beside him in the stern-sheets, in a terrified tone.

"The black. He will yet, I fear, prove our ruin;" and the fingers of the impulsive soldier mechanically played with the butt-end of his nearest pistol, while his dark eye glanced menacingly toward the black.

"Nay, better risk any thing than imbrue our hands in blood, Reginald," said Eleanor, with a shudder, while at the same time she laid her hand firmly on his arm.

"True, love," said the freebooter moodily; "but we must rid ourselves of him before we seek hospitality in Porto-Rico."

"Let us put our trust in Providence," answered Eleanor in a low tone; "it has been our friend until now, and will not desert us. Remember your own words."

Sir Reginald did not reply; he was looking back at the brig, fast sinking into a mere black spot, while at the same time he slightly shifted the sail before a change in the wind.

"What is that skimming along the water afar off?" exclaimed Eleanor suddenly, pointing in the direction where she perceived something. "It is a large bird, I suppose?"

"It is the *Lone Star*!" cried the captain joyously: "the boys are again in search of us. They are making once more for the brig."

He then gave the tiller for a moment into the hands of the young girl; and taking up the long glass before mentioned, deliberately and carefully swept the dark horizon.

"It is the *Lone Star*, but twelve miles distant," he continued. "They are alongside the *Royal Charley*, and were it not nearly night, they would in all probability find us. It is impossible with this craft to steer except before the wind. If they see us not, we must continue our adventurous journey."

He then described the movements of the schooner to Eleanor. It remained alongside the wreck a few minutes, and then hurried away, with all sail set, in a direction which left very little hope of its look-out noticing the devoted fugitives.

"The brig is sinking, I am sure, by their haste to depart," observed Sir Reginald at length. "Eleanor, the wind is fair and steady: you have slept; I have not for two nights, and my eyes close of themselves: do you keep her exactly as she is now, while I snatch a hasty nap. Wake me, dearest, if the breeze stiffen in the least, and wake me under any circumstances in a few hours. I would not lie down, but nature will assert its influence, and I must have a calm head and clear eye for to-morrow. God bless you!"

And the soldier lay down, and in a few minutes his heavy breathing showed that he slept soundly. Eleanor was now alone. The mulatto lay forward in the bows of the boat, also fast asleep. She gazed round, and could not but be charmed at the scene which presented itself. The sun was setting in a clear expanse of sky, illumining the waters, and tinging with a pinky-red hue the fleecy bank of clouds which hung above it. The water had become comparatively smooth; and the wind, lately so biting and cold, was balmy and warm. There was a novel odour, too, about the air which seemed redolent of land; an odour of flowers, and

green trees, and of earth. On went the boat, up one side of a wave and down the other, seeming to make rapid and satisfactory progress. Presently the moon rose upon the now pellucid waters, changing the whole wide flood to a mirrored sheet of molten silver. White glanced the sails in its beams, themselves so bright, that Eleanor saw distinctly the play of her sleeping lover's features. She gazed curiously for a while at the face of the man who had so suddenly and wonderfully become as it were her fate. And then once more she looked around, and influenced by the hour and the scene, forgetting all save the seemingly prophetic words of Sir Réginald, Eleanor gradually allowed herself to give way to pleasant thoughts. She glanced at the future with some little of hope, and forgot the present so effectually, that she began to doze. First all around seemed a vague picture, then all was distinct again—the boat, the sky, the moon, the waters; and then she saw an old baronial hall, crowds of servants, Sir Réginald smiling by her side, with a vapoury outline of sundry little faces which she had never seen before, and yet which were quite familiar to her.

"Lie down, dear Eleanor," suddenly said a voice near her, and she was again quite awake.

Sir Réginald held the tiller in his hand, and was pulling aft the sheet of the sail, which, during the brief doze she had taken, had got loose.

"Was I asleep?"

"Yes, Eleanor, and so was I, like a Dutch hog. The boat gave a lurch as your hand loosened its hold from the helm, which awoke me. I have slept more than six hours. Go you now to rest."

Eleanor did as she was directed; Sir Réginald threw a heavy boat cloak over her, and she was soon in a deep slumber; but the same dream came not back to her, though she wooed it from curiosity, to see how it would end. They continued their journey all night without further accident, and toward morning found the wind so slight, as to send the boat along at a pace which, however pleasant and agreeable, as far as sensation was concerned, did not at all satisfy their impatience. The sun rose hot and bright in an unclouded sky, promising a lovely tropical day. The fugitives breakfasted with appetite, after giving some bread and water to the negro, who remained in sullen silence. He ate what was given him, and Sir Réginald fed him with his own hand, but he made no observations or remark.

"What has made you suspect Josh?" said Eleanor in a low tone when Sir Réginald returned to her side.

"I have more than suspicion. I know the fellow's eye well; he cannot deceive me; I have studied his character and countenance too much for that."

"You know best," replied Eleanor, who, like most women, had a kind of blind confidence in the words of the man she loved. "But what a glorious day! It is quite cheering to see the sun peer forth after so long an absence."

"It is a glorious day. But, Eleanor, I must warn you. The sun is rising far too hotly, and in too cloudless a sky, not to be followed by a calm. I fear we shall have to row under this terrific heat. If the wind continues, the broiling rays may be tempered by the breeze, but I like not the look of the heavens!"

"And yonder dark mass before us: is not that a cloud?"

"Ha! how sharp are your dear eyes! That is land, and land I know well. Let the breeze but last two hours, and we can take shelter on the Mona Island. There, too, is Porto-Rico rising before us."

"Then our dangers are nearly over?"

"I know not; we have passed through so much, that we may have to pass through more before we reach the goal we seek. But eat on, dearest; nothing keeps up courage and hope like wholesome food."

Eleanor did as she was directed, the soldier-sailor setting her a good example. Meanwhile the breeze continued, and even slightly freshened, which was hailed as a good sign, and the land became more distinct every quarter of an hour. Presently, instead of gazing on a dark mass like a cloud, they could clearly distinguish the trees and the green tropical vegetation of Porto-Rico—one of the loveliest sights which man ever gazed at from the sea—the hue of the land is so rich, the verdure so deep in its tints, and then spreads itself upward unchanged to the summit of the hilly coast from the very edge of the water. But the sun grew scorchingly hot, and Reginald was compelled to make a small awning for Eleanor, who began to suffer severely from the unusual heat and exposure. The rays of the great luminary fell almost perpendicularly on their heads; the air grew sultry and close, and the only relief to the weary eye was the sight of distant vegetation. About one hour after mid-day the boat, however, touched land, and Sir Reginald drew it under the cover of the trees, which on Mona Island grow down to the very edge of the water. A small cove, or rather creek, had been selected by him, which he well knew, and here it was determined to pass the hours during which the heat of the sun was too oppressive. Eleanor lay still in the boat under her awning, and carefully shaded by thick trees. Her lover, however, after well arming himself, began to make his way through the tangled and almost impenetrable wood. The journey was difficult. Up the hill sides the trees grew close together, while many lay rolling on his path, still further impeded by bushes and huge parasitical plants. Patience, however, and time brought him to the summit of the island.

He ascended a lofty tree, and looked around. The scene was lovely indeed, but he saw it not; for a few hundred feet off the opposite side of the small island to where they had landed was the *Lone Star* beating to windward, as if in search of the boat. Sir Reginald had his own private flag with him. He kept it by him to the last, intending to destroy it if he fell into the power of the Spaniards; a contingency now, however, of very unlikely occurrence. He fastened it to a long bough, and waved it aloft. It was not noticed at first; he waved it again, raising it as high above the tree as possible, at the same time discharging his pistols. A flag flew to the peak of the *Lone Star*, a gun was fired, and a loud shout was heard, and he knew that they were seen. Again he waved his flag; but this time pointing to where lay the boat. The schooner eased off her sheets, and headed for the extreme eastern point of the island. Satisfied with this sign of intelligence, the delighted man descended from his post, and hurried down toward Eleanor. He found her sleeping soundly on the boat, the sweet sleep of innocence and fatigue. Without caring for the heat or sun, he pushed out, set his sail, and stood clear of the land. He had scarcely gone two hundred yards round a projecting point, when

he saw his faithful vessel come in sight, and ten minutes later they were alongside.

XI.—THE END.

The crew of the *Lone Star*, and the relic of the devoted band that had sailed from Bristol in the *Royal Charley*, were all ranged along the deck, and were uproarious in their demonstrations of satisfaction. The freebooter and Eleanor were received with the delight one experiences at finding dear friends still living whom he had supposed to be dead. So great was the joy felt and manifested by all, save Henry Postans, who, however, was simply silent, that the negro's state was scarcely noticed. Presently, however, one of the passengers asked, "What has Josh been doing?"

"Ah, I had forgotten," said Sir Reginald, who with Eleanor was still on deck: "Mr. Postans, look here, sir. Know you of any property belonging to your uncle which lay in his cabin?"

"There was a large sum of money in gold, which I searched for when we returned to the vessel, and which I found not," replied the young man in a hollow tone.

"Behold, then, the murderer of your father, Eleanor!" exclaimed Sir Reginald solemnly. "God knows I never suspected the scoundrel. Mr. Postans, I have a humble and most sincere apology to offer to you for my injurious suspicions. Villain!—wretch! speak, or I will have you hung at the yard-arm in five minutes!"

"What I say?" cried the negro, manifesting all the abject terror of a cowardly assassin.

"Who killed Mr. Bowen?"

"I did, massa. What de debble he talk so loud to Massa Postans of all de money he had in him box?"

Passengers, crew, Mr. Postans, Eleanor, all listened in silent amazement at what they heard.

"But, wretch! could you not have robbed without killing the old man?"

"He wake an' make noise. Josh no fool! Dead man nebber tell what him see! But, Massa Reginald, you no kill Josh? Him berry faithful servant, and tell the truth!"

"I shall not kill you; but you shall be tried at Kingston for murder."

"Oh, massa, they hang me like one dog!"

"And you deserve it."

The crew and passengers gazed with horror on the assassin as he was removed, heavily ironed, to a place in the hold. The doubt and suspicion which had hung over two innocent men was, however, removed, and all felt this to be an intense relief. Eleanor looked, despite her deep sorrow, with a kind smile on both. But she was startled at the expression of her cousin's countenance. He was about to speak.

"Sir Reginald, your apology to me is as nothing to what I have to make to you," said Henry Postans, in a voice of low and deep emotion, which prevented his words from reaching any ears save those of his cousin and the captain of the *Lone Star*. "I knew of course all along my own innocence of that murder; but—and the confession will do me good—I did meditate to slay a man that night; and that man was yourself!"

"Henry!" said Eleanor

"Hear me! Maddened by hate and jealousy, I retired to my bed that night not in my right senses, I believe. My uncle had not shown half the resentment I wished him to feel at your attention to Miss Bowen. I loved her; I had long expected to see her my wife; and then I saw a stranger step in between me and that happiness which I considered I was entitled to: I saw clearly that you were preferred to me, and my brain became maddened! I know not how the ideas came flooding in upon me; but they came, and at last exasperated, drunk with furious jealousy, a knife in my hand, I rose to rush wildly to your bed. But I heard a step in the cabin, and I could distinguish that it was near your door. This gave me an instant's reflection, and I lay down again. Imagine my horror when I, the next morning—an assassin in thought—found that my uncle had been murdered, as I firmly believed, by the very man I had myself doomed. This will explain to you my subsequent gloom and despair."

"But, Henry," said Eleanor kindly, "that was only a silly dream. It is over now. Think no more of it."

"It is over, Eleanor, and so is another dream, silly also, but much more pleasant. But no matter. This generous man has saved all our lives, and nearly perished in the attempt. We can none of us reward him as he deserves; you must show gratitude for us all. If I am not much mistaken, there is only one reward which he would receive, and that is yourself."

"We will talk of that another time," said Eleanor.

"Yes," added Sir Reginald, taking his hand, and pressing it warmly within his own.

"No!" replied Henry Postans firmly. "I am her sole relative and guardian, and I will act. Publicly I have accused you, publicly I retract, and publicly I insist on joining your hands."

"But Henry, dear Henry, hearken to me," said Eleanor speaking hurriedly; "reflect. My poor father is but just dead. I scarcely know Sir Reginald. This is too sudden an engagement—it seems wrong, unnatural, at such a time."

"My dear cousin," continued the young man in an extremely solemn and anxious tone, "will you on your conscience, answer me one question? I implore it, I beg it. Remember, I pray you, what I have suffered, and be generous to me."

"Whatever you ask me, Henry, I will answer," said his lovely cousin, much moved.

"Do you love Sir Reginald?" asked he gravely.

The freebooter stepped back not to hear the reply.

"Stay, Sir Reginald; come hither. You owe me both this kindness, to let me have my way. And now answer me, Eleanor."

"I do," said she in a low tone scarcely audible to the ears of Henry Postans, but clear as a bell to those of her lover. And the young girl fixed her eyes upon the deck, while her cheeks were suffused with crimson.

"Thank you, Eleanor," whispered her cousin quietly. "I wished to hear that word, and I have heard it. And now listen to me. I spoke last unto your kind and good father, and I can now speak in his name. Had he lived, he would have done what I am doing. The instant that I convinced

him you loved the stranger, his only care was that he should be worthy of you. This I can answer for. Captain Montrose, to whom I told all, convinced me of this."

"Thank you," said Sir Reginald.

"My friend, I but do my duty. I calumniated and aspersed your character. I find my mistake, and I own it."

"True courage of noble minds."

"But let us not forget what I ask of you. Eleanor, we are going to a strange place. You must have a protector. A rich heiress, you will be persecuted; and then, dear cousin, reflect that as long as you are free, I shall have hope left me. That would be cruel indeed. But once you are affianced, once you are married, I shall calmly make up my mind to what must be, and be once more your affectionate and attached cousin and friend. Will you refuse me this favour?"

Reginald and Eleanor refused no longer; and Henry Postans, with a grave and solemn air, placed the young lady's hand in that of the ex-freebooter; but, according to his promise, freebooter no more. Everybody was much moved at the sight, though unaware of the painful confession made by Henry Postans; and though the gallant crew of the *Lone Star* foresaw the consequence, they could not forbear a loud and gladsome shout at the sight of the happy countenance of their beloved captain. Josh was, as we have said, put in confinement in the hold; Eleanor had the captain's cabin given up to her, and then all sail was set, and the *Lone Star* once more was on its way. A good breeze, a lovely vessel, and fair winds, soon brought them to their port, which Sir Reginald entered without hesitation. Captain Montrose gave such an account of what they owed to him, that the governor of Jamaica welcomed him most heartily. In those days the brethren of the coast were very differently considered from what pirates are now. Lopez and his gang of regular sea-robbers were given up, with Josh, to the authorities, and ten days later, were all hung together, after a very summary trial. The *Lone Star* then departed. Williams took the command, resigned by his former captain; and the charming little schooner made for Turtle Island, and joined the renowned buccaneers, who were for some time yet to carry on warfare in those seas under the orders of Henry Morgan, Montbar, and others.

Sir Reginald and Lady Woolaston, a year later, returned to England, the former having obtained leave from the government to reside on his paternal estate; and Eleanor saw realized all, and more than all, that had been promised by her dream. She was indeed happy. She had a good and noble husband, who never had any other serious fault than strong political bias and a morbid love of adventure. She in due time became a proud and happy mother, and was beloved to enthusiasm by all around her. Mr. Postans settled in Bristol, and became one of its most powerful and wealthy merchants. Neither he, nor Sir Reginald, nor Eleanor, have ever forgotten the lessons of caution, temper, and patience which they learned on their cruise with the *Royal Charley* and the *Lone Star*.

Some years afterward a lady and gentleman, attended by numerous servants, and accompanied by several children, got out of a rich carriage drawn by four horses at the door of a small inn, the only one in the little

fishing village they had stopped at. The gentleman was distinguished-looking, and the lady beautiful, and both seemed what was far better—supremely happy.

"Upon my word, Sir Reginald," said the voice of a man inside the carriage, "this is a funny place to look for the Dublin packet."

"Do not be in a hurry, my worthy friend," replied the other, speaking to a rubicund and rather portly gentleman, who now also got out of the carriage—"there is a reason for every thing in this world."

"Perhaps, then, sir," said the lady with affected gravity, "you will condescend to give one, and explain all this mystery?"

"And so you no longer like mystery?" observed the gentleman laughing.

"That's a good answer, Sir Reginald," cried the gentleman with the rubicund countenance, "and puts me in mind"——

"Of what, sir?" said the lady pouting.

"Of the shabby way in which Sir Reginald contrived to insure my remaining a bachelor. Never mind, he won't gain a farthing by it. "All my property shall go to that wicked-eyed Henry there," pointing to a boy of five years old.

"Thank you, my dear cousin. And now, Reginald, will you condescend to give me your reason?"

"Why, my dear Lady Woolaston," said her husband smiling, "as we were going to trust ourselves upon salt water again to visit my Irish estates, I thought I would have a yacht of my own instead of going in the Dublin packet. Look!"

Eleanor and Henry Postans followed the direction of his finger. In the small port lay a lovely schooner.

"The *Lone Star*!" cried our delighted Eleanor, recognising the vessel, the flag, and its captain, Williams, who had at the invitation of his ex-commander, brought the vessel to England, and enrolled a picked crew of honest seamen.

"Upon my word," cried Henry Postans, "the man is still hankering after black-mail. But if we must go, better go in that beauty than in the Dublin packet."

And the whole party were in a few minutes more again on the deck of the *Lone Star*; and the lovely vessel bounded on her voyage as if she felt the presence of her old commander.

RELIGION OF THE GREEKS.

THE description of the private and every-day life of the Greeks, which was entered on in a previous Paper, in order to be complete must embrace the system of religious worship prevalent among the Grecian communities. The religion of the Grecian world was characteristic and peculiar; a great part of it seems to have been unborrowed from any other people, and it acquired an undying interest, by furnishing the subjects of those works of art that remain to the admiration of modern ages.

As a people the Greeks were intensely religious. They lived under a strong habitual sense of the supernatural powers, and worshipped them with a various and costly ceremonial; large portions of time were consecrated to holy rites and duties; a religious turn was given to all the events and incidents of life; and there was the greatest jealousy and alarm at any neglect, profanation, or disbelief manifested toward the established divinities. The great progress in the correct and scientific appreciation of the world, made during the historic period of ancient Greece, modified to a very considerable extent the character of the primitive faith, especially among the educated classes; but there was never any disposition to renounce it entirely: in fact to have done so would have been a crime punishable by the civil magistrate.

The class of feelings and motive powers entering into what we denominate religious faith are various, and most of them will have to be alluded to in the course of the present exposition. But we lay it down at the outset as an indisputable fact, that the one constant feeling or attitude of mind lying at the root of religion, under every shape and form, is *submission*, taken in the largest sense of the word. The total sinking and renunciation of self, and the unqualified acquiescence of the mind in whatever is decreed by the supreme powers, is a very simple, but in our judgment a very accurate definition of the religious temper. Self-will, pride, egotism, or whatever other names we employ to designate the stream of action emanating from self, and terminating in self, express the essence of irreligious tendencies. The same turn of mind that disposes people to subordinate their own wills to others in ordinary life enables them also to come under obligations to the powers above. A man may be unwilling for various reasons to recognise the Deity or deities worshipped by his fellows; but if the reluctance proceeds from what is called the state of the heart, it

is explained by the pride or self-will of the temper and disposition. Some men are formed by nature with intense and powerful wills, and their actions in consequence almost wholly proceed from their own individual wishes and resolutions. They will rarely do a thing simply and solely because it is the wish or opinion of some one else, even in working in concert with their fellow-men. They first adopt the resolutions of the others as their own resolutions, and while seeming to comply with a general opinion, they in fact comply with their own individual egotism. It is eminently distasteful to persons having an unusual degree of self-will to act otherwise than according to what they themselves think right and fit. A slavish and subordinate position is to them galling in the extreme, and the feeling of such persons is completely represented by the great impersonation of the class who thought it "better to rule in hell than serve in heaven." At the same time, it is to be understood that what is commonly meant by selfishness, or self-seeking, is not confined to the self-determining temperament.

The disposition opposite to pride and egotistic energy, is a ready, full, and cordial submission to the desires and feelings of others. There is in some people by nature, and in many more by education and foreign influences, a feeling of peculiar delight in acting under, with, or for their fellow-beings; in having no will of their own, and in submerging every wish and desire in the will of some one else. This disposition may be so excessive as to render it painful to act from one's own unborrowed and unsupported resolutions; standing alone in opinion, or in action, feels cold, cheerless, and dreary. Either to follow their own solitary judgment, or to aim at their own solitary well-being, is a great trial to persons of the submissive temperament. Happiness is identified in their view with obeying and consulting other minds. Their selfishness will include objects out of self. The swallowing up of self in relatives, friends, country, or religion, is the highest luxury of existence—the great sweetener of life.

If self-determination be strongly developed in an individual, acts of submission and devotion will always be a great sacrifice; if, on the other hand, natural tenderness, sympathy, and sociability are predominant, a loving and joyful obedience is inevitable. But apart altogether from the consideration of the natural tendencies of individuals, it is an undoubted fact that the submissive temper, whatever its influences on the intellect, is the most productive of happiness, and of a delight that does not waste the frame, but rather refreshes and supports it; while the egotist, wrapped in self, his own adviser, and the sole end of his own being, has a hard and trying part to sustain, and one that is apt to wear out the powers of life. If in a high and commanding position, he can draw other wills into his own, and in this way he can connect himself with his fellows. To associate with submissive wills and followers is the greatest delight that society can afford him; but even this pleasure, great as it is, is inferior in sweetness, and less genial to the human frame, than the pleasure of total and entire submission to a person or a power that can command a willing and cordial acquiescence. It is a misfortune to any one never to have stood alone; but also a greater misfortune to have no experience of the unqualified devotion of heart and soul to some one wiser or worthier than self. Life is a mixture of both situations.

The ease and the delight experienced in the practice of a devoted

submission to other beings depend wholly on the influence that such beings are capable of exercising on the mind in the way of power, fascination, affection, or awe. To have to obey a creature destitute of natural dignity, and possessing no attractions nor qualities to command love or respect, is an intolerable hardship, which can be undergone only through compulsion or a sense of duty. If the natural submissiveness of temper is so great as to make obedience cheerful and pleasant in such repulsive circumstances, the endowment may be a blessing to the individual, but it is a degradation of the mind and character. Human nature would sink to the most grovelling sycophancy and subserviency if it did not possess sufficient self-regard to insist on the presence of commanding and attractive qualities in the objects of its worship and obedience. If we are to submit our own wills to others, we must have a satisfaction in doing so beyond the mere pleasure of submission, otherwise to many minds there would be no satisfaction at all; and this additional gratification arises from the influence of fascination or ascendancy exercised over our minds by the qualities belonging to the beings who call for our devotion. Hence there must be some natural relation of character between the ruler and the willing subject, between the Deity and the entranced worshipper. It behooves us, therefore, to ascertain, in the case of any one religious system, what are the qualities in the objects of worship that constrain, fascinate, and awe the minds and hearts of the people, for we may be sure that no religion is likely to be acceptable to the mass of a community without this condition.

Such being the nature of the religious emotion in general, we must now enter upon the special subject of our Paper, which we shall take up under the following heads:—1. Grecian Deification; 2. Actual Gods of Greece; 3. Ceremonial of Religious Worship; and 4. Religion of Common Life.

GRECIAN 'DEIFICATION.

We must assume, at the outset, that the gods whose worship prevailed in the Grecian world were either the creations of the Grecian mind, or adoptions from other sources, chosen and modified to suit the feelings, tastes, and apprehensions of the general community of worshippers. There is no evidence of any foreign influence at work to impose a creed or a class of deities at variance with the popular mind of Greece; it is therefore to be supposed that the attributes of the gods were in complete harmony with the ruling ideas of the people, and were such as to command their veneration and obedience.

If we ascend to the position of infant humanity, and reflect on the feelings excited by the contemplation of the world without and of the mind within, at a time when all nature was vague, mystic, and inexplicable, we shall have little difficulty in imagining the first beginnings of religious worship, and the earliest objects of veneration. The most general and predominating of the influences which seem to have drawn forth the religious regards of the Greeks were such as the following:—

1. The grand and imposing powers of nature, including all the objects that act on the human mind through the sense of might, terror, fascination, or other subduing emotions. The aspect of immense power, force, or

energy, always tends to put the beholders into a submissive mood, and thus impress upon them the main feature of religious regard. The will and power of the individual man is utterly abashed and confounded in presence of the stormy winds or the ocean billow; and the contemplative mind cannot but feel that a superior and overruling might dwells in the sun, the moon, and the firmament of stars. The germ of religious feeling is found in the first outgoings of the subdued spirit toward these mighty objects. Not only is there an irresistible inducement to bow the head and bend the proud will before the vastness of nature, but there is also a strong feeling of comfort and delight in the exercise. Moreover, the submissive mind readily passes to the conception of the benignity and kindness of the supernatural powers, while the stubborn spirit can count upon nothing but fiery hostility and indignation. Man, feeling himself weak, naked, ignorant, in the midst of a vast and terrible creation, is in general but too glad to acknowledge and feel his weakness and dependence, and to express this feeling in whatever way he is able.

The aspect of *might* and power is thus the foremost of all religious influences. The effect of this is enhanced by every species of danger, or by the additional influence of *terror*, which in the early stages of the world is almost inseparable from the contemplation of nature. Terror is the fruit of uncertainty. If we see a large agency at work, we feel ourselves subdued into deferential feeling by the sight; but if we understand clearly its whole character and the course of its proceeding—if we can tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth—we feel no terror at the movement. But this clear knowledge of the course of the world was impossible in the early ages; no man could tell all the consequences bound up in an eclipse, or assign the causes of an epidemic, and the painful uncertainty as to the larger operations of the world kept up a perpetual susceptibility to fear or terror. But terror is pre-eminently a subduing influence; it can drive the mind of man to the most debilitating prostration; it produces an amount of submission approaching to abjectness, and the loss of all self-reliance and independence of spirit. Hence this, in addition to the natural influence of mere might and majesty, readily explains the submissiveness of tone so early assumed toward the great powers and aspects of the world. The sun, the moon, the stars, the winds, the seas, the mountains, the rivers, have all a naturally subduing influence upon minds susceptible to grandeur and power, and would inevitably induce feelings that could readily take the shape of religious reverence and awe.

There is, over and above the subduing effects of might and terror, an influence of irresistible *fascination* exerted by some objects over the human mind. Probably every one has had experience of some object or other, whether a person or an inanimate thing, which attracted the attention and regards with a power of complete entrancement and fascination; and this effect, although most commonly occurring toward persons, is not unfrequent toward natural objects. Dr. Kitto, in his work on Deafness—a calamity which had befallen himself—informs us that there were two objects that always acted on his mind with a power of fascination so intense that it took an effort to prevent him from regarding them as divinities, (this but for his rational convictions, he would have done with the greatest zest and delight;) these were the moon and a tree. With reference to these

two things, not only could he conceive the facility of their becoming objects of divine worship, but he had a difficulty in conceiving the possibility of resisting their fascination. The worship of the heavenly bodies and the consecration of groves and plantations in minds constituted like his would have been unavoidable.

Much of the fascination that now expends itself in poetic feeling and mere sensuous enjoyment would, in the early ages, form an inducement to that submission of heart and soul which led to the deification of nature. Wordsworth states, that to his mind every thing in nature seemed *clothed with being*, or induced in him a train of thoughts and feelings corresponding to life, activity, and animation, which effects he endeavoured by his poetry to induce on other minds, that thereby the face of the world might become more rich, suggestive, and stirring. Prohibited from attributing actual vitality, and personal functions alike to the grandest and the meanest of material things, the poet now-a-days must do so by conscious fiction; but in times when the actual properties of objects were little known, when a bewildering haze of mystery and terror overspread every thing, and when the minds of men cherished rather than discouraged this mode of looking at creation, a far bolder flight was admissible, and the agreeable fiction might be set forth with all the air of truth and reality.

This leads to a more express consideration of the personifying influence so strong and predominating in the treatment of nature by the early Greeks. It was not enough that the powers and objects of the world should operate on a submissive and religious frame of mind, through the feelings of might, terror, and fascination; to this was added an effort of the worshippers to clothe these powers in a garb derived from their own feelings and fancies. Until men's views are enlarged by the scientific study of nature, their only idea of force is something originating in a person or in an individual will; and whenever any great effort is witnessed, the observer is easily led to imagine some gigantic personality at the bottom of it. The distinction between personal and impersonal power cannot be made by the primitive mind; hence the only possible explanation of the movements and events of the universe is to suppose beings possessed of mind and purpose as the moving agents. But the Greeks, as noticed in our previous Paper, were intensely susceptible to the human presence, and loved to recognise personality in every shape and way. Their creative imagination, working under this stimulus, led them to multiply sentient and active beings in every corner of creation, and without any limits or restraint. To minds less sociable their world would seem to have a redundant population of spirits; there would be no quiet, no solitude, no place for the solitary temperament to enjoy calmness and repose. The heavens, the earth, the seas, mountains and streams, fields and groves, were all alive and instinct with mind; while additional beings were created to tenant the vacuities, and to keep up a busy stir of action and excitement wherever men could go or thought could wander.

Considering, therefore, the religious effect of the great objects of nature on the one hand, and the personifying representation of natural causes on the other, we are not surprised to find among the recognised deities of Greece, Helios, the *Sun*, Sélène, the *Moon*, Oceanus, the *Ocean*, Eolus, the *Wind*, Eos, the *Morning*, Nyx, *Night*, Uranos, the *Heaven*, or outspread

firmament, *Gæa*, the *Earth*. Mountains and rivers were consecrated objects full of an imaginary population, but were not expressly deified by the Greeks, as among many other nations. The Greeks also stopped short of the worship of animals, which prevailed in Egypt and elsewhere, and may be taken as an indication of very low tastes on the part of the worshippers. Some animals, by their aspect or their peculiar and inexplicable gifts, may have a fascinating effect upon human beings, and may inspire lively terror and awe; but to raise them to the rank of divine personages, and make them peers of the august objects of nature, is a proof of a defective sensibility to true grandeur.

One step further is required to convert personified natural powers into deities. The full conception of a divine being implies a special regard for the worshipper, which may be acted on by prayers, sacrifices, and general conduct. Besides being awed into reverential feeling by the moon or the sun riding in majesty in the sky, there must be a belief that these beings have a personal relation to mortal men, exercising toward them favourable or unfavourable feelings, requiring their homage and influencing their destinies. To pass to this conception is a very great stride—an adventurous leap of imagination. Some nations would appear to have stopped completely short of it, as in the case of the Chinese followers of Confucius. But it was a step most decidedly taken by the leaders of Grecian thought; for we find that the people had completely realized this close personal relation between themselves and their deities. They had no hesitation in praying to *Eolus* for a favourable wind, or to any other god for favours supposed to lie in his department. At the same time it would appear that the gods above enumerated, as exemplifying the personification of nature, were not the most usual objects of worship and personal hopes and fears. The actual remoteness and august isolation of the sun, moon, and firmament prevented them from being so closely involved in the feelings of every-day life as was the case with deities of a different origin.

2. The supposed *causes* of a great natural phenomena came to be erected into an order of deities. The parts of creation where production and change are ever at work may be considered as acting on the mind somewhat differently from the great, imposing, and unchangeable objects of nature. Thus the powers of vegetation are something distinct from the vegetable world, and are explained by some great personation. The mere fruits of the earth have no imposing aspect, although of the deepest practical interest; but the influence that continually brings them forth is something mystic and sublime. A deity yielding corn, or a personification of mother earth, to explain to the mind the vast and wonderful phenomena of vegetation, to hear the prayers of the sower, and receive the gratitude of the reaper, may be considered as one of the most inevitable creations of polytheism: and we are therefore led to anticipate the belief in *Démêtêr*, the Great Mother, or *Ceres*, as a deity in the closest relation with the human kind. The step from the personification of the genius of Agriculture to the belief in the existence of strong personal regards between the tillers of the ground and the power that could fulfil or blast their hopes, is not great, and might be made by the rudest as well as the most imaginative minds. The wine-god may also be reckoned as the natural parallel of the corn-god, and as equally the object of devotion and worship.

3. The more prominent and striking of the mental manifestations are apt to be explained by personified causes. We have said already that volition, or free will, is the type of all force and energy to the early mind; this needs no explanation of itself, and it serves to explain all else. But such a feeling as love, being an effect not rising out of the free will of the individual, is not explained by this as its cause. This emotion seems to have a mystic and unaccountable origin, and the only supposition that can be made is, that some foreign will has the power to suggest it. Hence a deity of love has a place in all mythologies. So the wonderful powers of the human intellect may naturally seem to have an extra-human origin; and we may hence derive a personification of memory, of dreaming, and the like; and we see how, in fact, all human capacity came to be ascribed to the Muses.

4. The mysterious and affecting incidents of human life are likely occasions for introducing superior powers. The terrible fact of *death* cannot easily come to be looked upon as the mere natural issue of life: it is an infliction, a stroke, directed by some being whose purposes and thoughts are as gloomy as the fact itself. It is difficult for the mind to avoid personifying this agency; the experience of a violent death, or of the destruction of one human being by another, suggests the intervention of some unseen hand, even in the ordinary decay of nature; and the deity who holds the thread of life in his power has a more than usual influence in producing a submissive and reverential temper. Next to the mystery and dread majesty of death is the great fact of *birth*, which is sufficiently impressive to need a presiding deity.

5. There is a class of deities evidently created for the sake of relationship to the personification of the actual objects and powers of nature. If, as in the case of the Greek mythology, the human peculiarities are fully extended to the gods, these will require habitations, society, relationships, genealogies, and adventures. Hence we have deities that have almost exclusively a relative function. Thus Hêrê, or Juno, owes her position to being the wife of Jupiter, or Zeus, and the mother of a divine offspring. Zeus himself, in addition to various special functions, is the king and head of the gods. The Greek mind had no feeling of elevated spirituality attached to deity; sexual love and procreation, according to the human type, were not thought incompatible with the dignity of a divine nature as such, although some of the goddesses had, as their peculiar attributes, the absence of sexual propensity.

As the gods came to be all arranged in a great genealogical tree, it happened that there were some of them who had scarcely any position besides the genealogical one. There does not appear to have been any regular worship paid to Chaos, Uranos, or Gêa, but all of them were involved in the ancestry of the present gods. So the Titans were a race of beings scarcely commanding any actual worship, although holding a conspicuous place in the history of divine transactions and affairs. Their origin seems referable partly to the suggestive influences of the great forces of nature in such phenomena as earthquakes, the upheavings of mountains, and the imaginary supports of heaven and earth, and partly to the desire of creating personages to bear a part, and serve as a sort of antithesis, in the doings and adventures of the other gods. The process

of deification never proceeded upon any one uniform idea: it was a mixture of every kind of suggestions—theories of nature and creation, human actions and relations, social necessities and poetic interest. Hence it is impossible to explain the total mythology by any single motive or intention on the part of its framers.

6. Heroic personages exalted to a comparison with the divine standard. The original type of divinity must ever be the personified powers of the world and of human life brought into close relation with mankind. Nothing less than beings of the highest conceivable order of greatness could originally command the worship and adoration of men, or so fill their minds with large and elevating contemplations as to provide the high spiritual satisfaction that is essential to religious worship. But the great primary objects of submissive veneration may enable an inferior class of beings to be brought up to the divine level. No human being, however august and commanding, would be capable of producing in the minds of other human beings the intense homage of the genuine religious sentiment; but when a superior class of powers has once evoked the feeling, there is no difficulty in transferring it to the inferior type.

The Greeks were highly susceptible to every kind of human excellence. Bodily strength, mechanical skill, passive endurance, beauty of form, and all the qualities of mind that can render their possessor useful or ornamental, were keenly felt and intensely admired. A superior human being receives homage in every society of men, but nowhere has the admiration of bodily and mental greatness been carried so far as in the Grecian world. The step from ordinary reverence to divine honours was therefore not so great as we should be apt to suppose. Hence it necessarily happened that individual men, exercising high qualities in a commanding position, came, on their decease, to be exaggerated into divinities, and worshipped with the rites appropriated to the supreme powers of creation. We have no means of asserting that the great gods and goddesses of Olympus—Zeus, Apollo, Poseidôn, Arês (Mars), Athênê, and the rest—were exaggerated human beings; but we can see this process of the heroic worship in operation in the inferior personages of the mythology. In every god whatsoever, there was a coalescence of the might and grandeur of nature with human attributes; but in the individual cases there is often no means of deciding whether a natural power was personified or a human being elevated to a supremacy in creation. We may guess from the character of a deity which of the two origins was the most likely, according as the dominion over nature or the human attributes preponderate; but even this is rendered precarious by the tendency to make perpetual additions to the functions of a god once acknowledged.

7. We require to make special allusion to the feeling of ancestry, which played a high part in Grecian religion. The pride of birth, the mystic and intense respect toward departed ancestors, were peculiarly strong in the general mind. So powerful was this tendency to look back with reverence to antiquity and ancestry, that a species of ceremonial worship of the past would in all probability have been developed, although no other objects whatever had opened the fountains of religious veneration. Such a state of things seems realized in China, where solemn rites are observed toward progenitors by those classes of the community who recognise no

supernatural agencies or divine Providence. The fascination exercised by the *past* over the Greek mind is seen in the extraordinary mass of legendary matter afloat from the earliest ages, in the rise of historical composition, and in the antiquarian dilettantism of the later times. So intense was the feeling of pedigree, that every Grecian tribe and clan had their line of ancestry distinctly detailed, commencing with a divine head, and terminating in the living generation; and this divine head of the family or race was a constant and primary object of worship. Whether the deities possessing establishments and receiving worship in any one locality were many or few, the divine or heroic founder and progenitor of the population was sure of a conspicuous place and a large share of attention. Worship and ancestry were inseparably connected in Grecian ideas; and both these were allied with the possession of the soil, or the right of property in the land. The inhabitants of each place considered that the domiciliation of the gods along with them was their charter of occupation. The land had been originally allocated or acquired by some god or hero, from whom they themselves could trace a clear descent; and so long as the god was duly revered and worshipped, nothing would disturb their title or possession; but if they neglected the proper rites, or allowed any sacrilege to be committed, their footing as proprietors was endangered. It was also considered that the extinction, or accidental banishment, of a tribe or a family from their ancestral soil was a real calamity, by depriving their divine ancestor of the worship of his own offspring on their common land.

We have thus two very powerful motives tending in the Greek mind to bring about a worship of actual *persons*, and not merely of *personifications*—namely, the feeling of ancestry, and the feeling of property in land. The supposed founder of a family, and the donor of the family possessions, drew forth an intensity of veneration and regard that would of itself have given birth to all the ceremonial of a complicated and costly worship. The deities thus arising became related by fictitious connections of birth and history with deities suggested by other motives; so that it may not be easy to point out instances of each different kind of origin. There can be no doubt, however, as to the existence and operation of all the various originating influences above enumerated.

8. The divinities receiving actual worship were but a very small fraction of the whole multitude of supernatural creations familiar to the Greek mind. The imagination once set to work in the region of the superhuman produced a great number of beings that entered more or less into the celestial organization, and contributed to the endless mass of fictions and romantic incident that made up the intellectual entertainment of the people. The satyrs, fauns, nymphs, and nereids, the gorgons and harpies, were all brought into relation with the supreme gods, either by birth, or in the various transactions and adventures of divine personages. It is impossible to point out the men whose creative fancy first presented those figures to the popular mind; but we may readily understand that to people accustomed to run wild in their conceptions of nature, whose intellectual life was more of a delirium than of a cool experience and observation, who did not care for a fact of any kind unless it could be sung and danced to, who were, in fact, as far as pure knowledge went, romantic day-dreamers—these monstrosities were all perfectly natural and in good keeping.

ACTUAL GODS OF GREECE.

These remarks on the influences at work in suggesting the divine agencies recognised in the Grecian world, will pave the way for a brief enumeration of the principal deities entering into the established religion of the people. Although the supernatural personages familiar to the popular imagination through poets and bards were very numerous, the deities located in temples, and commanding the worship of entire populations, were very few; and of these few a still smaller number had a very great superiority in point of diffused recognition. In the immense mass of names presented by the mythology, we must, in order to avoid perplexity and confusion, call attention to a select few who enjoyed very nearly a monopoly of the national worship, and thus stand distinguished from those peculiar to separate localities, as well as from a host of others familiar to the imagination of the people through their literature, but not enthroned in their temples or worshipped at their festivals.

The ancients themselves made a distinction between the greater and the lesser gods. The number of the greater was twelve, evidently chosen as a round number, for it did not include all the first-class deities, the great name of Dionysus or Bacchus not being contained in the list. The twelve great gods and goddesses of Olympus were—Zeus, Poseidôn (Neptune,) Apollo, Arês (Mars,) Hephaestos (Vulcan,) Hermês (Mercury,) Hêrê (Juno,) Athênê (Minerva,) Artemis (Diana,) Aphroditê (Venus,) Hestia (Vesta,) Dêmêtêr (Ceres.) For every one of these a temple of worship existed in some one or more localities; they had all patronising positions toward some particular states, provinces, or tribes, or some special functions toward human society in general. A poor tribe or a single-minded people might have only one prominent deity in their ecclesiastical establishment. A rich and intellectual population like Athens would maintain a large plurality of gods in full state and grandeur, and would in consequence console themselves with the idea of a wide and powerful protection.

Zeus (Jupiter).—This deity has the noble function of king or president of the gods in the organized society, and was the literal father of a numerous progeny. His countless amours and intrigues, which shocked the feelings of later times, were necessary, in order to bring into relation with him the vast number of inferior personages who thus derived lustre from the highest celestial dignity. He was also related by fraternity to several of the first-rank deities, and had himself an illustrious descent; but from the nature of his ancestors, who were great natural personifications, by no means rooted in the popular faith, we infer that these were subsequent creations got up to supply him with sufficiently august progenitors. His father was Kronos, and by him he was directly related to the primitive deities Chaos, Gêa, and Uranos, who are evidently cosmogonical personifications belonging to a later age than their kingly descendant.

If we separate Zeus from his genealogical and social relations with the other divinities, and examine his personal attributes, to which he probably owed his creation, we find them to be very august and momentous. In fact he is the grand protector of human society against lawlessness and wrong; he is the great sanctioner of oaths, and the punisher of per-

jurers; he enforced the ties of hospitality; guarded the family hoard and the realized crop of the year; and granted expiation to the repentant criminal. But at a certain stage of society these would constitute the great functions of a protective power. When human law was weak, the bond of hospitality was one of the grand securities against mutual violence; a solemn oath was the most powerful restraint that could be imposed upon the members of a compact; and the preservation of one's lawful gains was a matter of special difficulty, for which neither individual self-defence nor human authority was always adequate. These, together with the exalted function of pardoning the repentant wrong-doer, made up the sum-total of the social necessities of a people: they showed where human power was deficient, and where superhuman interference was called for. The inventors of Jove's supremacy were led to invoke a superior might precisely at those points where human might was at fault. Believing that there must be redress somewhere—a faith that has always clung to human nature—they sought it in the Thunderer of the skies, whom they invested with the attributes demanded by their condition. Thus arose the great redresser of wrongs, the remedial god, the fountain of justice, the friend of the oppressed. With an eye to the dread powers of nature on the one hand, and the stern necessities of human society on the other, a deity was fashioned omnipotent in his functions, as became the wielder of nature's might, and beneficent in his operations in the painful and distracted world of mortals. It is not unlikely that the people whose intellect and necessities gave birth to this lofty creation were at the time satisfied with him as their one god, supreme and all-sufficient for their protection and the religious regards. We are not to suppose that a plurality of gods spontaneously arose at the same epoch from one national mind. Polytheism must be the fruit partly of a prolonged study of nature and life under various aspects, and partly of the different points of view of distinct minds working each in its own independent sphere.

Apollo.—"The worship of Apollo," says Mr. Grote, "is among the most ancient, capital, and strongly-marked facts of the Grecian world, and widely diffused over every branch of the race. It is older than the *Iliad* or *Odyssey*; in the latter of which both Pytho and Dêlos are noted, though Dêlos is not named in the former. But the ancient Apollo is different in more respects than one from the Apollo of later times. He is in an especial manner the god of the Trojans—unfriendly to the Greeks, and especially to Achilles; he has, moreover, only two primary attributes—his bow, and his prophetic powers; without any distinct connection either with the harp, or with medicine, or with the sun, all which in later times he came to comprehend. He is not only, as Apollo Karneius, the chief god of the Doric race, but also (under the surname of Patrôus) the great protecting divinity of the Gentile tie among the Ionians; he is, moreover, the guide and stimulus to Greek colonization, scarcely any colony being ever sent out without encouragement and direction from the oracle at Delphi: Apollo Archagetês is one of his great surnames. His temple lends sanctity to the meetings of the Amphiktyonic assembly, and he is always in filial subordination and harmony with his father Zeus: Delphi and Olympia are never found in conflict. . . Besides the Delphian Temple, Apollo had numerous shrines throughout Greece, and oracles at Abæ in Phôkia, on Mount

Piton, at Tegyra in Boeotia, where he was said to have been born, at Branchidæ near Miletus, at Klarus in Asia Minor, and at Patara in Lykia."

From the two attributes specified by Mr. Grote as attaching to the ancient and primitive Apollo—the bow, and the gift of prophetic prediction and warning, which last he exercised through his oracles—we can trace in a very decided way the deification of great, imposing, and valuable human attributes considered in reference to the time. The bow was the soldierly weapon—especially a soldier who strikes from a distance, and is himself often unseen—and the prince of bowmen was the first of heroes and protectors. The oracular gift was the most remarkable form of spiritual guidance or practical wisdom; and the two attributes together make a being of conjoined physical and mental ascendancy. We must attribute the origination of Apollo to a totally different soil from the creation of Zeus, perhaps to a still more primitive condition of things. Like every other god springing out of the popular imagination, he exhibits the qualities most necessary to the people, and most suited to their tastes—a combination of the useful and the imposing. The progress of the national mind gives him other attributes supposed to be naturally allied to his original character, and calculated to swell out to larger dimensions his physical and intellectual ascendancy. He was in all probability for a long time the sole divinity of a number of Grecian communities, who adapted all their ceremonial to his character, and considered themselves adequately protected and guided by his exclusive presence. He had a set form of worship, which was marked by a quiet, stately solemnity of manner and style. The education of the youthful Spartan included a careful discipline in the song and dance belonging to the divine service of their Apollo. His most renowned temples were those at Delphi and Delos. At Delphi, his oracle was consulted from all parts of Greece, and from foreign countries. The barren rock of the island of Delos in the Ægean Sea was the favoured seat of the god, where "the Ionians, with their wives and children, and all their 'bravery,' congregated periodically from their different cities to glorify him. Dance and song and athletic contests adorned the solemnity; and the countless ships, wealth, and grace of the multitudinous Ionians had the air of an assembly of the gods. The Delian maidens, servants of Apollo, sang hymns to the glory of the god, as well as of Artemis and Lêtô, (who were mixed up with him in the local legends,) intermingled with adventures of foregone men and women, to the delight of the listening crowd. The blind itinerant bard of Chios, (composer of the Homeric hymn, and confounded in antiquity with the author of the 'Iliad') had found honour and acceptance at this festival, and commends himself in a touching farewell strain to the remembrance and sympathy of the Delian maidens."

The great Pythian games or festival, one of the national gatherings of all Greece, were associated with the worship of Apollo; and the earliest subject of competition was the singing of a hymn in honour of the god. Prizes at the festivals formed all along one of the great stimulants to poetic excellence; a great number of the highest compositions of antiquity were produced under the spur of public competitions for honours and rewards. The whole of the dramatic poetry arose in this way, in connection with the worship of Dionysus, and a great proportion of the lyrical poetry had the same origin.

Poseidôn, (Neptune.)—The characteristic attribute of this god, his rule over the sea, attests his origin from a personification of natural power connecting itself with human wellbeing through the medium of the watery element, on which a seafaring people had so large a stake. He is the sailors' god; and in a country like Greece, where there was much traffic by sea, he would necessarily acquire great importance and a wide diffusion. The island of Kalauria is his principal seat: he was also solemnly worshipped at the isthmus of Corinth, where there was an immense traffic by sea; and in various other places. A legendary contest took place between him and Athênê for the patronship of Athens, but in this he was worsted. The legendary stories, abounding respecting all the deities, set forth many adventures of Poseidôn, including a compulsory servitude by command of Zeus under Laomedon, king of Troy, which was a means of bringing him into action in the great Trojan war, where deities bore an essential part in the protracted struggle.

Hephaestos, (Vulcan,) the God of Fire, Metallurgy, and the Mechanical Arts.—This, like Apollo, is an obvious personification or exaltation of important human capabilities. Hephaestos was not a deity of the first rank himself, but had his functions brought into play in the ingoings of the other gods. The popular mind took great delight in listening to the stories of his skill, and it pleased their fancy at the same time to conceive of him as lame and deformed. In conjunction with Prometheus and Athênê he was worshipped at the village of Kolônus near Athens, but the island of Lemnos was his favourite residence.

Hermês, (Mercury.)—"The knavish, smooth-tongued, keen, and acquisitive Hermês," the messenger of the gods and the inventor of the lyre, acquired a great hold on the Grecian mind, not as an object of temple worship and protective might, so much as an interesting romantic personage. In the tales and romances of all ages a cunning, skilful, unscrupulous character, constantly outwitting everybody else by ingenuity and deep-laid schemes, is always popular; and the relish of the Greeks for such a character was extreme. Hence the great abundance of stories where Hermês was brought on the stage, and the large place that he bore in the recollections of the community. We must therefore look upon him as an interesting and romantic fiction, and as occupying a post that could not well be spared in the active ongoing and transactions of the divine society.

Arês, (Mars,) the War-God.—The worship of Arês or Mars was far more extensive in the Roman world than in Greece. The celebrated Areopagus at Athens was his most conspicuous seat in the Grecian territory. He was made a son of Jupiter by his wife Hêrê, and had a position in divine story.

Athênâ, (Minerva.)—This goddess is everlastingly identified with the great capital of Greece, and with the Parthenon, whose ruins still adorn the Athenian acropolis. The establishment of her worship as predominant at Athens goes far back beyond the dawn of history or credible tradition, and is represented only by the legends of poetical fancy, whose authors found the thing as a fact, and contrived an explanation of it from their own brains. The type of character deified in Athênê is very remarkable, and presents a combination more poetical or romantic than practically useful in the affairs of the world. She is the type of composed, majestic,

and unrelenting force, clothed in military array; and combines this powerful ascendancy with a temperament impassive to sensual love. A manly woman was a character that had great charms for Greek taste and feeling: the legends of the Amazons, so extensively disseminated, and actually believed in, were addressed to the same kind of taste. There never was presented in actual history any such combination as was fabled in the Amazons, and deified in Pallas Athênê: in their case the wish was the father of the thought. The fiction seemed to have irresistible fascination with the Greeks, for down to a very late period the belief in the existence of the Amazons, and of their having borne a place in early Grecian transactions, continued unshaken and unaccountable. Athênê must be looked upon as a pre-eminently theatrical personage; it pleased the people to imagine and believe in the divine exaltation of such attributes, and they worshipped and trusted her accordingly. In what circumstances the creation arose, no one can tell; we must be content with noting its widespread and warm reception by the natural likings of the people.

Aphroditê, (Venus,) the Goddess of Love.—The inspiring agency or cause of the emotion of sexual love was sure to receive divine exaltation in an age when the human passions were referred to the suggestions of extraneous powers. An influence so universal, powerful, and fascinating, and so apt to produce entire unqualified devotion of self, and to render submission the highest happiness of the individual, could hardly fail to be looked upon as commanding and divine, and not unworthy of comparison with the deified powers of creation. The goddess *Aphroditê*, in the conception of the ancient Homeric hymn sung at her festivals, is described as “herself cold and unimpressible, but ever active and irresistible in inspiring amorous feelings to gods, men, and animals.” She was worshipped in the island of Cyprus with special devotion; but her temple worship was only a small part of her connection with the popular mind of Greece. In legend and literature she “was one of the most important of all the goddesses of the mythical world; for the number of interesting, pathetic, and tragical adventures deducible from misplaced or unhappy passion was of course very great, and in most of these cases the intervention of *Aphroditê* was usually prefixed, with some legend to explain why she manifested herself.”

Artemis, (Diana,) the Huntress.—This goddess seems to have been especially worshipped in Arcadia, and mountain solitudes were considered her favourite resort. In these she was worshipped often with dances approaching to Bacchanalian frenzy. Her type is a manly virgin, devoted to the chase, and she has a certain degree of parallelism with the armed Athênê. Her worship at Ephesus is world-renowned, and from this place she passed to the two other states of Phokæa and Miletus; but in all these localities her primitive character of a virgin huntress was mixed up with Asiatic ideas assimilating her with the Lydian *Dêmêtêr*, whom we shall have to notice presently. Like other deities, she had no doubt a local origin, and had her character determined by the circumstances of her creators, who would probably be either given to hunting as a mode of livelihood, or specially charmed with it as a pursuit. It does not always happen that people deify something in their actual condition; on the contrary, they are more apt to be fascinated with some object beyond their grasp, and known only in imagination. Hence we cannot be certain whether a received object of

divine worship had been originally an echo of daily life and familiar experience, or merely the longings of a day-dream.

Hestia, (*Vesta*.) the Goddess of the Family Hearth.—This goddess, “chaste, still, and home-keeping,” represents to us the ideal of the angel and protectress of the fireside. All the associations and emotions that were wound up in the home circle went to body forth a divine personage, who might receive the homage and acknowledgments of the members of families. Whatever the Greeks might be in real life, they were extremely elevated in many of their ideal conceptions, and in the pictures and embodiments that they have transmitted to posterity; and the creation of *Hestia* may be taken as an evidence of the existence of sentiment in reference to the family circle, at least in their poetry and romance.

Dēmêtêr, (*Ceres*.) the Great Mother: the Goddess of the Corn-field.—This deity was the offspring of men’s feelings of awe and reverence toward the author of their daily bread. She was worshipped, with the usual festive rites, by the primitive rural populations, on the two occasions of seed-time and harvest—the harvest-home especially being always a time of rejoicing and hearty cheer.

But the Grecian worship of *Dēmêtêr*, and also of *Dionysus* or *Bacchus*, underwent a very great and important change about the seventh and sixth centuries before Christ, in consequence of the introduction of foreign ideas and practices from Thrace, from Phrygia and Lydia in Asia Minor, and from Egypt, which was first fully opened up to the Greeks about 660 B. C. The remarkable feature of the innovation lay in the forms of divine service, or in the peculiar style of action and music employed in the demonstrative part of the worship. The character of the new rites was noisy, violent, uproarious, and exciting, to such a pitch as to produce a temporary frenzy in the minds of the congregation. Instead of the moderate elation and thrill of a sedate dance and sober tune on the harp or the flute, the Oriental style lashed up the spirits into ecstasy and delirium, like a kind of intoxication, but far more intense than the highest elation of wine. The taste for this extraordinary outburst of nervous excitement and mad delight was originally Asiatic, and seemed congenial to the Asiatic temperament; but it took effect in Greece, and became more or less common, attaching itself more especially to the deities of the corn-field and vineyard. Violence of motion in the dance, the clangour of cymbals, the jingle of the tambourine, and the shrill emphasis of the pipe, were the stimulants for bringing on the desired ecstasy, indulgence in wine being generally superadded. Religious frenzy and mechanical intoxication have always been familiar in the East, but in modern Europe they are very little known, and to some ancient nations (the Scythians, for example) they were even abhorrent: something of the kind seems to accompany the worship of the extreme fanatical sects of America. Probably the enjoyment of the devotees of such a religious ceremonial is intense and extraordinary, in comparison of the most gushing excitements and wildest revelry of ordinary life. Weeks of languor and ennui will have to be endured as the price of one mad night of joy; but there have always been a class that preferred such a mixture of extremes to the even flow of a dull and comparatively joyless existence.

The ecstatic worship of the Great Mother was indigenous in Phrygia and Lydia, and the Greeks, in borrowing it for adoption in the worship of their

own *Démêtêr*, acquired a considerable accession to their music, they having very little musical genius of their own. The occasions of the practice of foreign rites, and the appeal to foreign deities, are said to have been times of national terror and panic, when the routine worship of the established divinities was too tame for the excited state of the public mind. The priests or hierophants of new and strange rites were had recourse to as an extraordinary step, and would no doubt hold out hopes of benefit from their peculiar religious systems. Thus the introduction of a system very little in keeping with the native mind and spontaneous feelings of the Grecian population gradually took place, and the establishments of the deities, worshipped on the foreign model with maddening rites, acquired a footing of equal respect and attention with the immemorial temples and consecrated localities of Zeus, *Athênê*, and Apollo. The following sentences from Mr. Grote are a more faithful expression of the facts now alluded to than can be given in any words of ours:—

“The names of Orpheus and Musæus (as well as of Pythagoras, looking at one side of his character) represent facts of importance in the history of the Grecian mind: the gradual influx of Thracian, Phrygian, and Egyptian religious ceremonies and feelings, and the increasing diffusion of special mysteries, schemes for religious purification, and orgies (I venture to anglicise the Greek word, which contains in its original meaning no implication of the excess to which it was afterward diverted) in honour of some particular god—distinct both from the public solemnities and from the Gentile (or family) solemnities of primitive Greece—celebrated apart from the citizens generally, and approachable only through a certain course of preparation and initiation, sometimes even forbidden to be talked of in the presence of the uninitiated, under the severest threats of divine judgment. Occasionally such voluntary combinations assumed the form of permanent brotherhoods, bound together by periodical solemnities as well as by vows of an ascetic character; thus the Orphic life (as it was called), or regulation of the Orphic brotherhood, among other injunctions partly arbitrary and partly abstinent, forbade animal food universally, and on certain occasions the use of woollen clothing!”

The worship of *Démêtêr* at Eleusis, near Athens, and at Samothrace, was celebrated in the form of “mysteries” (which we shall afterward more specially allude to), and a long legendary explanation of the origin of the Eleusinian establishment was current at the temple, bodying forth the character and pathetic history of the goddess and of her daughter *Persephînê*, on whose account she had been tried with the severest sufferings, and stood forth as the *Mater Dolorosa* of the Grecian world. These two personages, called the Mother and Daughter by pre-eminence, furnished in their sad but finally triumphant history an interesting and pathetic subject to the national mind; but in the mysteries, where it was acted over, a degree of horror and exaggeration seems to have been thrown into it, such as could not have been endured in a published recital.

Dionysus, (*Bacchus*), the God of the Vineyard.—The primitive worship of *Dionysus* was associated with the festivals at the vintage and at the opening of the new wine—this last occasion being a period of unusual joviality. We have in the deification and worship of this god a combination of awe toward the mysterious power that year after year sustains the fertility of

the vineyard, of the excitement of wine itself, and of the marked love of festivity and demonstration inherent in the mental constitution of the Greek. Like the early worship of *Démêtêr*, the Dionysiac festival was essentially rural in its origin, although afterward it was wrought up into one of the most exciting entertainments of city life.

It has been stated above that the foreign orgies and ecstatic and special rites of the seventh and tenth centuries B.C. attached themselves to *Dionysus* as well as to *Démêtêr*. We must again quote from Mr. Grote as to the altered character of the worship of the wine god:—"The god *Dionysus*, whom the legends described as clothed in feminine attire, and leading a troop of frenzied women, inspired a temporary ecstasy, and those who resisted the inspiration, being supposed to disobey his will, were punished either by particular judgments or by mental terrors, while those who gave full loose to the feeling, in the appropriate season and with the received solemnities, satisfied his exigencies, and believed themselves to have procured immunity from such disquietudes for the future. Crowds of women, clothed with fawn skins, and bearing the sanctified thyrsus, flocked to the solitudes of *Parnassus*, or *Kithærôn*, or *Taygetus*, during the consecrated triennial period, passed the night there with torches, and abandoned themselves to demonstrations of frantic excitement, with dancing and clamorous invocation of the god; they were said to tear animals limb from limb, to devour the raw flesh, and to cut themselves without feeling the wound. The men yielded to a similar impulse by noisy revels in the streets, sounding the cymbals and tambourine, and carrying the image of the god in procession. It deserves to be remarked that the Athenian women never practised these periodical mountain excursions, so common among the rest of the Greeks; they had their feminine solemnities of the *Thesmophoria*, (in honour of *Démêtêr*,) mournful in their character, and accompanied with fasting—and their separate congregations at the temples of *Aphroditê*, but without any extreme or unseemly demonstrations. The state festival of the *Dionysia*, in the city of Athens, was celebrated with dramatic entertainments; and the once rich harvest of Athenian tragedy and comedy was thrown up under its auspices."

We have thus passed in review the chief members of the divine fraternity that received actual worship in first-rate temple establishments. The goddess *Hêrê* we have alluded to as having almost exclusively a relative position as the wife of *Zeus*; she nevertheless, had an indispensable station in mythical story, and was the patron goddess of the once wealthy town of *Mykênæ*—her temple, the *Heræon*, between *Mykênæ* and *Argos*, was ancient and renowned. In her marital relation to *Zeus*, she is the personification of jealousy in its most rancorous form, and a vast amount of incident and adventure is put in motion by this characteristic of hers.

With the exception of *Dionysus*, all the foregoing deities were included among the twelve great gods of *Olympus*. Among the lesser gods, many of whom never got the footing of actual worship, were *Helios* (the Sun;) *Sêlêne* (the Moon;) *Eos* (the Morning;) *Hadês*, the nether world of departed spirits; *Themis*, Justice or Law; *Harmonia*; the Charities or Graces; the Muses; the *Mœræ* or Fates; *Nemesis*, Retribution; the *Eileithyïæ*, who presided over childbirth; *Oceanus* and *Nereus*; and their numerous offspring, the *Nymphs*, *Nereids*, &c.

There were certain personifications, that were little more than names of attributes or natural facts—such as Thanatos, death; Hypnos, sleep; Atā, reckless impulse; Eris, contention; &c. The employment of personality in these cases was little more than a poetical or rhetorical strengthening of the ideas, such as is done in the compositions of all ages.

The monstrous combinations, the offspring of the gods, and involved in the battles, adventures, and incidents of the mythical world, were such as the Harpies, the Gorgons, the Grææ Chrysaor, Pegasus, Chrysair, Echidna, Chimæra, the Dragon of the Hesperides, Cerberus, the Lernean Hydra, the Nemeæan Lion, Scylla, and Charybdis, the Centaurs, the Sphinx, &c.

From gods the Grecian mythology descends to heroes and men. A genealogical line, in the case of every locality and tribe, connects the living generation with a divine origin; and in the line of pedigree there occur all the great and renowned heroes belonging to the traditions of the locality or race. Not only were there heroic legends, there was also an heroic worship. The celebrated and ubiquitous Herakles, or Hercules, had chapels or enclosures consecrated to him all over Greece; "a being," says the high authority already quoted, "of irresistible force, and especially beloved by Zeus, yet condemned constantly to labour for others, and to obey the commands of a worthless and cowardly persecutor. His recompense is reserved to the end of his career, when his afflicting trials are brought to a close; he is then admitted to the godhead, and receives in marriage Hêbê. The Twelve Labours, as they are called, too notorious to be here detailed, form a very small fraction of the exploits of this mighty being, which filled the Hêrakteian epics of the ancient poets. Distinguished families are everywhere to be traced who bear his patronymic, and glory in the belief that they are his descendants. The Hêrakteids, form among all Dorians a privileged gens, in which, at Sparta, the special lineage of the two kings was included."

It is easy to see the nature of the interest attached in the popular mind to the exploits of Herakles; a character such as his would be universally accounted heroic, and modern chivalry reproduces a type not very dissimilar. A specimen of a more special hero is presented in Asklepius, or Æsculapius, the head of the medical fraternity in Greece, and belonging especially to the Arkadians, who reckoned him among their heroic progenitors. He was worshipped with very great solemnity at Trikkā, at Kos, at Knidus, and in many different parts of Greece, but especially at Epidaurus. The celebrated physicians of Greece, such as Hippocrates, were accounted his descendants, which could be the more easily admitted inasmuch as physic was a hereditary profession. Sacrifices and prayers were offered up to him in behalf of the sick, his temples were in fact hospitals, and their walls were hung round with votive tablets recording the maladies and treatment of persons who had been restored to health by resorting to them; these tablets being consulted as records of experience in the healing art.

The Athenians, among their numerous temples, had several dedicated to the heroes of their early traditions. The great names of Theseus and Erechtheus were kept in eternal recollection by this means.

Hero-worship is in all times a favourite outgoing of human sentiment and regard. When a great character has shed a benign influence on an age, either by practical benefits or personal fascination, by the exhibition

of mental power, or the advancement of human well-being, there arises a response of admiration and reverence wherever the influence is felt; and so agreeable to human nature is this expression, that the opportunity of calling it forth must be ranked as an addition to the benefits conferred by distinguished worth. The loving admiration of greatness is one of the many occupations that are relied on for giving a current of agreeable interest to the course of human life. Like the worship of the supernatural powers, it also implies the feeling of entranced submission, and eminently assists in maintaining the rank and degrees of human society.

CEREMONIAL OF RELIGIOUS WORSHIP.

The ceremonial modes of worshipping divinity in ancient times were so different from what modern nations are accustomed to, that a great effort is necessary to enable us to picture to ourselves a scene at one of the temples on a festival day, or to imagine the general aspect and bustle of a town or rural population during the seasons of mingled worship and amusement. The killing of a beast in the presence of a congregation of pious worshippers, with all the accompaniments witnessed in a slaughter-house, would form one astounding incident of divine service, difficult to be reconciled with the notions of the present day. The smell of roasting flesh, done to a cinder before the assembled multitude, would fill the temple during three-fourths of the service, while an anthem was sung, accompanied both with instrumental music and a ballet performance by trained dancers. The retiring congregation, instead of dispersing quietly and in a solemn mood to their respective homes, would probably be seen keeping together along the same line of streets toward some public grounds where gymnastic contests were forthwith to commence, and where a host was already assembled in their places to view the boxing, wrestling, racing, and other contests. If the morning hours were passed in the temple, the forenoon would witness such performances as are now-a-days chronicled in "Bell's Life," and the day would be concluded with dinner-parties and deep drinking, the soberest being expected to indulge freely in companies assembled to do honour to the gods.

We shall now endeavour to present a brief description of the principal peculiarities in the worship and ceremonial of the Grecian religion:—

Temples.—The form of a Greek temple of the cultivated ages of Greece is well known through the incessant repetition of it in the public buildings of modern Europe. But such buildings belonged only to a late period of Grecian history. For centuries the sites of religious worship were chiefly sacred enclosures, planted with trees on some spot chosen for convenience, or imposing from its natural aspect. To people with little sense of the finer combinations of landscape beauty the tops of mountains are the most awe-inspiring situations: a huge mountain, rendered impressive by spreading its massy slopes away from beneath the feet, and a wide expanse of surrounding scenery, strike the general mind with a sense of grandeur and power, and dispose the thoughts to fall into a current of religious veneration. To worship "on every high hill" was one of the features whereby the Jews were wont to identify an idolatrous worship. The primitive

Greeks, like other nations, chose high and commanding sites for consecration to the gods. They also fell in with the other feature coupled with worshipping on mountain tops in the prophet's denunciation; "under every green tree" they felt themselves subject to a sacred influence which they associated with the service of the gods. Consecrated plantations or groves were the seats of deities and heroes in ages when marble columns and the orders of architecture were unknown, and continued to be a cheap and easy method of indicating religious reverence and performing the rites of worship. The trees that were planted were chosen, from their extended foliage, as a means of shade, or from their supposed preference by the divine tenant of the grove. The place for the people to assemble would probably have the aspect of a closed avenue, with the altar and statue of the god at the end; and the congregation would loiter about, leaning on the trunks of the trees, sitting at the roots, or reclining on the shaded ground. Except during the progress of the solemn parts of the service, there was no great restraint upon the freedom of the worshippers, who might move about and talk to one another, only avoiding certain words and phrases of ill omen.

We have already quoted a remarkable testimony to the religious fascination exerted on some minds by a tree, which is strongly in point in illustrating the choice of woods and plantations for places of worship. In the creation of supernatural objects of reverence many influences concur: there are appearances that awe the observer into submission and homage, and there are localities and situations where the disposition *to worship something* is strongly felt; on the one hand the mind is struck with the impression of a god's being present, and on the other feels a craving for a god to worship. Probably the inborn disposition to religious reverence had as much to do with the creation of the pagan gods, as the impressions of the supernatural in nature or in human life.

The stone temples of the Greeks being externally such as we see in the modern imitations, and in the still existing remains of Athens, Rome, and other places, it is necessary only to remark, that while there were such erections as oblong enclosures of pillars without any continuous wall or roof, the buildings were generally completely formed and covered in, having a pillared portico surrounding them. The interior, like our churches, was fitted up for the purpose of accommodating a congregation in the great body of the hall: in the middle, or toward the farther end, was the statue of the god surrounded by a railing; the altar naturally lay in front of the image, and round it were the places of the priests and officials, the choir, and the party bringing the sacrifice or offerings on each particular occasion. There was a large opening in the roof over the altar, through which the smoke of the burning flesh, (generally only a small part of the beast,) together with the fumes of the sweet wood burnt as incense, arose to the sky, to regale the senses of the deity, who was considered as actually partaking of the sacrifice. Seats were usually provided. The proportions of the building, instead of being a matter of disregard, as in our churches and public and private rooms, were determined by the feelings or laws of symmetry; while the decoration of the walls and roof would depend on the wealth of the subscribers. The interior of each frequented building came in course of time to be hung round with votive gifts of all kinds—articles of gold, silver, or brass—basins, jugs,

tripods, &c.; pictures, devout and thanksgiving inscriptions, in a manner that may be still observed in Roman Catholic churches. It became a sight to see the array of offerings in the wealthy and celebrated temples, converting them into museums of rare and costly articles and curiosities, besides antiquarian and religious relics. The oracular temple of Apollo at Delphi was peculiarly rich in votive offerings, the acknowledgments of the wealthy and powerful who had achieved successes under the guidance of the god; besides being a sacred sanctuary, or bank, where treasure was deposited for safe keeping.

Temples were built and supported, as churches are now, at the expense of the state, of the neighbourhood, or of private parties subscribing or bequeathing money or lands. The whole of a temple establishment, taken together, with its officials and their residences, had a greater resemblance to modern abbeys and cathedrals than to the parochial churches of this country. Each temple was dedicated to a god, as an abbey is dedicated to a saint; and there might be in one town more than a single establishment to the same deity, with different surnames or characteristic epithets attached to his name. The idea of systematically accommodating all the temple-going population with sitting-room at one time was never thought of, there being apparently much more of desultory worship by individuals and families than of simultaneous attendance on divine service. The exhibitions and entertainments associated with worship, but performed out of the temples, were the occasions of the most numerous assemblages.

Statues.—The erection of statues to gods and heroes was systematically attended to in the times from the sixth century downward, and was the consequence as well as a cause of the great progress made in the art of sculpture. In each temple a statue of the god was set up at the far end in a standing or sitting posture. The most costly temple statues were made of ivory and gold; the naked parts being ivory, and the robes and draperies gold, upon a wooden core. The great statue of Zeus Olympius in the temple at the locality of the Olympic games was said to have been a sitting figure of this species of workmanship, sixty feet high. Both it and the temple were the work of the sculptor Phidias, and the statue is considered to have been probably the most imposing object of art that was ever presented to the human gaze.

Previous to the age of sculpture, a pillar of stone or wood placed in the consecrated grove, perhaps inscribed with a name, was all that designated the presence of a god or hero. The earliest carved statues were rudely executed in wood, and it was a considerable time after the chiselling of stone statues had come into practice before figures of the gods were the subject of the sculptor's art. The consecrated post, or rough carving that had been in use for centuries in connection with a deity, had acquired a prescriptive veneration; and to attempt to remodel the divine images according to new-fangled conceptions was at first held to be somewhat impious. Accordingly it was not until a considerable time had elapsed that sculptors, whose 'prentice hand was exercised upon the Olympian victors, received commissions to form statues of the gods, and to let loose their imagination in giving ideal shapes to supernatural beings. But in the fifth century B. C. the innovation was completely accomplished, and the whole strength of the sculptural genius was allowed free scope in this department. Hence

followed the fitting up of temples universally with masterpieces of the art; and the abundant diffusion of images of the gods, as well as mythological representations of every description. Every public place in Athens became peopled with statues: they were found in the common streets, as well as in all private dwellings having any pretension to ornament and taste.

The place of the statues in a temple being usually a recess in the farther end, a curtain was hung across in front of it, which was undrawn on the occasions of public worship.

Altars.—These, as is well known, were stone pillars, or erections of stone or earth for burning sacrificial animals or portions of them, and for marking a spot as a centre in the marshallings and arrangements of worship. The altar was, still more than the statue of the god, the point of the worshippers' regards. They were of endless variety—from a few clods piled up on the ground, to the elaborate carved pillars of the times of high art. They might stand directly on the floor of the temple, or be raised upon a stone platform with an ascent of steps. It was the convention not to use erections to the so-called subterranean gods (a certain number of deities supposed to dwell in the shades, and thereby distinguished from the Olympian and terrestrial gods,) but to sacrifice in troughs or ditches dug in the ground. Some altars were expressly designed for sacrifice, and others were intended merely for the deposit of offerings without either blood or fire—such as cakes, fruits, and presents of inanimate things. The name of the deity was inscribed on the altar, and the act of inscribing a name served to consecrate trees or plants to deities or heroes, which was often done by individuals to gratify their own private feelings. There was always a solemnity at the consecration of altars and statues: the chief peculiarity of the proceeding was the anointing them with oil, and to this was added some initiatory offering or sacrifice of more than the ordinary degree of cost and splendour.

Officials.—The absence of a sacerdotal order, such as we find among the Chaldeans, Egyptians, and Jews, was a peculiarity of the Grecian religion. The worship of primitive Greece was performed by the same persons that held the high offices of civil society: the king offered sacrifices for the people, the chief of a tribe for his clansmen, and the head of a household for the members of the family. So the commander-in-chief of an army is seen performing the rites preliminary to a campaign or special juncture of military affairs. And this custom of performing public and domestic worship by the heads of the state and of families never went entirely out, although the practice arose of appointing men specially to discharge the priestly function at the established temples of the gods. The modes of appointing sacred functionaries included every method of election in modern use: popular suffrage, patronage by chiefs and civil rulers, hereditary descent, and the choice by lot—which last method being extensively practised in regard to civil offices, would in religious appointments be considered a direct appeal to the pleasure of the god. The office of priest, even when separated from civil dignities, was very honourable; and the qualifications were a sound body, a good character, and an unblemished and somewhat abstemious and ascetic life. Absolute chastity and celibacy were not requisite in the generality of cases; such a degree of strictness, where it was required, implied the prevalence of Asiatic notions.

Among the officials at an extensive temple establishment we find the

priests, chief and subordinate; a class called *parasites*, who were employed apparently to collect the revenues and take charge of the temporalities; the *kerykes*, criers, or heralds, who were attendants on the altar, and called silence at the commencement of the service, and pronounced the words of dismissal at the close; the sacrificers, and the temple menials.

The nature of the worship or service in each case determined the nature of the sacred offices required. The priests who presided over the holy mysteries had the special designation of *hierophants*; and in the Eleusinian mysteries the offices ran in a particular family. The oracular temples required functionaries for the express end of delivering the oracles, as well no doubt as for the purpose of concocting them. The responses at Delphi were given by a priestess, who was obliged to live secluded from the intercourse of men. She and the other officials of the temple were chosen by lot from among the inhabitants of the town of Delphi—a town whose whole existence was bound up with the temple.

The system of appointing priests by lot, and for a limited period, seems to have been very common; at Athens especially, where civil functionaries were frequently renewed, and most of them chosen by lot, this practice would be in regular operation. There also the priests, like all other officials, had to go through a strict process of accountability on their retirement from office, which would especially refer to the management of the temple funds and revenues.

As the divine service proper included music and dancing, a trained choir of singers, instrumental performers, and dancers must be considered as an essential portion of each temple establishment. The ancient practice was for the whole congregation to lift the song or psalm and join in the dance: but in later times, when a more refined and varied music, and a more elaborate system of dancing, came into use, a paid choir and orchestra had to be substituted. The dancing at public worship and private parties was far more complicated than our domestic dances, being, in fact, of the nature of a ballet performance as seen at our Italian Opera.

Offerings, Libations, and Sacrifices.—The pagan worship universally incorporated in the divine service some species of offering, gift, or devotion of means and substance to the god, who, according to a rude conception of deity, was considered to derive gratification from being hospitably entertained and loaded with gifts by the worshippers. Articles of food were presented as offerings; drinks were poured out as libations; and the still higher gratification of a meal of fresh meat—the crowning act of hospitable entertainment in those times—was afforded by bringing a choice beast to the altar, and slaying it in the presence of the divinity.

The simple offering consisted of the fruits of the earth and the usual articles of diet, which were brought to the altar by way of grateful acknowledgment, especially at the harvest season. Libations consisted of water, milk, honey, wine, or oil, or mixtures of these; they always accompanied sacrifices, on the principle of supplying drink along with food; but they were practised on other occasions, as at the commencement of every meal.

The offering is a very obvious suggestion of religious respect toward the gods, and that from a variety of motives. Besides being a species of hospitable entertainment, it may be looked upon as a gift or present springing from reverential affection, or a grateful response to a worthy

superior; and also as something bestowed under an impulse of terror, to appease and mollify a powerful being. It corresponds with the practice, so prevalent in early society, of giving presents to superiors, protectors, and men in high office, from motives alternately of love and fear. The confirmation of this tendency into a fixed institution is finally effected by the wants of the priestly order.

The origin and instigation of bloody sacrifices is a more complex point, and has given rise to much speculation. The difficulty chiefly lies in discriminating the original motives of the institution from the meanings that came subsequently to be attached to it. The great idea of the expiation of *human guilt* by the substitution of innocent blood certainly did not belong to the early Greek views of sacrifice, whatever might have been the case with other nations. The substitution of one victim for another to appease an angry being, or comply with a demand, was certainly practised; but this was a very different thing from the idea of atonement as now understood. The following considerations seem to be more or less involved in the institution as it appeared in the pagan world:—

1. The idea of hospitality to the gods already alluded to.—Whatever luxury in the way of food any people happened to enjoy, they included among their offerings to the divinities; and in rising above vegetarianism to the more hearty stimulus of an animal diet, they made both their human guests and their superhuman objects of worship fellow-partakers of their table; whence the leading of animals to the altar to give the gods their share of the feast. It was literally believed in Greece that the smoke and flavour of a burning piece of meat were actually inhaled and enjoyed by the god on whose account the sacrifice was offered. The habitual presentation of animals at the altar served also to support the temple service, inasmuch as a portion of each offering was bestowed on the priests. The practice was even made a source of revenue to the state in Athens, where the skins and other portions of the sacrifices were appropriated as a public tax.

2. As a solemn and tragic display accompanying the adoration of the supreme powers of the world, the destruction of life would form an appropriate incident of worship.—The fact of death is calculated more than any other to inspire emotions of awe and dread. The disappearance of a living being from the world of existence is an object of terror, of mystery, and of tenderness. Of all human incidents it is the one most powerfully, and variously, and universally affecting the human sense, the human intellect, and the human heart. It is the fact of all others that arrests and engrosses our regards—the grandest and most solemnizing influence of our life. No unsophisticated mind can treat it lightly—no mind whatever can despise it when it is close at hand. It is the great antithesis of existence, the counter-fact to all that is consummate in human enjoyment. “The skull at the feast” expresses the summit of our dread confronted with the summit of our happiness. Death is the contrast to life in the fulness of its joys, the intoxication of its bliss—the most impressive actual contrast that the human mind can conceive.

As an influence of subduing terror there is nothing to compare with death. Both the serious influence and the exciting stimulus of this passion are produced in the highest degree by what is tragic.

If we suppose, therefore, a human being desirous of testifying by some

appropriate and expressive action the solemnity that possesses the mind on some occasion of solemnity, what within the whole sphere of experience can be selected comparable to an incident of death? The sincere believer must think of his god when excessive danger awaits himself, and above all, in the hour of impending doom: he must connect loss of life more than any other event with the will and purposes of the supreme powers. Looking upon death as in many cases the result of divine wrath, he must at times consider himself as an agent of the deity in destroying a living being. It follows as a consequence that he should look upon the taking away of life as a befitting part of the ceremonial of worship, and that he should not have at all times a scrupulous regard to the sacredness of humanity itself.

3. It is especially to be borne in mind, in the various points connected with the ancient religions, that they belonged to times when all the effusions and demonstrations of sentiment and feeling were what we should consider violent, boisterous, and extreme. The worship of primitive man would consist of a vehement outburst of solemn emotion, because at other times he would choose to indulge in outbursts of a kind the reverse of solemn. As yet far from the tranquillizing habits of later times, under which the impulses of men are calmed down and distributed in a serene film overspreading the whole life, the half-civilized human being indulges in vehement and uncontrollable outbursts of frantic emotion, religious at one time, mirthful at another, and again triumphant and exulting; and with little discrimination or taste includes them all in one religious demonstration. Nothing less than a bloody sacrifice could serve as the counterpart of uproarious drinking-scenes, enthusiastic thronging processions, wild and maddening dances, stirring songs, and noisy music.

4. There is one other consideration that we must be content with slightly hinting at. In all the extreme manifestations of human hate, cruelty, or revenge, in the cherished feelings of implacable resentment and destructive wrath, it is impossible not to recognise as lurking in the depths of man's nature an appetite for blood—a genuine bloodthirstiness, such as bursts forth openly in many of the inferior animals, and in the savage communities of our own race. It is even hard to say whether the delight in field-sports would not be somewhat modified if the last vestige of this feeling were extirpated, and the freest scope given to the large capacity of tender emotion inherent in the human frame. At all events it is open for us to suppose that, at the early institution of bloody sacrifices among some nations, acts of solemn butchery were a gratifying and entertaining spectacle to the worshippers, and were kept up, like the other ceremonial, for the purpose of pleasurable excitement. The taste for witnessing violent death-scenes, and for the recitals of murders and executions, although very much subdued in modern times, is yet far from being extinct.

In confining our consideration to the Grecian sacrifices, we must remain satisfied with explanations such as the foregoing, to the entire exclusion of the idea of expiation for guilt, which, even allowing it to have been ultimately connected with the killing of animals at the altar, cannot be pronounced to have had any share in the original adoption of sacrificial rites among the people.

We must now proceed to describe the operation of public sacrifice; and

in so doing we shall endeavour to embrace all the particulars of an ordinary diet of divine service, or a complete act of public worship:—

The beasts chosen for sacrifice were the pig, goat, bull, ox, cow, sheep, lamb, cock, &c., or the domestic animals in general. The victim was led to the temple loose, and with as little appearance of constraint as possible. On the occasion of a great public sacrifice, where perhaps a large number of victims were offered up, a procession was formed, and marched to the temple with a band of music. At the door of the temple there was a vessel of holy water, where each person had to dip his hands or feet for the purpose of purification, which was required as preliminary to every solemnity. The company bringing the sacrificial offering then arranged themselves round the altar, where also the victim was drawn up. They were all dressed in holiday attire, with garlands on their heads. The outer article of dress, the cloak or plaid, had sometimes to be of a particular colour for sacrificing to certain gods. The priests who received the worshippers were dressed in rich state-robcs, said to have been much of the same make as for the great dignitaries of the civil service. The rigid purity and cleanliness of sacerdotal robes, and likewise of the garments of the worshippers, is a frequent topic of allusion.

The celestial gods were sacrificed to after sunrise or early in the morning; but to the manes of the dead, and the subterranean gods, and in the mysteries, worship was performed at night.

The victim and all the accompaniments being prepared, the officiating priest went round the altar, sprinkling it with meal and holy water, a fire being prepared with fagots all ready for being lit. He then turned and besprinkled the company with a fagot or olive-branch dipped in the water. A crier then pronounced the words, "Who is here?"—the congregation exclaimed, "Many and good." The priest now said, "Let us pray;" and delivered a prayer, containing a general request for the acceptance of the oblations, and for health and happiness to the worshippers, with any special favour that might be desired on the occasion. The forms of prayer seemed to have been always very much the same, only the priest was prepared to adapt himself to the specialities of the worshipper's case. Before the prayer, or about the commencement of the service, the crier uttered the well-known injunction "to preserve a religious silence;" which meant more particularly an abstinence from all words or phrases accounted of bad omen.

The examination by the priest of the soundness of the victim, and its willing devotion to its end, was now proceeded with, if this were not previously done. It was expected to taste of its usual food, by way of showing that it was in good health, and to stand quiet while a knife was drawn along its back from head to tail. The victim being approved of, a second prayer was said, and the priest took a cup of wine, tasted it, made the company taste, and poured the remainder between the horns of the victim; after which frankincense was strewed on the fire, to send forth an odorous smoke.

Some one of the officials—either the priest, the crier, or some assistant—killed the victim, either by striking him down or cutting his throat, according to the usual style of the shambles. If the animal escaped the blow, kicked, or struggled, it was accounted a bad omen; and this, or any of the other accidents deemed unlucky, might lead to an abrupt termination of the

proceedings. The criers and assistants then went on with the cutting up and flaying of the animal, while it was the business of the priest, or of a special soothsayer, to examine the entrails, by turning them over with a knife, and thereby to read the fortunes of the worshippers, and obtain the prognostications usually sought from the structure of the entrails of sacrificed victims. Many sacrifices being made for the express purpose of ascertaining the pleasure of the gods with reference to some projected enterprise, this part of the service was on such occasions the chief centre of interest; and in all cases the party offering the victim carried home a certain measure of hopes or fears for the future from the soothsayer's report on its internal viscera.

The portion of the animal burned on the altar consisted of the thigh bones, which were covered with pieces of fat, and with thin slices cut here and there to represent the body and bulk of the animal. The priest and the person sacrificing then offered a joint prayer to the god; and as the company continued in the temple while the offering was consumed, the time was occupied with a song or hymn sung to the flute, with the accompaniment of a dance performed round the altar. There were hymns composed to the honour of each temple deity, and sung during the acts of public worship, either by the assembled congregation, or by a hired chorus of singers and flute-players. The hymns sung in honour of Apollo had the special designation of the *Pæan*; the hymns in honour of Dionysus, which gave origin to the Drama, were called *Dithyrambs*. The people naturally believed that the entertainments that were pleasing to themselves were acceptable to the gods; and hence they constituted music, the singing of hymns of praise, and dancing, a regular part of public worship.

The remains of the sacrificed animals were then partitioned among various claimants. The priests had one share—in some places, as at Athens and Sparta, a portion was claimed by the civil authorities—the remainder was carried away by the offerer, who had usually a feast on the same day, and who might either use it up at his own table, or contribute it to a public entertainment, or send it in presents to his friends. A convivial dinner in some place or other was the usual conclusion of an act of worship or sacrifice at the temples, being, in fact, a continuation of divine service. All such feasts were begun and ended by a libation of wine poured out before the company with a pious exclamation.

Public Festivals.—The temple worship of the gods might be either by private parties at their own convenience, or by the public generally on set days, which were seasons of holiday cessation from work, and of enjoyment and recreation. There being no Sabbath in the Grecian world, the occasions of public worship and holiday rest came on at irregular intervals, and often lasted two or three days at a time. Opportunities for seeing sacrifices and entertainments at some temple or other in Athens would be very frequent; and such persons as were disposed for a day or half a day of idleness might be gratified with a temple service almost any day of the year. The days sacred to gods and heroes were abundantly numerous.

But there were special seasons of universal jubilee and recreation, where a whole town was released from ordinary labours, and thought of nothing but the festival. On the continent may still be witnessed scenes of revelry and excitement exactly parallel to the festivals of the ancient pagan world;

but there is nothing in this country that can enable us adequately to conceive them. Our Christmas time somewhat resembles the festival of the *Apaturia* held in Athens and over all the Ionian tribes, which was a season of family and clan reunions, lasting three days, and held annually about the beginning of winter; but it was a season of far greater public importance than our Christmas holidays. Young men arrived at the age of eighteen devoted their hair at a sacrifice, and presented themselves to be publicly registered at this solemnity.

The following account of the festivals of the ancients is from the description of Libanius:—"Cattle and wine, and whatever else is the produce of the fields, are brought from the country. Garments also are purified; and every one is anxious to celebrate the festival in perfection. Those that are in want of garments are permitted to borrow such as are requisite to adorn themselves on this occasion from those that have abundance. When the appointed day arrives, the priests open the temples, pay diligent attention to the statues, and nothing is neglected which contributes to the public convenience. The cities, too, are crowded with a conflux of the neighbouring inhabitants, assembled to celebrate the festival, some coming on foot, others in ships.

"At sunrise they enter the temples in splendid garments, worshipping that divinity to whom the festival is sacred. Every master of a house precedes, bearing frankincense, a servant follows him leading a victim, and children walk by the side of their parents, some very young, and others of a more advanced age, already feeling the strong influence of the gods. One having performed his sacrifice, departs; another comes forward to perform it. Numerous prayers are everywhere poured forth, and words of good omen are mutually spoken."

As already hinted, the exercises of public worship were followed up by public entertainments of all kinds, and with festive parties and merry meetings, public and private.

Our limits will not allow us to enter into a specific description of more than one or two of the more prominent festive seasons observed at Athens; but the *Dionysia*, the celebration of the Eleusinian mysteries, and the *Panathenaic* festival, are too remarkable to be passed wholly unnoticed:—

The Dionysia, or the festivals in honour of Dionysus or Bacchus, were held three times in the year. One of these occasions was the rural *Dionysia*, held throughout the cantons of Attica, representing the festival in its primitive character; the other two were the *Lenaea*, and the *Greater or City-Dionysia*—both held in Athens, and representing the exaltation and enlargement of the festival by city tastes and varied entertainments. The *Lenaea* were celebrated in winter, the *City-Dionysia* in spring—both with dramatic entertainments. The original choral dances and dithyrambic song accompanying the worship of Dionysus became transformed into the Greek drama, whose great distinctive peculiarities as compared with the modern drama are connected with its origin.* The trains of half-intoxicated revellers forming a Bacchic procession were licensed to pour forth

* See the "Essay on the Genius and Character of the Greek Tragedy," prefixed to Professor Blackie's translation, lately published, of the "Lyrical Dramas of *Æschylus*," a work eminently calculated to bring the modern English reader face to face with the living picture of ancient Greece in some of its grandest phases.

abuse and scurrility upon any one that they might pass; and this custom, refined upon by Athenian intellect, was the origin of Comedy. The practice of abusing and libelling living and present men, chiefly public characters, never wholly disappeared from Athenian comedy, although it needed the repeated exercise of public authority to keep it within bounds.

The principal feature of the Dionysiac solemnity, in addition to the dramatic representations in the theatre, was the procession. This, as conducted at Athens, was an extension and refinement of the rural processions, but still essentially wild and boisterous in its character. Besides the personation of satyrs, and the wild movements of the Bacchantes, there were carried baskets of figs, vessels of wine adorned with vine-branches, the Phallus, or symbol of male generative force, and a van containing the image of the god, with musicians singing and playing on flutes, cymbals, and tambourines. Scenes of drunkenness were considered by no means unbecoming at this festival.

We have already had to remark that bodily excitement to the pitch of frenzy was common to the worship both of Dionysus and D  m  t  r. The other feature peculiar to the worship of those deities was the celebration of *mysteries*, or rites open only to persons that had gone through a ceremonial process of initiation. The mysteries of Eleusis in honour of D  m  t  r were the most noted of the kind in Greece; and a brief allusion to what is known respecting these will serve to convey an idea of this peculiarity of the ancient religions.

The *Eleusinian mysteries* were celebrated every year, in September, and the festival occupied ten days. Both sexes and all ages were admitted; but foreigners, and bad characters at home, were excluded. It was considered a duty of every Athenian citizen to go to Eleusis at least once, for the sake of being initiated. The intending communicants on each occasion formed themselves into a procession, and marched on foot from Athens to Eleusis, a distance of ten or twelve miles. Various ceremonies of purification were gone through, and sacrifices offered, with solemn processions, and the carrying about of lighted torches. Sports and contests, as was usual at all festivals, were regularly exhibited. The ceremony of initiation was nocturnal, and took place in a large building, called the Temple of the Mysteries. The candidates entered with myrtle crowns and clean garments, dipping their hands in the holy water at the door as they passed. The hierophant, or chief actor of the mysteries, received them with a solemn admonition to preserve their minds pure and undefiled on so august an occasion; and then read out of a book the import of the mysteries. He next put certain questions to them, as to whether they had duly prepared themselves by fasting, &c.; to all which they returned answers in a set form. A vast exhibition of strange objects and scenes then opened up before them; thunders and lightnings alternating with pitch darkness, noises and bellowings, apparitions of horror, and dramatic spectacles of the most terrible excitement. The sad mythical history of the goddess was represented, it would appear, with an exaggeration of details that struck dread into the spectators. Obscene rites and symbols seem also to have been mixed up with the revelations. The shock given to the spectators must have been terrible. The whole scene was an extreme instance of tragedy, according to Aristotle's account of its intention—namely, to purify the heart by pity

and terror. It was an accumulation of all the objects and stimulants of the most tumultuous passions of pathos and terror. The motive of the display would appear to have been to operate as a counteractive to those passions in ordinary life, by the abiding remembrance of one volcanic outburst of emotion. There was a saying, that persons that had once visited the cave of Trophonius, where a similar dish of horrors was served up, were never known to smile afterward; and perhaps some permanent solemnizing effect was anticipated from the exhibition of the mysteries.

Egypt was the country where mystic concealment was carried to the greatest length as a means of spiritual power, and many of the Egyptian rites seem to have passed into Greece. Nothing could be more opposed to these ancient practices than the publicity of all kinds of transactions, civil and sacred, in the free countries of modern Europe. Almost the only vestige of mystic secrecy belonging to society in the present day, is that associated with the relations of the sexes—a subject habitually disguised under a veil of studied expression; but it is a matter of dispute whether this custom really contributes to purity of feeling on the matters in question, seeing that secrecy often produces the contrary effect of inflaming a prurient imagination on the very points intended to be ignored.

The Panathenaic Festival, or the festival of all the tribes in honour of Athênê, the patron goddess of the city, was one of the great and universal Athenian solemnities. This was an annual festival in the month of July or August; but once in every four years it was celebrated with peculiar solemnity, and was then called the Greater Panathenaea, as distinguished from the festival of ordinary years, which was called the Lesser. The two distinguishing peculiarities of the festival were the procession and the recitation of the poems of Homer, which last was from time immemorial the literary entertainment of this festival, as the acting of plays was of the Dionysia.

The Panathenaic procession was made up of a vast multitude of Athenian citizens of both sexes, young and old, and likewise of the metics, or resident foreigners, with their wives and children. It was organized without the city, at a place called the Ceramicus, and marched along by a fixed route to the Parthenon on the Acropolis. The object of the ceremonial was to convey a richly-embroidered garment for the statue of Athênê in the Parthenon; and a solemn act of public worship, with all the usual accompaniments, took place, during which the statue was robed with the garment. The sculptured frieze of the Parthenon, of which there are portions now in the British Museum, represented the array of this vast procession. First came a detachment of old men, carrying olive-branches in their hands; next were men in middle age, bearing shields and spears, and attended by the metics, who carried small mimic boats, to denote their foreign origin. After these followed the women, natives and foreigners. To these succeeded a chorus of young men, crowned with millet, who sang hymns to the goddess. Next were a train of virgins of rank, carrying baskets, with the utensils and materials used at the service in the temple, and attended by the metics' daughters, who carried a sort of umbrellas and little seats. The rear was brought up by boys.

The games and contests at the Panathenaea were numerous and splendid, and included musical and poetical competitions.

The great national festivals of Greece were the Olympic, Pythian, Isthmian, and Nemean games, which were a combination of worship, sport, festive recreation, and every kind of sociable entertainment. Distinct from these were the Amphiktyonic assemblies, which came to have great political influence in the country, but whose origin was not at all connected with political federation. Mr. Grote has shown that the early custom that prevailed among families and tribes, of inviting their neighbours to join in their festivals, was the real germ of the great Amphiktyonic league, which continued through historical Greece to meet twice a year, and discuss national affairs, but more especially questions connected with religion.

RELIGION OF COMMON LIFE.

In the affairs of daily life, which require a knowledge of the course of the world, and of the consequences of actions, the interference of a more than human wisdom has at all times been desired. It is natural that men should resort to the supernatural powers for guidance in the dark and doubtful issues of life: the ruling agency of creation is inevitably assumed as well instructed in the future. The reference to oracles and prophets, divination by lots, dreams, sacrifices, birds, and other appearances, magic and necromancy, were constituent portions of the Grecian religion in its bearing on common life. By all these methods the will of the gods was interpreted, and human conduct regulated.

In every kind of divination by omens and auguries there was necessarily an appeal to mere chance. But the conventional signs agreed upon as showing favourable or unfavourable indications, have often some degree of natural expressiveness, or are such as act upon the untutored mind in the way of inspiring hope or fear. For example, all sudden and terrible phenomena of nature—earthquakes, eclipses, sudden and unusual deluges, the unexpected withering of trees and fruits—being calculated to produce terror and alarm, easily led the mind to evil forebodings. So any extraordinary emotions or perturbations seizing an individual were interpreted as of disastrous import. The distinction between the right and left members of the body was a very wide basis of discrimination in every sort of augury: things happening on the right being accounted lucky, and on the left the reverse. The act of sneezing was fixed upon by the Greeks as an indication of the will of the gods, probably from its being apparently a capricious effect, and for that reason withdrawn from human explanation, and related more directly to the agency of the gods. There were many superstitions related with encounters on the public ways; some of them, as for instance a hare crossing the road, are still in existence. Words expressing heavy calamities, death, destruction, and imprecations, were looked upon as ill-omened, and were carefully avoided in the time of public sacrifices and during acts of divine worship.

In examining the entrails of sacrificed animals, it was a good omen to find the parts sound and healthy, and of their usual form and dimensions. The priest examined successively the liver, the heart, the gall, the spleen, the lungs, and the bowels; and every sort of irregularity or exception to the average healthy anatomy was interpreted into some specific unfavour-

able prognostication. Omens were also taken from the other circumstantialia of the sacrifice—the burning of the fire, the streaming of the blood, the windings of the smoke, or the motions and noise of the liquid poured in the libations. Fancy or whim would in many cases rule the interpretation; but for the most part the stress was laid on points that would strike the general mind as encouraging or the reverse.

The flight of birds was a subject of divination both in Greece and Rome. An artificial distinction being drawn between the quarters of the heavens, as well as between the right and left hands, the appearance of birds in any one quarter had a fixed significance. The east was preferred to the west by a not unnatural regard to the commencement of the day. Again, the motions of birds about a person, a place, or an army, were interpreted according to the notions of the character of the species. Birds of prey following a multitude would naturally suggest ideas of slaughter and carnage. The croaking of ravens was expressive: by some unknown circumstance or turn of thought, the raven was sacred to the oracular god, Apollo. Cocks were prophetic in matters of war, and were sacred to Mars.

The belief in dreams is an ancient and universal superstition. It is possible to find reasons for the coincidence of dreams with events on some occasions, and there may be cases of coincidence beyond the reach of any explanation yet known; but the practice of relying on dreams for guidance in action is substantially as irrational as any other form of obsolete divination. In procuring a prophetic dream there was a regular form of proceeding by fasting, temperance, sacrifice, and choice of dress. If a frightful dream occurred to any one, or a portentous omen of any description, propitiatory sacrifices might be offered to avert the evil consequences.

Magical rites and necromancy, or an appeal to departed ghosts, also ranked among the varieties of divining the will of the gods concerning the duties and conduct of men.

HEYNE: A BIOGRAPHY.

THE struggle of genius with adversity, though oftentimes represented, never ceases to be interesting. Every variation of this story has its own graces, and conveys its separate and peculiar lesson. Whoso passes worthily through the straits and perils of difficult and painful circumstances is thereby recommended to the sympathy and admiration of mankind. Men love to trace the paths by which he journeyed—to contemplate, as from a quiet and retired distance, the obstacles and dangers he survived and overcame—to witness, with a wondering and pensive interest, the whole intricate drama of his baffled and renewed endeavours—and are not without a disposition to rejoice in the result, when it is seen that a manly and consistent purpose has been followed by success. The biographies of diligent and able persons are, accordingly, among the most attractive and encouraging studies which can engage the attention of hopeful and aspiring natures; being at once mementoes of triumphant energy and pledges of the possibilities which are open to further and corresponding enterprises. He that can succeed in delineating the outward and inward being and history of a man—especially of a man esteemed eminent and worthy in his generation—will not alone impart a rational and exalted pleasure to those who may attentively consider the delineation, but will likewise contribute something to illustrate and promote that intellectual and spiritual advancement whereof all men are more or less capable, and are morally enjoined to aim after. With some such intent, though on a small and very imperfect scale, it is here proposed to portray the life and experiences of Professor Heyne—a scholar whose reputation has now been long established among the learned, not only in Germany, his native country, but likewise in France and England, and indeed throughout Europe generally. By common acknowledgement of all competent and enlightened scholars, he was a man of solid and excellent attainments, and of a character in nearly all respects remarkable: upright, persevering, steadfast-minded; in what he did and what he suffered a notable example of high intelligence, of quiet and sedulous endeavour, personal energy and helpfulness; and also of a pure, modest, and unpretending probity. Any relation which shall represent, however faintly, the attempts, labours, and performances of such a man, cannot fail to be acceptable to many readers, and to some may possibly prove more instructive, and perhaps no less entertaining, than more voluminous and ambitious publications.

Christian Gottlob Heyne was born at Chemnitz, in Upper Saxony, in the month of September, 1729. His father, George Heyne, was a weaver in humble, and even impoverished circumstances. The manufactures of Saxony were in his day visibly declining; and consequently the miseries of his class were almost daily accumulating, and their prospects becoming constantly more and more hopeless. Scarcely could the workman, with his utmost diligence, earn a sufficiency for his own support, still less was he capable of adequately providing for his family. Heyne was accordingly nurtured and brought up in the most extreme and bitter poverty. "The earliest companion of my childhood," says he, "was want; and my first impressions came from the tears of my mother, who had not bread to give her children." He was also the first-born of the family, and had therefore the completest opportunities for witnessing the various phases of destitution which the household from time to time presented. Many a piteous and distressing spectacle appears to have been exhibited in that poor weaver's cottage, where the father often worked through long weary days—from early morning until late at night—and then perhaps could not find a purchaser for the product of his labour. Scenes of memorable sadness, hunger-pangs, the still despair of stricken industry, were things familiar to the boy from earliest infancy; and with the strange bewildered sympathy of a child, he often looked upward to his mother's face, and wept to see her sorrowful. His was a childhood of that unhappy sort which Charles Lamb has so touchingly depicted—a childhood which has "no childishness in its dwellings," no toys, no pastimes, no pleasant or sweet remembrances—nothing but the keen experiences of a premature worldliness, Saturday-night anxieties, the dull oppression and the bondage of despondency. How painful a thing is it that a child should have any curiosity about the price of bread, or be so conditioned as to entertain a fear of being sent away as creditless from a baker's shop! Whoever has *seen* a child in such extremity—not yet hardened or rendered callous by long familiarity with wretchedness—will not readily forget the deplorable dejection of its countenance.

Young Christian Heyne suffered many such rebuffs; suffered them until his young heart grew vindictive and rebellious. It is little known how much unnatural exasperation is kindled in even tender minds by harassing and straitened circumstances. To this poor boy, as he began to apprehend some little of the discrepancies of society, it appeared that people were everywhere combined, as in hostile conspiracy, to render him and those who were dear to him unhappy. The distress occasioned to his parents by the haughty bearing of "purse-proud" traders—forestallers, who bought up the linen made by the poorer people at the lowest, and often unjust prices, to sell in other districts at the highest—aroused and fostered in him a burning indignation. Often, on Saturday nights, had he seen his mother "wringing her hands and weeping," when it happened that she had come back with the web of the father's weaving—the product of a week's hard toil, and not unfrequently of sleepless nights—having been unable to find any one to buy it. On such occasions the boy or his sister would sometimes be sent out with the same piece of cloth, to try if *they* could get rid of it, at any of the places where the mother's application had been unsuccessful. Necessity, as Heyne has related, often constrained the poorer sort to sell

the sweat of their brows for any thing the forestallers thought well to offer, and to make up the deficiency between the price and value in starvation. The imperiousness and petty tyranny of these unjust dealers so powerfully and painfully laid hold upon his mind, that when afterward, at school, he first heard of "tyrannicide," he says he conceived the project of acting the part of a Brutus on all those "oppressors of the poor" who had so often cast his father and mother into straits, deeming that it would be a noble deed to rid the earth of them for ever. "And here," adds he, "I had the first instance or illustration of a truth which I have since frequently had occasion to observe—that if the man who is armed with a feeling of his wrongs, and possessed of any considerable strength of soul, does not risk the worst, and become an open criminal, it is solely owing to the beneficent effect of the circumstances wherein Providence has placed him, which, by fettering his activity, guard him from attempting the destructive enterprises his excited passions may suggest. That the oppressing portion of mankind should be secured against the oppressed is apparently regarded, in the scheme of the inscrutable Wisdom, as a most important element of the present system of things."

Heyne's parents, though thus miserably situated, did what they could to procure him some little education. At an early age he was sent to one of the humbler sort of schools, where he soon obtained the praise of taking delight in learning, and of making more than ordinary progress. Before he was ten years old he even began to assist in raising the money for his school fees, by giving lessons to a neighbour's child in reading and in penmanship. When the common school course had carried him as far as he could be advanced by it, he became desirous, as he says, of "proceeding into Latin." Unluckily, it was beyond his parents' means to provide the money for such a purpose. This was a great grief to the boy, and he bore it about with him for many days, perceiving little likelihood of ever being delivered from it. However, one day when he was greatly distressed, even to sobs and tears, by pondering on his cheerless prospects, he happened to be sent to fetch a loaf from the shop of a baker, who was his godfather, and a near relation of his mother; and as it chanced, was questioned by the worthy man concerning his discomposure, which, after a stream of tears, the boy succeeded in revealing, and presently had good reason to be comforted. The godfather was in easy circumstances, and as Heyne records, he magnanimously offered to pay out of his own pocket the weekly sum required for the desired teaching, imposing in return only one condition upon the pupil—namely, that he should come to him every Sunday, and repeat such part of the Gospel as he had learned by heart: an arrangement which Heyne considered had one very good effect upon him, inasmuch as it exercised his memory, and taught him to *recite* without bashfulness or hesitation.

Overjoyed by his unexpected fortune, the boy started off homeward to proclaim the grand intelligence, triumphantly tossing up his loaf into the air, and capering with barefooted adroitness to catch it as it descended. His almost delirious excitement was naturally detrimental to the successful management of sleights-of-hand, and after a few surprising hits, the loaf fell into a puddle: an unfortunate circumstance, which brought the elated experimenter a little more to his senses. However, the child-

ings which he anticipated turned out nowise serious, as his mother was also heartily delighted by the news which he communicated. The father, it seems, was less content, thinking possibly that the boy was smitten with an ambition beyond his circumstances, and that all this eagerness for learning, in one so unfavourably conditioned, could prove ultimately little other than the root of manifold vexations, if not of lifelong disappointments. Nevertheless, the boy remained at school, making as much progress as he could under many great impediments, the respectable godfather continuing all along to pay the fees with commendable regularity. At the end of two years the schoolmaster discovered that the pupil had pretty well exhausted his own scholarship: a discovery which Heyne declares he himself had made before, but had entertained an uncomfortable delicacy about announcing it.

It now seemed likely that Heyne's education was to be considered as completed. As in straitened households every accession of help, however small, is of consequence, it was naturally enough the desire of his parents that he should, as soon as possible, quit his school-books, and try his hand at weaving. To this the boy evinced an inveterate repugnance, and, in opposition to the wishes of his father, entertained a "longing to get into the grammar-school of the town," where he hoped to prosecute with more effect the studies he had begun. Often with a sad and wistful look did he linger by the walls of the school-house as he passed, and sighed as he reflected on the hardship of being excluded from participating in the advantages enjoyed there by many who had probably far less reverence for knowledge. What bliss would it have been to have exchanged places with some miserable truant, whose slow brains were so jaded with immeasurable taskwork as to be in danger of being crushed by the burdens laid on them, and to whom the very *name* of "school" was grown an abomination, suggesting only an everlasting weariness, like that of Sisyphus in the dreary shades, rolling his huge stone up to the mountain-top, to return for ever on his head!

However, the Fates are sometimes generous, and even that which we most despair of shall now and then, by some rare and unexpected accident, turn out an actual event. An eccentric clergyman, who was Heyne's second godfather, came by chance to hear of the boy's unusual anxiety after learning, and had the curiosity to send for him, for the purpose of testing both his knowledge and capability by an examination. The result was satisfactory, and the good parson promised that he "should go to the town school," and that he himself would pay the charges. What a sudden turn of happiness for Heyne! He declares it to be impossible to express the joy which ravished him on that occasion. Away, then, is he despatched to the "first teacher," is examined in customary form, and "placed with approbation in the second class." The second class, however, having conceited notions of its respectability, almost declines to tolerate the poor boy's presence. "Weakly from infancy," says he, "pressed down with want and sorrow, having never had any cheerful enjoyment of childhood or of youth, I was still but small in stature, and my class-fellows, judging by appearances, had a very slight opinion of me." Nevertheless, "various proofs of diligence," and praises from the master, gradually convince the fellows that he is worthy of his place. His diligence,

indeed, was not a little hampered by want of books. Sebastian Seydel, the eccentric clergyman, appears to have kept his promise somewhat too closely to the letter: he paid the quarterly fees, provided the pupil with the requisite blue-cloak—rather a *coarse* one, says Heyne, but perhaps not on that account the worse for use—and gave him a multitude of useless volumes that were lying on his shelves; but to supply him with appropriate and sufficient school-books was not in the bond. The truth is, the eccentric Sebastian was often short of cash, and had need at all times to exercise a rather rigid thrift. A man of magnificent liberality of intention, but of insufficient means, he appears to have been as charitable as he could well afford to be; and his memory is worthy of respect among poor students everywhere, as one who really *helped* a brother scholar in extremity, when richer, and probably more highly “respectable” persons, turned indifferently away, and, like the Levite of the parable, “passed by on the other side.”

To meet the inequalities of his situation, Heyne had every day to borrow the books of some of his class-fellows, and to copy out such parts as were assigned for the lesson; a practice which, though it kept him in a manner always more or less dependent, was not unserviceable so far as his progress in study was concerned. On the other hand, the honest Seydel would exercise a rigorous supervision of his proceedings, and gave him from time to time certain hours of instruction in the Latin tongue. Sebastian in his youth had learned to make Latin verses, and it seemed to him that the grandest accomplishment of a classical education was even that of making Latin verses. Accordingly Heyne had to adjust himself to this Egyptian taskwork of brick-making without straw. “Scarcely,” says he, “was ‘Erasmus de Civilitate Morum’ got over, when I, too, must take to verse-making, and all this before I had read any authors, or could possibly possess a suitable store of words.” There is every evidence that the good Sebastian was a *pedant*—a meagre, contracted man, whose *meaning* might be well enough, but whose insight cannot be honestly commended. He was also, says Heyne, “passionate and rigorous—in every point repulsive;” a stiff-necked, self-willed, desperate “old bachelor,” and vain to absurdity of his ridiculous gift of Latinity. “These qualities of his,” continues Heyne, “all contributed to overload my youth, and nip away in the bud every enjoyment of its pleasures.”

While thus burdened and depressed by the Sebastian task-labours, he was likewise impeded and held down by almost every sort of want, vexation, and discouragement. “The school-course was bad: nothing but the old routine—vocables, translations, exercises; all without spirit or any proper purpose.” Still, so far as the virtue of such matters went, he appears to have made a very excellent proficiency. In the course of time he became competent to write both Latin and Greek verses, and could even render in that shape the “discourses which he heard at church.” Some “ray of hope” thereupon began to shine within his mind. A certain small degree of self-respect and self-confidence was also now awakened in him by his success in a school examination, conducted in the presence of the superintendent or chief inspector of schools, who happened to call in his vocation at the Chemnitz Grammar-school. Dr. Theodor Krüger, as Heyne informs us, was “a theologian of some learning for his time;” and

while at his visit the rector was teaching *ex cathedra*, the doctor suddenly interrupted him, and put the question, Who among the scholars could tell him what might be made by way of anagram from the word *Austria*? It seems that this whim had entered the inspector's head from the circumstance that the "first Silesian war" was just begun, and some such anagram, reckoned extremely happy, had recently appeared in a certain newspaper. None of the boys knew what an anagram really was: the very rector looked blank and considerably perplexed. As none answered, however, he began to give "a description of anagrams in general." Heyne instantly set himself to work, and sprang forth with his discovery—*Vastari*! This differed somewhat from the newspaper one, and of course was all the better. "So much greater was the superintendent's admiration; and this more, as the successful aspirant was a little boy on the lowest bench of the *secunda*." Dr. Theodor growled applause; but in so doing he set the entire school about the ears of Heyne, "as he stoutly upbraided them with being beaten by an *infimus*."

It was this "pedantic adventure," as Heyne calls it, which first gave an impulse to the development of his powers. He began to take some little credit for himself, and in spite of all the oppression and contempt in which he languished, resolved on struggling forward. Still, he says, this first struggle was sadly ineffectual—was soon, indeed, regarded as a piece of mere conceit, and brought on him "a thousand humiliations and disquietudes." The perverse way, too, in which the old parson treated him—the discontent of his parents, and especially of his father, who thought that, had the boy stuck by weaving, the household might have been to some extent improved in circumstances—the pressure of want, and the almost grudging entertainment he received at home—the feeling of backwardness and degradation which accompanied him continually—all this would allow of "no cheerful thought, no sentiment of worth," to spring up within him for the adornment or elevation of his nature. "A timorous, bashful, awkward carriage shut me out still further from all exterior attractions. Where could I learn good manners, elegance, a right way of thought? Where could I attain any culture for heart and spirit?" Upward, however, he still strove with resolution. "A feeling of honour, a wish for something better, an effort to work myself out of this abasement, incessantly attended me; but being without direction, it led me for the most part into clownishness, sullenness, and misanthropy." At length, by a favourable turn of circumstance, a place was opened for him where some training in these respects became obtainable. There was a young gentleman, lately introduced into society, at the "west end" of Chemnitz, for whom his friends desired a little private instruction in the languages. He was too select a personage to be sent to school, and not old enough for college; therefore it came to pass that Heyne, being heard of and recommended, was chosen for his temporary tutor. "As these private lessons brought me in a *gulden* monthly, (that is to say, about two-and-sixpence sterling,) I now began to defend myself a little against the grumbling of my parents. Hitherto I had been in the habit of doing work occasionally, that I might not be told I contributed nothing to the earning of my bread; clothes and oil for my lamp I had earned by teaching in the house; these things I could now relinquish; and thus my condition was in some degree

improved. On the other hand, I had the opportunity of seeing persons of better education. I gained the good-will of the family; so that, besides the lesson hours, I generally lived there. Such society afforded me some culture, extended my conceptions and opinions, and also polished a little the rudeness of my exterior."

In this new situation Heyne appears to have had at least some partial enjoyment of existence. Indeed he fell privately in love with his pupil's sister, made and destroyed innumerable Greek and Latin verses in celebration of her charms, and had the audacity to "dream of sometime rising high enough to be worthy of her." This, however, was but a flattering delusion, though he did succeed in acquiring the friendship both of herself and of her mother. The grand concern which meanwhile occupied his thoughts was, how he should be able to get to the university at Leipzig. Old Sebastian, with his munificent "liberality of intention," had promised to stand good on this occasion; and it is thought he would have done so with the greatest pleasure, had it cost him nothing: as it was, he merely gave extremely liberal promises, but could not by any device be brought to produce a fraction of hard cash; and elsewhere for Heyne there was no resource. At length, wearied, it is surmised, by the youth's impotency, he determined to bestir himself; and accordingly he directed his assistant, who was then going to Leipzig, to conduct Heyne thither—the latter doubting not but that at the end of the journey something pleasant would turn up. The two arrived in safety; but when the anxious student made inquiries respecting the arrangements which he supposed his patron had made for him at college, he found none whatever had been made, and moreover, that there was not a *groschen* of money provided to meet any of his necessities. This information the assistant gave him, and then left him at a lodging-house, declaring that any thing further was not in his commission.

Heyne had in his pocket exactly two *gulden*, and not the slightest prospect of obtaining any more when these should be expended. Starvation stood visibly before him at not many days' distance. A youth without connections, in a strange place, shabbily attired, and destitute of books, with simply five shillings in his purse, he found himself set down at the threshold of Leipzig University, "to study all learning," and build his fortunes out of chaos. No wonder that sheer despondency at first overmastered him. He speedily fell sick; and, as he says, recovered only "to fall into conditions of life wherein he became the prey of desperation." All the miseries which, from ages immemorial, the "poor scholar" has been heir to, were now, for long years, to be his only portion. How he contrived to live, much more how he managed to study, it is utterly impossible to make out. The hapless Sebastian Seydel, it appears, did occasionally send some churlish pittance, but never until "after unspeakable solicitations," and then "in quantities that were consumed by inextinguishable debt," and commonly accompanied by disagreeable admonitions. On one occasion he even addressed a letter externally—"A. M. Heyne, *Etudiant Negligent*:" a veritable and aggravated slander; for, so far from being a "student negligent," Heyne was perhaps of all students the most endeavouring and diligent. Witness, for instance, one of his modes of "pursuing

knowledge under difficulties." Having no money to pay class-fees, it was only to what are called "open lectures" he could usually gain admission. There were, however, certain "ill-guarded class-rooms" into which a needy student might occasionally insinuate himself with little or no fear of being noticed as an intruder. Of such class-rooms Heyne appears to have availed himself according to opportunity, and to have picked up such casual crumbs of knowledge as were thus procurable. It was in this way he studied philosophy under Winkler. Unluckily, the frequency of his attendance excited jealousy among the students, and one day they received him with a violent scraping of the feet—a sort of derisive cheering which was any thing but pleasant. Heyne could not venture back; and when the beadle came to him some time afterward, demanding the fee, he says he had "many shifts to make before he could raise it."

For half a year he would be left utterly without help; then, as if smitten with sudden penitence for his sins, the incorrigible Sebastian would promise to come and see him; but often when he came would "return without leaving him a penny." Notwithstanding numerous applications, Heyne never could obtain any public assistance: no *free table* or *stipendium* was at any time procurable. Often he had no regular meal, and not even money enough to buy a loaf to satisfy his hunger. Darkness and the gloom of discontent fell in heavy shadows over his spirit. He longed to die and be at rest, knowing that in the grave there is no *want*. Yet there is always mercy in the world, and the kindliness of gentle hearts ever gushes, even among the arid places where the most unhappy wander. "One good heart alone," but yet one, did Heyne find in that parched and boundless wilderness of indifference in which he lived: one good heart, and that a woman's—beating with sympathy in the sound and honest bosom of the poor servant-girl of the house at which he lodged. She beheld him with compassion, and with a rich benevolence that shames the givings of the wealthy, she brought him of her scanty store—nay, risked almost every thing she had, to relieve him in his frightful need. The noble womanly Samaritan! "Could I but find thee," said Heyne, when years of better fortune had attended him—"could I but find thee, even now, thou good and pious soul, that I might repay thee what thou then didst for me!"

How he was sustained under so much pressing and protracted misery Heyne declares to be to himself a mystery. "What carried me forward," says he, "was not ambition—any youthful dream of one day taking a place, or aiming to take one, among the learned. It is true the bitter feeling of debasement, of deficiency in education and external polish—the consciousness of awkwardness in social life, incessantly accompanied me. But my chief strength lay in a certain defiance of fate. This gave me courage not to yield—everywhere to try to the uttermost whether I was doomed without remedy never to rise from this degradation."

Among the Leipzig professors, the only one from whom Heyne appears to have derived any advantage was Ernesti. In some way, which is not very clear to us, he succeeded in gaining admittance to Ernesti's lectures; and here, as his biographer Heeren has remarked, he first learned "what interpretation of the classics meant." Another professor, named Crist, a rather singular and fantastic personage, who dwelt considerably on "taste, elegance of manners, and the like," was pleased to take some notice of him,

and procured him occasional employment as a private teacher. He also sought to direct him a little in his studies, advising him "to imitate Scaliger, and read the ancients, so as to begin with the most ancient, and proceed regularly to the latest"—a sage recommendation, reminding one of Goldsmith's pleasantry about the folly of presenting a man with ruffles who was destitute of a shirt. Of all teachers, however, it is clear, as Mr. Carlyle observes, that Heyne's best teacher was himself. "No pressure of distress, no want of books, advisers, or encouragement, not hunger itself, could abate his resolute perseverance. What books he could come at he borrowed; and such was his excess of zeal in reading, that for a whole half-year he allowed himself only two nights of sleep in the week, till at last a fever obliged him to be more moderate. His diligence was undirected or ill-directed, but it never rested, never paused, and must at length prevail. Fortune had cast him into a cavern, and he was groping darkly round; but the prisoner was a giant, and would at length burst forth as a giant into the light of day. Heyne, without any clear aim, almost without any hope, had set his heart on obtaining knowledge; a force as of instinct drove him on, and no promise and no threat could turn him back." In the depth of his destitution he had the almost unparalleled temerity to refuse a tutorship, which promised to be a comfortable appointment, but which he considered it advisable to decline, inasmuch as it would remove him from the university. Crist, aware of the urgency of his circumstances, had sent for him one Sunday, and made him the proposal; "and thereupon," says Heyne, "there arose a violent struggle within me, which agitated me for several days; and to this hour it is incomprehensible to me where I found resolution to determine on renouncing the offer, and to follow out my object in Leipzig." It was extremely difficult for a man in his extremity to ascertain the wisest course; and doubtless every considerate and "practical" person, who might have been consulted, would have advised the contrary of what Heyne decided on; but yet there is ever truth in the soul's instincts, and he who accepts their intimations with purity and singleness of purpose, may rely on them with confidence, and esteem them the best guides of his volition.

Heyne remained at the university; and by dint of starving, and the precarious employment of private teaching, managed both to keep the life in him, and prosecute his studies. It is utterly impossible to tell *how*; neither his own narrative, nor the "Biographical Portraiture" by Professor Heeren, affords us any sufficient information in regard to these particulars. All we can gather is, that he lived "in a dreary vicissitude of want," spinning out his existence from day to day, unwarmed by any ray of comfort, except the "fire that burned or smouldered unquenchably in his own bosom." It appears that his sole means were the scanty gratuities of Sebastian, and the casual and inconsiderable fees which he earned by private teaching. Sometimes perhaps he might work a little in that capacity which the Germans call "classical hodmanship"—translating and transcribing passages of Greek and Latin for the use of authors and philosophers who were somewhat "rusted" in their languages, or who could turn their talents to better account as builders than would be practicable while acting as "hodmen" for themselves. At one time he had an engagement of this sort under the once famous but now forgotten Crusius, who was then

"first professor of theology" at Leipzig—with what remuneration is not apparent. One thing we can discern with satisfaction, that in such employments as are open to him Heyne does not fail to acquit himself with credit. As a consequence, his talents and endeavours began by degrees to attract notice, and his perverse situation to excite a little sympathy; and "here and there some well-wisher had his eye on him, and stood ready to do him a service."

In this way had Heyne struggled up to manhood. Two-and-twenty years had he endured as severe hardship as happened to any man of his generation. Moreover, his difficulties were yet far from being ended. In the latter days of his college-life he had betaken himself to the study of the law, though without the slightest prospect of being able to turn it to any immediate practical account. Other branches of learning he continued meanwhile to prosecute, and indeed held himself ready to lay hold of any thing that might turn up to his advantage. While thus waiting, as it were, to catch the strings of possibility, a trifling incident occurred, something akin to that "pedantic adventure" before mentioned, which brought about important changes in his situation. Among the persons in Leipzig who had extended toward him some little measure of favour was a French preacher named Lacoste, who, dying suddenly, was by Heyne somewhat lamented; and he, as it is said, inspired by personal sorrow, composed a long Latin Epicedium on the occasion—a poem nowise intended for the press, but which certain of the deceased's hearers were so extremely pleased with as to cause it to be printed "in the finest style of typography and decoration." Now, among the students in Leipzig at that time were the respectable and respected sons of Count Brühl—prime-minister and favourite of the Elector of Saxony, and also a person of high repute for his shining patronage of literature. Brühl's sons, it is surmised, sent home to Dresden a copy of Heyne's elegantly decorated Epicedium; and the count, struck with the decorations, was pleased to express himself well contented with the poem, and to say, moreover, he should like to have the author in his service.

"A prime-minister's words," says one who has written on this matter, "are not as water spilt upon the ground, which cannot be gathered; but rather as heavenly manna, which is treasured up and eaten, not without a religious sentiment." Heyne was forthwith written to from all quarters that his fortune was made: he had but to show himself in Dresden, said his friends with one voice, and golden showers from the ministerial cornucopia would refresh him almost to saturation; for was not the count taken with him? and who in all Saxony, not excepting serene highness itself, could gainsay the count? Over-persuaded, and against his will, Heyne at length determined on the journey, for which, as an indispensable preliminary, "fifty-one *thalers*" had to be borrowed; and so, following this hopeful quest, he actually arrived at Dresden in April, 1752. Count Brühl received him with the most captivating smiles, and even assured him in words that he, Count Brühl, would take care of him. But a prime-minister has so much to take care of! Heyne danced attendance all spring and summer, happier than our Johnson, inasmuch as he had not to "blow his fingers in a cold lobby," the weather being warm; and obtained not only promises,

but useful experience of their value at courts. He was to be made a secretary, with five hundred, with four hundred, or even with three hundred thalers of income; only in the meanwhile his old stock of fifty-one had quite run out, and he had nothing to live upon."

Heyne is convinced at length that he must look about him for something more tangible than Count Brühl's promises. By good-luck he obtained some employment in his old craft of private teaching, which sustained him through the winter; but when this ceased he remained without resources. What to do he could not well conceive. In Dresden, however, there are publishers and booksellers; so Heyne goes to some of them to solicit work in authorship. He is so far fortunate as to get intrusted with a few translations; but, as the writer just quoted says, "his emoluments would scarcely furnish him with salt, not to speak of victuals." In a short time he was so far reduced as to be obliged to sell the few books he possessed; and by and by he even finds himself with only the universal canopy for the ceiling of his bedchamber. "A licentiate in divinity, one Sonntag, took pity on his houselessness, and shared a garret with him; where, as there was no unoccupied bed, Heyne slept on the floor, with a few folios for his pillow. So fared he as to lodging: in regard to board, he gathered empty peascods, and had them boiled: this was not unfrequently his only meal." The dogs of any Lazarus in any generation have fared better. However, after "incredible solicitations," Heyne at length, in the autumn of 1753, obtained—not his promised secretaryship at five or four hundred thalers, but the subordinate post of under-clerk in the Brühl Library, with one hundred thalers—a salary scarcely enough to preserve him from starvation, but which was doubtless very welcome. In this way was Heyne "taken care of" by the illustrious Count Brühl. Let young scholars think of it, and as far as mortals are concerned, depend on no one but themselves.

Heyne may be nevertheless considered as having now in some sort got to ground. After struggling long with the rough tempestuous breakers that surge above the shoals of worldly life, he is finally washed ashore—on a barren and uninhabited island—an island also wellnigh uninhabitable, and needing more than Crusoe ingenuity to yield any thing worth the gathering. Heyne, however, sets to work, and, out of such available soil as he finds in the Brühl Library, produces his first book. This was a carefully prepared edition of "Tibullus," which was printed at Leipzig in 1755—a work reported to exhibit remarkable talent, inasmuch as "the rudiments of all those excellences by which Heyne afterward became distinguished as a commentator on the classics are more or less apparent in it." To whom should the same be dedicated but to the "Illustrious Henry Count von Brühl?" So accordingly stands it on the title-page in highly imposing Latin—*Illustrissimo Domino Henrico Comiti de Brühl inscripta*. But though thus propitiated, the illustrious Brühl paid no regard to it; nor indeed did Germany at large pay much; though in another country it fell into the hands of Rhunken, by whom it was rightly estimated, and with him lay waiting, as appeared thereafter, to be "the pledge of better fortune for its author."

The profits of the "Tibullus" were not enormous, though it appears they served to cancel a few outstanding debts; and thus, with the aid of

the hundred thalers' regular income, the steam of life was languidly kept up. Unhappily for Heyne as well as others, in 1756 the very memorable Seven Years' War broke out; Frederick of Prussia advanced on Dresden, "animated with especial fury against Brühl," whose palaces and high places were accordingly ere long reduced to ashes, and, with other wreck and devastation, there was an end of "seventy thousand splendid volumes." Heyne, it seems, had been engaged in studying Epictetus, and publishing an edition of his "Enchiridion;" from which work his biographer Heeren affirms "his great soul had acquired much stoical nourishment." Heyne had evidently need of all the support Epictetus could yield him, for now he was again cast homeless on the world. By translating pamphlets, writing articles for newspapers, and by other such journeywork of authorship as happened to turn up, he contrived, though narrowly, to elude starvation, and save the authorities of Dresden the expense of a parish coffin. At a time when he was desperately "hard up," the poet Rubener, with whom he had some slight acquaintance, came to him with the offer of a tutorship, which Heyne, knowing the penalty, dared not at the moment do otherwise than accept. Tutorships he habitually abominated; but Want, like Death, regards no man's scruples or conveniences.

The tutorship did not prove so bad as he expected. Indeed, we come now upon a little "cypress-and-myrtle oasis" of romance—a thing one could scarcely have calculated on in so hard and stony a history as Heyne's. He was engaged to teach the son of a Herr von Schönberg; and on entering the Schönberg house, he says he was "ushered into a room where sat several ladies engaged, with gay youthful sportiveness, in friendly confidential talk. Frau von Schönberg, but lately married, yet at this time distant from her husband, was preparing for a journey to him at Prague, where his business detained him. On her brow still beamed the pure innocence of youth; in her eyes you saw a glad soft vernal sky; a smiling, loving complaisance accompanied her discourse. This, too, seemed one of those souls clear and uncontaminated as they come from the hands of their Maker. By reason of her brother, in her tender love of him, I must have been to her no unimportant guest. Beside her stood a young lady, dignified in aspect, of fair, slender shape, not regular in feature, yet soul in every glance. Her words, her looks, her every movement impressed you with respect: another sort of respect than what is paid to rank and birth. Good sense, good feeling, disclosed itself in all she did. You forgot that more beauty, more softness might have been demanded; you felt yourself under the influence of something noble, something stately and earnest, something decisive that lay in her look, in her gestures, not less attracted to her than compelled to reverence her."

This latter lady bore the name of Theresa Weiss; she was the orphan daughter of some musical professor, and was present here as the humble companion, having formerly been the schoolmate, of the Frau von Schönberg, whose young brother the destinies had assigned to Heyne for a pupil. The first sight of Theresa seems only to have inspired him with esteem. "What I noticed most," says he, "were the efforts she made to relieve my embarrassment, the fruit of my down-bent pride, and to keep me, a stranger, entering among familiar acquaintances, in easy conversation. Her good heart reminded her how much the unfortunate require encouragement,

especially when placed, as I was, among those to whose protection he must look up. Thus was my first kindness for her awakened by that good-heartedness which made her among thousands a beneficent angel."

In a few days Heyne commenced his duties, and saw the esteemed Theresa no more till the next spring, she having accompanied the Frau von Schönberg in her journey to Prague. With the pleasant breath and goodly verdure of the month of May, he had, however, the pleasure of enjoying some days in her society, in agreeable country quarters at Änsdorf, whither he had been invited to follow the family with his pupil. This is perhaps the most delicious season in the whole of Heyne's life. Though nowise a poetical man, he almost rises into poetry when reproducing it from memory. "The society of two cultivated women," says he, "who were of the noblest of their sex, and the desire to acquire their esteem, contributed to form my own character. Nature and religion were the objects of my daily contemplation; I began to act and live on principles of which till now I had never thought; these, too, formed the subject of our constant conversation. The loveliness of nature and the charms of solitude exalted our feelings to a pious and absorbing ecstasy."

Heyne informs us further that Theresa discovered, sooner than he, that her friendship for him was growing into a passion. Does he mean to insinuate that Theresa first acknowledged her susceptibility? If she did, there were doubtless reasons for it: Heyne was a slow man, remarkably unexcitable, and needing, like a flint, to be struck before he could exhibit fire. He seems to have been a man of almost preternatural bashfulness. He may have found it difficult to receive the notion that any interesting woman would ever love him. There are some rare examples of men of this description. And what if the amiable Theresa could perceive all this, and with a womanly compassion, take it upon her to smooth the way, and by some very gentle hint, given at the right time, indicate her tender inclinations? Let none condemn Theresa, should such turn out to be the fact. But it is hardly likely to be ascertained now whether or not it ~~was~~ the fact. It may suffice for us to know that, in one way or another, Heyne and Theresa were led to consider themselves as lovers. Glad hours of a most exquisite communion were for a while their portion, and then fate cast them wide asunder; and the gulf of distance and of difficulty between them was but slenderly bridged over by an enthusiastic and melancholy correspondence.

Heyne accompanied his pupil to the university of Wittenberg, where he remained for about a year, studying meanwhile, for his own behoof, in philosophy and German history; but at the end of that time the Prussian cannon demolished the university, and sent the students to seek accommodation in other places. The young Schönberg went subsequently to Erlangen, and Heyne was left in Dresden without employment. Theresa was living in his neighbourhood, and is supposed to have rendered him several lover's kindnesses. "Twice," says he, "I received letters from an unknown hand containing money, which greatly alleviated my difficulties." Who sent them, think you, but Theresa? However, as the cannonading became warmer, she was compelled to take to flight, having first confided her little property to Heyne's charge. Resourceless persons must necessarily stand the brunt of popular calamities, and it was accordingly Heyne's

lot to abide the issue of the Prussian siege. On the 18th of July, 1760, the bombardment of Dresden began. "I passed several nights," says Heyne, "in company with others, in a tavern, and the days in my room; so that I could hear the balls from the battery, as they flew through the streets, whizzing past my windows. An indifference to danger and to life took such possession of me, that on the last morning of the siege I went early to bed, and amid the frightfullest crashing of bombs and grenades, fell fast asleep of fatigue, and lay sound till midday. On awakening, I huddled on my clothes, and ran down-stairs, but found the whole house deserted. I had returned to my room, considering what I was to do, whither, at all events, I was to take my chest, when, with a tremendous crash, a bomb came down in the court of the house; did not, indeed, set fire to it, but on all sides shattered every thing to pieces. The thought that where one bomb fell more would soon follow gave me wings; I darted down-stairs, found the house-door locked, ran to and fro; at last got entrance into one of the under rooms, and sprang through the window into the street." There was evidently no time to lose if he meant to escape destruction. The next morning he was allowed, with other fugitives, to pass out of the city, and found himself at large in the open country with not a *groshen* of money, or any particle of property except a cloak which he had caught up from a tavern.

The thought soon struck him, Whither bound? It seemed that the best thing that he could do was to take the road to Änsdorf, where Theresa and her friend were then staying. They on his arrival received him warmly. He was not favoured, however, with any pressing invitation to remain; for, as he appeared in the character of an altogether destitute man, the family entertained him coolly. In a few days he took his leave; the excellent Theresa being unspeakably distressed by the shabby treatment he received, in which, we are glad to find it said, the noble lady Frau Schönberg had no participation. Spurning at destiny, and hardening his heart, Heyne now roved reckless about the country, and with the earliest opportunity returned to Dresden. He thought there might be just a possibility that his lodging had been saved. "With heavy heart I entered the city, hastened to the place where I had lived, and found—a heap of ashes!"

Heyne took up his quarters in the vacant and dilapidated rooms of the Brühl Library. These for a while he had liberty to occupy rent-free, but with the utmost scarcity of rations. For many months his condition was extremely destitute and unsettled—wars and penury tossing him hither and thither like a ball. To increase his troubles, in the course of the winter the good Theresa, who had returned to Dresden, fell violently sick, and was given up by the physicians as beyond recovery; she even received "extreme unction," according to the rites of the Romish church, (being a member of that community;) and for some hours was actually considered to be dead. Dead, however, she was not, but became gradually restored to sense and convalescence. Moreover, with her returning strength, she gave intimations of a desire to renounce the Catholic faith, and to become publicly a Protestant. The difference of their religious views had long been a matter of anxiety between Heyne and herself, and she now thought she could see sufficient reasons for conforming to his creed. All

the representations that were made to her of the conventional disgrace and estrangement of her friends that would ensue were of no avail in diverting her from her purpose; and accordingly, after a public renunciation of her former faith, she was received as a convert to the Church of the Reformation. She had not the slightest expectation at this time of ever being united to Heyne upon earth; but she trusted that a common creed might unite them in a kindred destiny in another world. Indeed, Heyne himself had at this time fallen ill, and it was only through her nursing and attention that he escaped narrowly with his life. The circumstances of both were now alike cheerless and distracted. Theresa's change of faith had caused her to be forsaken by most of her acquaintances, and her little property had been destroyed in the late calamitous bombardment. In all the wide world she had no true friend but Heyne. He saw that, with a noble courage, she bore up bravely under the consequences which conscience had commanded her to incur, and that even extremest poverty could not compel her beautiful and gentle head to bend or swerve from its serene steadfastness; and so, moved by the influences of love and duty, he said to her, "Come to me, thou dear one, and let us link our hopeless fates in unison; and if not otherwise, yet in our united helplessness we will be as one: where I dwell thou shalt dwell, and whatsoever of fortune or mischance may be in store for us, we will meekly share together." This was a determination which could not but expose him to the universal censure of the "prudent;" yet under the circumstances, it was unquestionably commendable, and Heyne had never any reason to regret it. They were married at Aensdorf on the 4th of June, 1761. Theresa proved a noble wife to him, and, with the ornaments that sprang out of her fine affection, adorned and beautified his destiny.

As to the vulgar necessities of life, they were in some sort realized by Heyne's occasional labours for the booksellers. The clouds and disturbances of war began gradually to clear away, and the hospitalities of friends contributed to eke out the insufficiencies of the still poorly furnished household. For a while Heyne seems to have been engaged as a sort of factor, or overseer of general affairs, under a certain Herr von Löben, who was a kind friend to him, and left him in possession of his country-house when he himself was driven from it by alarms of war; in which capacity Heyne says he gained some little notion of "land economy;" and Heeren records that he had, among other concerns, to superintend "a candle manufactory." While here, an incident occurred which favourably illustrates the character of Theresa. "Soon after the departure of the family, there came upon us an irruption of Cossacks—disguised Prussians, as we subsequently learned—who, after drinking to intoxication in the cellars, set about plundering. Pursued by them, I ran up-stairs, and no door being open but that of the room where my wife was with her infant, I rushed into it. She arose courageously, and placed herself, with the child on her arm, at the door against the robbers. This courage saved me, and also the treasure which lay hidden in the chamber." One almost regrets that Heyne should have condescended to save his life by an undignified retreat behind such frail bastion-works as petticoats; yet it is beautiful to see that even bloody-purposed Cossacks, or "disguised Prussians," have a certain inextinguishable reverence for the courageous defencelessness of a woman, standing at

their mercy, with her infant at her bosom. Surely human nature, in its lowest and worst forms, is never utterly diabolical!

Shortly after this, there arose for Heyne the dawn of better circumstances. Long and weary are the nights, gloomy and cheerless, too, the days of our protracted northern winter; but yet the spring comes in at last, even though it be sometimes rather late in summer: so to honesty and faithfulness, and a manful endeavouring to "realize our aspirations," there commonly succeeds some intelligible success; and that "tide" which is in the affairs of men being taken at the full, leads on, if not to "fortune," to at least some practical satisfaction and contentment. "On our return to Dresden," says Heyne, "I learned that inquiries had been made after me from Hanover." Now what can such unwonted Hanoverian curiosity signify. Heyne is for some time left to guess, but has no gift for guessing right. Nevertheless, the singular enigma is by and by unriddled. Heyne learns that Professor Gessner, of the university of Göttingen, has lately been translated from this sublunary life; and therefore a successor was required to occupy his vacant chair of "Eloquence." The prime minister of Hanover, in whom the patronage was vested, had written to Ernesti for advice; and Ernesti, knowing no proper man in Germany, recommended Rhunken of Leyden as a highly desirable person, could he only be prevailed on to take the post. Rhunken declined to leave his country, but ventured to propose a man whose qualifications he deemed worthy of consideration. "Why," said he, "do you seek out of Germany what Germany itself offers you? Why not, for Gessner's successor, take Christian Gottlob Heyne, that true pupil of Ernesti, and man of excellent talent, who has shown how much he knows of Latin literature by his 'Tibullus,' and of Greek by his 'Epictetus?' In my opinion, Heyne is the only one that can replace your Gessner. Nor let any one tell me that Heyne's fame is not sufficiently illustrious and extended. Believe me, there is in this man such a richness of genius and learning, that before long all Europe will ring with his praises." Rhunken knew nothing of Heyne otherwise than by his writings; nevertheless, his generous and boldly spoken verdict was accepted. Heyne was sought after, and with difficulty discovered; the appointment was conferred on him; and in June, 1763, he became finally settled in Göttingen, with an "official income of eight hundred thalers," which subsequently, by various additions, was increased to twelve hundred—a sum, indeed, nowise very considerable, but yet quite sufficient for the needs of a modest and unambitious man of learning like our Heyne, who does not appear to have conceived it to be any part of the scholar's object to be rich, or that the glory of his life consists in living sumptuously.

This, then, is the culmination of Heyne's personal history. He has reached the position for which nature seems to have intended him. What greater blessedness can happen to any man in life? Henceforth his existence is as quiet and fertile in activity as it had previously been desolate and distracted. He lived with little interruption for many years, "in the quiet and still air of delightful studies." He became an incarnation, or walking library of profound learning. Though several times solicited to accept appointments of higher distinction and importance, he never quitted

Göttingen; but with a steady devotion to the institution which first afforded scope for his diligence and abilities, and furnished him with the comforts of a settled and honourable position, he remained calmly and contentedly connected with it throughout his life. With the punctuality of the sun he arose each day to renewed intellectual exertion, working sedulously in his vocation as a teacher, and continually adding new and important acquisitions to his treasury of personal knowledge. With unresting diligence he reads and examines into all manner of ancient records, difficult manuscripts, ponderous tomes of accumulated lore and rubbish, and, with a keen and ready discrimination, draws from them, for his uses, whatever essence of true and serviceable learning they may contain. Thus hiving knowledge with each studious year, he grows gradually and progressively in influence and consideration with his contemporaries; fails not to be honoured with the reverence and esteem of the learned and the studious both at home and in foreign countries; and even eventually attains to that position of eminence and reputation which Rhunken predicted for him, and is recognised as being, in his own peculiar domain of intelligence and research, unsurpassed, and even without an equal, in Europe.

Heyne, moreover, as a stationed and accredited professor, has now become a person of some civic consequence and elevation. He has a fixed and reputable household, respectable comings in, charges and relations of a civic and public character, audiences with the learned, interests and vanities to adjust and regulate, Burschen irregularities to admonish and restrain, and, upon the whole, a very considerable multiplicity of affairs to superintend and keep in order. He seems to correspond with the poles and the equator—writing “letters by the hundred to all parts of the world, and on all conceivable subjects;” he teaches three classes daily in his college; appoints and recommends professors; superintends a multitude of public schools; has under his inspection for a number of years the very *freytische*, or free tables of the university, settling the bills of cooks, and being the authorized purveyor of “commons,” or recognised students’ provider; and is, besides, a kind of general administrator of things in ordinary within the entire collegiate jurisdiction. Yet amid all this diversity of labour he is constantly pursuing some private and independent study; he collates and edits, with elaborate annotations, and publishes in a variety of forms, and in manifold editions, many of the most estimable and illustrious masterpieces of ancient literature; writes endless reviews and learned disquisitions, essays, eulogies, verses, and translations, until at length the works of his single head are almost numerous enough to fill the rooms of a public library. Nor are they mere indigested accumulations of learned lumber, not classical pumicestone or indiscriminate “shot rubbish”—cartloads of ashes, with a sprinkling of pearls and diamonds—not even rugged ore, like the uncoined hills of California; but, as one has said, “regularly smelted metal, for the most part exhibiting the essence, and only the essence, of very great research, and enlightened by a philosophy which, if it does not always wisely order its results, has looked far and deeply in collecting them.” Of the most important works to which this estimate applies, some brief account shall by and by be rendered.

In his domestic relations Heyne must be reckoned as being upon the whole favourably circumstanced. The good Theresa, though of a melan-

choly temperament, and of a somewhat irritable susceptibility, was nevertheless an amiable and gentle wife to him. Patient and enduring in adversity, she had also the qualities which failed not to grace and beautify the home of his prosperity. Children, too, sprang up about their knees to share their love, and to unite them more intimately in the bonds of life; and though some of them died early, making the house to appear vacant which had formerly been rendered cheerful by their presence, yet none of these bereavements left them utterly disconsolate; but out of the pious sorrow engendered by their loss there sprang up graceful and enduring tendernesses, which reconciled the mourners to their fate. Thus amid light and shadow, and the alternations of gladness and distress, the days of their pilgrimage went on in a calm and not ungenial equanimity.

And so the years spin round, until 1775, when the excellent Theresa was called away—away utterly from this land of change, and from sickness which she had suffered long, to another wondrous state of being, where change and sickness shall be no more. Now shall the eyes that have seldom wept shed tears: now shall the pangs that are “beyond the pitch of human feeling” pierce into the soul which, under all calamities hitherto, has borne itself as with the calmness and indifference of adamant. In deep grief, in speechless agony and anguish, he bends over the form of his beloved with a yearning that is unutterable; and it is as though his desolate affections were driven forth in banishment into boundless loneliness for ever. All life and nature are painfully transfigured by his sorrow; the whole earth seems wrapt in sadness, and the star-lighted heavens look dim and immeasurably remote. And as they bore her away to the “still dwelling” whose doors may never more be opened, it seemed as if the closing of those awful portals had everlastingly extinguished the presence of hope and love from out the world. “There,” said he, “reposes what is left of the dearest that Heaven gave me;” there, in still unconscious slumber, in silent dreamlessness for ever, she sleeps the sleep from which there is no awakening; among the dust and the perishing shapes of her four children, that went before her to that resting-place, she is gathered in the prime and beauty of her days. To him who stands there, beckoning his sorrowing farewells over the chasm that yawns between eternity and time, and in recognition whereof no sign is rendered—to him it now appears, while contemplating that almost perfect love with which the dead had blessed him, that it was indeed “the strongest and the truest that ever inspired the heart of woman”—a love which made him many a time the happiest of mortals, though it was withal to him the “fountain of a thousand distresses, inquietudes, and cares.” He remembers that when tears flowed over their cheeks there was sometimes a nameless and yet exquisite delight streaming through his consciousness—a rushing and gracious unison of the currents of joy and sorrow, more sweet, more blessed than any ordinary gladness. And thus it even cheers him to reflect that he shall come one day to rest beside her—“rest from all the carking care, from all the griefs which so often have embittered to him the enjoyment of his life.”

But apart from these or any kindred consolations, it was not in Heyne's nature to brood long over any sorrow. To persist in lamenting the inevitable is at once contrary to philosophy and religion, and is a hindrance to the right accomplishment of the remaining tasks of life. Accordingly,

Heyne, in conformity with an established plan of his, shortly began to reckon up his several grounds of sorrow, and having fairly written them down on paper, he next wrote over against them his "grounds of consolation;" and on contrasting them, and striking a balance of the account, he appears to have been satisfied that he had still much to be contented with. "So," he piously concludes, "for all these sorrows too, and these trials, do I thank thee, O God! And now I will again turn me with undivided purpose to my duty; and thou, my glorified and buried friend, dost even smile on me with approval!" And thus, from the valley of the shadow of death, the scholar and philosopher comes forth again to participate in the light and active interests of the living.

From the sublime to the ridiculous there is often but a step, and here we have the saying once more verified. In less than twelve months after the good Theresa's funeral, Heyne became actually entangled in another courtship! Oh that there were some despotic ukase in operation, to defend elderly and middle-aged gentlemen from making fools of themselves! The match appears to have been brought about in this wise: Some time in the summer of 1776, the Hanoverian court physician, Zimmerman, who is popularly known by a meditative work on "Solitude," was spending some months in company with one Reich, a Leipzig bookseller, at the Pyrmont Baths. There also came Brandes, the Hanoverian minister of instruction for the time; and with him he brought a daughter, at present unmarried, but to all appearance highly marriageable. On her did Zimmerman and Reich cast sympathizing looks, and putting their sensible heads together, concerted a scheme to provide her with a husband. Heyne was but little known to Zimmerman, yet the latter was impressed with the conceit, that it would be rendering him a service to find another wife for him. The author of "Solitude" accordingly ventured to consult him, to point out the desirableness of such a mate as was this interesting daughter of the minister, and to offer the aid of himself and other friends to bring matters to a pleasant issue, without giving Heyne any particular trouble in the affair. An agreeable wife, if procurable on such easy terms, Heyne could not find it in him to reject. He, however, comported himself with the most philosophical indifference, transacted the greater portion of his courtship at second-hand, and was indeed in all respects as compliant to the plans and wishes of his friends as might be any respectable and commonplace inheritor of royal blood, whose marriage is an affair of international diplomacy. The damsel, too, was of an extremely accommodating temper, having neither preferences nor dislikes, but being dutifully disposed to be guided in a matter so important by the more experienced sense and practised judgment of her father. The father, on his part, was every thing that could be desired by the suitor; and thus it came to pass that Heyne was enabled to take home to him, on the 9th of April, 1777, a second and very interesting bride, won for him with less perplexity than many a town or country damsel may have experienced in selecting a bunch of artificial flowers, or a ribbon for her Sunday bonnet.

Here was a fortunate event in Heyne's life brought about very foolishly. The majority of chances was obviously against such a match turning out well; but the odd chance, by lucky accident, was hit, and it turned out

admirably. This second wife is said to have proved herself in all respects a true and worthy one. She was a most cheerful and meet companion for her husband; kept his house in the most admirable order; managed and brought up her children, and those of the deceased Theresa, like a genuine and faithful mother; and loved and assiduously assisted Heyne in many of the concerns which he undertook. Her love was *quieter*, and apparently less romantic, than that of her predecessor, and probably, to such a man as our professor, it was therefore considerably more suitable; for Heyne, throughout his life, was rather a solid than a brilliant man; and his affections, though firm and unwavering as a rock, were little accustomed to display themselves in fanciful exertions. Altogether, as we have said, Heyne may be reasonably considered as having been more than ordinarily fortunate in his personal relations.

In his public capacity also nearly all things went favourably with him. As the years proceed, he rises by degrees to be both in name and office the chief man of his establishment. "His character stood high with the learned of all countries; and the best fruits of external reputation—increased respect in his own circle—was not denied to him." Besides his claims to distinction as a teacher and a scholar, Heeren represents him as being an expert negotiator and active man of business—modes of activity for which it seems Heyne himself considered his talents to be peculiarly fitted. In proof and illustration of this notion, the ingenious biographer furnishes considerable details of our professor's procedure in managing the secular concerns of his university—a procedure involving almost infinite *finesse*, and an extremely complicated correspondence with the state-appointed ministers who, from time to time, presided over the educational department. Be all this as it may, it is clearly evident that Heyne everywhere inspired confidence in his capabilities and integrity, everywhere was honoured with the consideration and esteem of his contemporaries. In Göttingen, where he was best known, he was an object of general reverence, and appears to have been regarded by the inhabitants as a sort of incarnation of all learning. He rendered many a good service to the worthy burghers, and on one occasion more especially delighted them by reorganizing their respected gymnasium, or town school. A further and even more important benefit Heyne was also privileged to perform for them, in the troublesome and dangerous period when Napoleon was subjugating the continent under his splendid usurpation. Heyne was now in his old age, and nothing was so desirable to him as quiet. He in his time had seen the horrors of sacked cities, and he felt that it now behoved him to do his utmost to divert the possibility of such evils from the worthy people among whom he lived. Accordingly, in the belief perhaps that Napoleon was intrinsically a humane man, Heyne made a modest and deferential application to him, soliciting protection (should it please him) for the Göttingen university and its libraries; and even succeeded in obtaining not only protection for the university, but also immunity from hostile invasion for the whole surrounding district. Thus we may perceive that sometimes an old and prudent man may be the deliverer of a city. It is even said, that as matters actually turned out, Göttingen was rather a gainer than a sufferer by the war, inasmuch as under Jerome of Westphalia all benefices were paid with the greatest punctuality, and even mani-

fold improvements were effected in the university's affairs; among which may be mentioned, as considerably the most important, a new and handsome extension of the buildings of the library, erected at the special cost of government.

The interest of Heyne's life is now pretty well exhausted. For some pages past it has had a tendency to flag. Readers are naturally indifferent about the details of prosperity. It is only with the *struggle* of the hero, and not with his repose or the quiet industry which follows victory, that they care to be concerned. Nobody minded Washington after he took to planting cabbages. When you can sit under your own vine, and eat of your own fig-tree, the interest of mankind is ended in respect to your proceedings. It is the penalty which a man pays for his success, that his history thenceforth dwindles into commonplace. So at least it is with all such men as Heyne. Barren of incident, fruitful only in inward progress, in regular uninterrupted industry, embodied in a long series of literary productions, his life for many years seems to have been little other than a succession of studious and quiet days, any one of which would be a fit and almost perfect representative of the rest.

In personal character and outward bearing, Heyne appears to have been a kindly and worthy man. Among his townsmen and fellow-collegians, as we have noted, he was held in the highest veneration. In all his relations he is acknowledged to have been just, generously considerate, friendly, and compassionately disposed. He lived in great simplicity, and delighted in all simple and unostentatious pleasures. Had you been passing through Göttingen any time at the beginning of the present century, you might probably have seen him in his garden, moving about with a pair of scissors, trimming the numerous rose-bushes in which his house was pleasantly embowered. He had a love for roses which almost amounted to a passion, and always in the season he kept a large bouquet of them in water upon his desk. Such a delight in the sight and scent of natural beauty would surely be indicative of a gentle heart. That he was really possessed of one, there are even more decided evidences. Though in external appearance he was the grave and methodical professor—the stiff, almost pedantic-seeming commentator, and to an undiscerning eye scarcely any thing besides; yet under his cold, learned, rock-like exterior there were wells of native pity, which were really never dry, but, as occasion called, would gush forth in deeds of kindness and sympathy. His own early difficulties and distresses never left his memory. What was better still, when similar distresses were made known to him, he never failed to render something of the encouragement and help which they demanded. Not many authenticated stories of the kind can be positively related, for it is understood that all his charities of this sort were managed according to the divine rule, which recommends that the left hand shall not know what the right hand doeth. It quite contented Heyne to *do* the good—if possible, to do it furtively and with as little semblance of *charity* as was practicable—leaving it quietly behind him when it was done, and going on his way, as the winds pass when they have scattered the seeds which will some day replenish and repair the forest.

Heeren relates that Heyne had great fondness for the charms of natural scenery. He delighted in the fields and skies, and would lie for hours

reading on the grass. His endless communion with books, such as were nowise calculated to entertain the imagination, had not materially impaired in him one of the finest and most ethereal of human feelings. His love of nature, however, is not to be understood as being particularly fastidious or sentimental. There is nothing of the "view-hunter" in the man: no sickly yearning for the picturesque; but he has the quiet, healthful taste which finds beauty in almost every object—in common hedgerows and pasture-lands, and the humblest flowers that adorn the waysides and the heaths. He cannot affect raptures, nor deliberately indite sonnets to fountains or the moon; but wherever the beautiful shines along his path, he has the sense which can discern, and accept it with satisfaction.

In his intercourse with friends or strangers, of whom many hundreds visited him, Heyne is represented to have been uniformly courteous. In social conversation his urbanity and politeness were perhaps sometimes excessive, though he is reported to have had a habit of "yawning" when he came in contact with persons who talked largely without saying any thing to the purpose. It is therefore evident he was but indifferently qualified to prosper in polite society. He appears, however, to have been well received among the magnates and quality of Göttingen. As evidences of the consideration paid to him, we may mention, that in the latter years of his life the magistracy exempted him, by special act, from all public assessments; and in 1809, when he was eighty years of age, the public boards and learned faculties came together in procession to congratulate him on his birthday; students assembled to do him reverence, and young ladies sent him garlands; and for that day old Göttingen was a place of perfect jubilee; and as far as such things could delight him, the good Heyne had a sufficiency of happiness and honour.

Not the least part of his good fortune must be reckoned the circumstance that he lived to complete all his cherished undertakings. In the month of April, 1812, he saw the last volume of his works in print, and is said to have expressed great thankfulness that he had been permitted to perform so much. He was too old now to think of entering upon other projects. What remained to him of life he was content to spend in a quiet and contemplative waiting for the end. And the end came gently, and like a sleep, or as the falling of ripened fruit in the stillness of the autumn. The 11th of July, of this same 1812, was a day of public and popular interest in Göttingen—some anniversary, or other celebration connected with the Royal Society of that city—on which occasion Heyne, as one of the celebrities belonging to it, is reported to have spoken largely, and with more than ordinary vivacity and clearness. The next day, Heeren says he saw him for the last time. It was Sunday evening, and the old man was resting in his chair, very evidently exhausted by the fatigue of yesterday. However, on the Monday morning "he once more entered his class-room, and held his Seminarium." Afterward, "in the afternoon, he prepared his letters, domestic as well as foreign," sealed them with all neatness, save one, which was written in Latin, to Professor Thorlacius at Copenhagen, and which Heeren found open, though finished, on the writer's desk. At supper, being alone with his elder daughter, he conversed cheerfully, and at his usual time retired to his bedroom. In the night, the servant-girl, who slept under his apartment, heard him walking up and down—a prac-

tice to which he was so much addicted when he could not sleep. Subsequently he went to bed again, and shortly after five in the morning he rose as usual. When the girl inquired how he had been in the night, he replied to her in a strain of jocularly, and seemed in moderately good spirits. She left him to prepare his coffee; and returning with it about a quarter of an hour afterward, she found him fallen down before his washing-stand. His hands being still wet, it appeared that death had overtaken him while washing. His medical attendant was hastily called in, but Heyne was gone whither no skill could call him back. Thus in the eighty-third year of an honourable old age, he died a painless and peaceful death, like the last of winter nights falling softly into the mild embraces of the spring.

Heyne was buried with appropriate solemnities—with pomps and imposing ceremonials such as were deemed fitting for one of his public and dignified position. Neither was there wanting an emphatic recognition of his merits as a man who had risen from obscurity into notable eminence among the learned. It is written that at Chemnitz, where he was born and nurtured in deep poverty, a grand company of the illustrious and respectable of the land was drawn together, and assembled under the constituted authorities of the place, to celebrate his memory. On this magnificent occasion, the old school album, in which the little starveling boy had inscribed his name, was produced and exhibited for the admiration of the visitors, many hundreds of whom went afterward to see the poor dilapidated cottage wherein Heyne's father had once weaved, and he himself had cultivated the rudiments of learning in the lowest stages of his fortune. Then there was a wondrous display of oratory; high-flown speeches were delivered and reported; grandiloquent eulogiums lavished without measure; loud plaudits of astonishment and silly wonder; till the whole jubilation was at length ended through sheer exhaustion and debility of the articulative organs. Oh, this canting affectation, which is so eager to honour the talent that has been already honoured!—this hollow reverberating applausiveness, which delights in sounding forth its empty gratulations among the tombs and forsaken habitations of them that have been distinguished! would that it could cease, and leave the memories of modest men at rest! For how many, think you, out of that respectable multitude, had penetration enough to have discerned any merit in such a man as Heyne while he slept bedless in Sonntag's garret with folios for his pillow, and dined grimly in the twilight on a dish of peascods without sauce? Perhaps it is difficult to honour a man at all in any popular and public fashion apart from his position; but it is obvious that all such honouring as this is but a conventional and ceremonial triviality. Heyne's proper honour is that which is paid to him by the conscious or unconscious admiration of men of his own class—by the scholars and the students who perceive and can appreciate the services he performed in the way of facilitating the study of ancient literature. This is the only honour which could have any meaning for Heyne, or for any other person of the like acquisitions and endowments.

In looking over the life and performances of Heyne, the first thing which strikes us is the man's amazing diligence. The quantity of work which he performed is almost sufficient to justify Hazlitt's assertion, that human life

is long enough to crowd into it all the arts and sciences. A very brief notice of his most important labours, without any attempt to estimate their individual excellences or deficiencies, is all that can be rendered in the present pages:—

The first editions of his “*Tibullus*” and “*Epictetus*” have been already mentioned. These were Heyne’s achievements while he was still under probation, and, as the reader has seen, were prepared in the midst of circumstances in the highest degree unfavourable for such pursuits. The “*Tibullus*” was subsequently republished in two other editions, each time with large extensions and improvements; and the “*Epictetus*” also went through a second edition, with similar emendations. Among Heyne’s further labours there are not less than six separate editions of “*Virgil*,” published in various forms at different times, from 1767 to 1803; next we have two editions of “*Pliny*,” one in 1790, and the other in 1811; then there are two editions of “*Appollodorus*,” which appeared respectively in 1787 and 1803; three editions of “*Pindar*,” published successively in 1774, 1797, and 1798, the last very considerably enlarged; “*Conon and Parthenius*” in 1798; and lastly, an elaborate edition of “*Homer*,” in eight volumes, 1802; and a second, contracted edition in two volumes, 1804.

In addition to the above, which could have been produced only by means of immense labour and research, we have a countless medley of translations from all languages; among which, as being a work of no inconsiderable extent, may be mentioned an improved version of Guthrie and Gray’s “*Universal History*.” There are, besides, about a dozen goodly volumes of miscellaneous essays, treating of all imaginable subjects; six volumes of which are also known in a separate shape, under the title of “*Opuscula*,” and are said to contain some highly valuable writings. Finally, it appears, according to Heeren’s computation, that Heyne was the author of between seven and eight thousand reviews of books!—an astonishing feat of authorship, had he even never produced a line in any other department of human literature.

Any one will admit that here surely is an author first-rate in point of *quantity*. Were it possible to think and write, as well as print, by steam-machinery, one could scarcely calculate upon a literary engine, of average practicable power, being brought to the capability of producing more. Indeed, Heyne seems to have been in great part a sort of animated classical machine—though we believe it must be admitted that he was a machine invested with a faculty of rational discrimination and discernment. If he works after the manner of a machine, there is nevertheless a human head active enough in directing the wheels. Still, in such a mass of writings as he has left, it is hardly to be expected that elegance or nicety of composition should be a very prevailing feature. Heyne, we believe, is considered by his own countrymen as a very indifferent writer of the German tongue. His object, indeed, had no respect to excellence in this particular. His Latin style, which is his commonest medium of expression in his learned works, is of that sort which is esteemed well enough for a commentator, but is utterly without pretensions to literary grace.

The value of Heyne’s writings is altogether apart from style: it lies in his deep research, in his powers as an interpreter, in his keen-eyed skill in exposition and emendation—whereby the real qualities of classical literature

become intelligibly apparent, to an extent not before attainable by its students. In Germany—and indeed now for a long time in Europe generally—Heyne is regarded as the founder of a new epoch in classical investigations. He is esteemed as the first eminent scholar “who with any decisiveness attempted to translate fairly beyond the letter of the classics; to read in the writings of the ancients, not their language only, or even their detached records and opinions, but their very spirit and character, their way of life and thought;” how, in short, the world and human life were represented to the minds of men in the olden foregone ages, and what manner of living and acting persons the Greeks and Romans really were. By his minute inquiries into antiquity, more especially as regards its politics and mythology, Heyne is believed to have opened a shaft into some of the most important mysteries of ancient times. Since his day this has been extended by other diligent labourers into a wide and productive mine, so that now the state of classical learning is advanced far beyond the point at which Heyne left it. Yet as the originator, in great part, of a new method of interpretation, his merits are unquestionable, and even sufficient to justify the exalted praises which have been universally awarded to him on their account.

While, however, his distinction as a commentator is thus considerable, he cannot properly be regarded intellectually as a great, or even perfectly accomplished man. He remains to us little other than a painstaking plodding commentator after all; excellent in this department, but indifferently endowed with the gifts which could entitle him to a loftier reputation. Great perspicuity of exposition, and unwearied diligence in prosecuting his learned investigations to serviceable results, are perhaps to be reckoned as his principal characteristics; to any important clearness or superior polish of thought or of expression, to any philosophical order, or artistic classical adjustment, it is not commonly believed that he has any just pretension. Nay, it is even said that he is not unfrequently involved in “tortuous verbosity,” akin to the defects of the old-school commentators, whom his foremost admirers are apt to boast that he displaced. Writing from long habit in a dead language, he may probably be pardoned for sometimes writing heavily; yet there are judges in these matters who are not scrupulous in asserting that Heyne’s learned harness became at length the most imposing portion of the man, and that, like Don Quixote, he could not go abroad on the most frivolous adventure without the pedantry of encasing himself in this awkward and fantastic armour. There is undoubtedly a possibility that a man may be too “learned.” The growth of all extraneous encasements is apt to be prejudicial to the living power that inhabits them: naturalists and fishermen can tell you that a redundancy of shell is to the detriment of the oyster. Heyne perhaps grew to be a somewhat too exclusive impersonation of the university professor, seems to have been stereotyped into a “learned man” from a comparatively early period of his career, and to have taken his estimate of men and things too generally from the appearances they presented through a pair of college-tinted spectacles.

Under the moral manifestation, Heyne seems likewise to have exhibited something of this pedant-like contractedness. It has been said that there was in his manner a certain hardness, and even apparent insensibility,

verging toward repulsiveness, which was nevertheless no portion of his intrinsic character. The grave professorial habit was so ingrained in him, that he passed for a man of less kindliness and less enthusiasm than he really was. Among the warmer sort of religious people he was scarcely considered to be religious; yet we suppose that would nowise be the opinion of any discerning reader who has looked into his autobiography, or seen his deportment under circumstances of calamity. Cold and insensible as he looked, all who have followed us through the several revolutions of his history will not have failed to observe beautiful underlying streams of tenderness and affection which, at the call of strong occasions, would well upward in fountains of pure and gentle feeling. He has throughout a quiet and steady confidence in the justness and perfect wisdom of the providential oversight, in the everlasting goodness of the Divine appointments and conditions. Only in his way of signifying his sense of these he displays an awkwardness and reserve which seem to indicate an insensitive disposition. There is a want of heartiness and earnestness in his demeanour which is calculated to excite suspicion that he is devoid of generous and earnest qualities. But there are indeed no grounds for such suspicion. The imperfection is but a consequence of incomplete development, of the damaging influences of his circumstances and peculiar employments. The thick atmosphere of learned mannerism in which he works and lives is too dense to admit of the undistorted shining of his modest virtue. The man is a good man enough, but he has no capacity for letting his light shine cheerfully and profitably among other men. He is so encumbered with learned casings, as to be almost in the condition of that singular garment which the "Tale of the Tub" makes mention of, and which had, in the progress of refinement, become so overladen with extraneous ornament, as to give rise to a controversy respecting the original colour of the cloth.

After all deductions, however, Heyne is well entitled to respect as a highly able and meritorious man. He lived through that which to many would have been death or moral ruin. His life, upon the whole, is a noble spectacle, an admirable encouragement to steady industry and perseverance. Scarcely is there anywhere upon record an instance of more invincible pertinacity and steadfastness in the pursuit of a worthy object, in following out an aim which involved so much protracted anxiety and distress—such immovable decisiveness in abiding by a purpose which, though nowise clear at first, appears still to have been attended by an intense conviction or presentiment that that was verily the purpose which it behooved him to strive after. His history is highly valuable, independently of his fame as a man of learning. It exhibits a man working under the most unfavourable circumstances, with scarcely any means to start with, and yet, by resolute persistency, surmounting every obstacle, and rising at last into dignity and reputation. It reveals to us something of that partial omnipotence which resides in the human will, and gives us token how a purpose, honestly and intently prosecuted, can scarcely fail to be successful. Heyne's genius was not of the loftiest, nor his object perhaps of the noblest; but still his instinct for the pursuits to which he devoted himself seems deserving of the name of genius, and his object was unquestionably a worthy and important one. It was to help forward the cause of

true intelligence in the world, to clear up some of the errors and difficulties which lay opposed to the perfect understanding of those records of thought and character which the ancients have left us for our study and entertainment; and it cannot be denied that in this remote but yet useful province he wrought with admirable energy and success. By his labours the people of antiquity have been brought more intimately before us, and the spirit and characteristics of their culture more accurately and adequately expounded; so that, upon the whole, our knowledge of them and their proceedings has been enlarged, and their history and achievements have thus been rendered matters of a profounder and more profitable interest. This is a praise which the learned generally appear disposed to award to Heyne, and it is obviously one which assigns to him a position of no inconsiderable distinction.

The interest of Heyne's biography, however, will rest mainly in the unfavourableness of his personal circumstances, and in the spirit of endeavour which enabled him to triumph over them. He is a witness to the truth, that a man is not altogether the product of circumstances, but that he is competent to modify, and even in some degree to subjugate them. Human power has a dominion over fortune. While it is not to be denied that adversity is oftentimes the means of marring and interrupting the fair development of a man's capacities, it is yet true that he may advance to very considerable heights of culture, both morally and intellectually, in spite of the worst external hindrances. Nay, it is matter of experience, that the ablest and greatest men, in nearly all departments of affairs, have been actually benefited and invigorated by the press of temporary difficulties, and have risen to higher elevations through the strength which they had gathered in conflict with misfortune. The man that can walk only in smooth and unobstructed paths, is not likely to proceed very successfully on any important journey. Great, almost incalculable, is the power of persistency. This is the conquering quality, more than any other, which Heyne's career illustrates. He is a personal exemplification of the force of persevering effort, of resolute and unwavering abidance by an approved pursuit, and of final triumph thereby over a most hostile array of circumstances. Thus is his life an encouragement to all aspirants; not especially on account of the material rewards which attended his exertions, but most emphatically in regard to that higher and more permanent success which is realized through the true unfolding and manifestation of a man's predominating talents.*

In contemplating the career of a scholar such as Heyne, one cannot fail to be struck with the wide dissimilarities between the scholar-life of Germany and that of England. Overlooking such obvious differences as exist in the social conditions and habits of English and German students, we are inclined to draw attention to the kinds of encouragement which men of parts are accustomed to receive from the learned institutions of the two countries. Here we have no instance of a man making

* The facts of the preceding narrative are derived from Professor Heeren's *Life of Heyne*; and some of the translated passages have been taken from an article on Heyne in "*Carlyle's Miscellanies*," which has also in other respects been serviceable to the writer.

his way to university honours by independent force of scholarship—no example of any one rising into eminence at the seats of learning, who did not first study after an orthodox and prescribed plan, involving a very considerable personal expense, and therefore altogether excluding the poorer sort from any participation in its benefits. There have been instances, it is true, of persons caught up out of the humbler ranks of life, and sent to study in our colleges, where the chances of advancement were undoubtedly as free to them as others—witness, for example, the cases of Kirke White and William Gifford; but the universities are meanwhile utterly inaccessible to all such as are not supported or befriended by the like extraneous patronage. In England, Heyne, working under kindred circumstances to those which encumbered him in Germany, could by no possibility have obtained a classical professorship. No matter what amount of learning he had acquired, or what degree of aptitude he might evince for investigating or enlarging its acquisitions, he would have been entirely debarred by his poverty from ever gaining any important collegiate rank or distinction. And though perhaps this might have been no lasting impediment to the fame and ultimate influence of the man, yet it must have been an unquestionable hindrance to the progress of erudition in his generation, and would certainly have precluded him from occupying that eminent position among his contemporaries which he so well deserved, and was so admirably qualified to fill, and to which, through his most praiseworthy endeavours and exertions, he was enabled to attain among his countrymen.

The impassable bar or obstacle whereof we speak, and which so manifestly prevents the impoverished or unaided sons of genius from gaining access to our universities, and exercising an influence within them, is probably one of the most significant causes of the stagnant condition of learning which is so commonly admitted to prevail in those institutions. The men who succeed in obtaining distinctions and emoluments in them are not generally the most gifted or enlightened, but persons who, by dint of *cramming*, have prepared themselves expressly for the situations which by that process are procurable: they commonly enter with no other object than that of reaping the *rewards* of learning—of rising by means of the literary honours they may obtain into some desirable conventional position—a position which they are apt to regard more for its secular and connective benefits, than for the opportunities it may afford for a patient and disinterested cultivation of truth and knowledge—the very realities which all colleges and universities were originally instituted to preserve and progressively unfold, to the end that human life and the well-being of men might be advanced, and their characters permanently perfected and adorned. Where the rewards of knowledge are not especially in request, a university education is sought after as being necessary to a man's condition or rank in life; and in this case it is looked upon as a sort of accredited ornament which, by the demands of society, is needful to be worn. The genuine *lovers* and *devotees* of learning for its own sake, or for the sake of the advancement of humanity, are accordingly, in our age and country, extremely rare exceptions to the ordinary run of persons who enter upon such pursuits. The high importance attached to the conventional *position* it confers (when prosecuted according to the prescribed

courses,) is such as to drive out of all minds, except the purest and most disinterested, that just estimate of the worth and significance of knowledge which should be sedulously and reverently cultivated, and without which knowledge can never be prosecuted with any beneficial success. "The sciences," said Jean Paul, "are my heaven." In them he could expatiate with an incessant and perpetual joy; whatsoever rewards he might reap from the world in return for his devotion to them, he could thankfully accept, and proceed onward with an encouraged spirit; but he, and all others such as he, would have deemed it a desecration to have regarded science or literature as only the convenient stepping-stones for their ambition, or to have followed them for any inferior satisfaction than that which they themselves will yield to their faithful cultivators and adherents.

In Germany, it would seem that if a man will prosecute knowledge or learning for its own sake, the institutions of the country, to some extent, further him in doing so, and his poverty will be no final impediment to his attainment of honourable distinction among the learned. He has only to give proofs of a superior intelligence, and the highest posts of learned eminence are open to his acceptance. He needs no further recommendation than the superiority of his qualifications. The consequence is, that men of the highest attainments are always adequately provided for, and rise to the exact position in which they can best and most effectually carry out their undertakings. The painful probation through which many of them have to pass is not entirely an evil, since by proving themselves worthy of encouragement or promotion, they are almost certain to obtain it in due season; for it appears that all over Germany there is a constant inquiry going on respecting the qualifications and merits of men of learning and ability, and a perpetual desire and effort to obtain their services in places of influence and distinction. It is said that the prime-minister of every state is always in regular correspondence with some eminent director of the learned institutions: he oversees and takes note of all their proceedings and operations, and knows the character not only of every professor, but of every pupil who gives signs of promise. "He is continually purchasing books, drawings, models; treating for this or the other help or advantage to the establishment. He has his eye over all Germany; and nowhere does a man of any decided talent show himself, but he strains every nerve to acquire him"—often, indeed, without success, for a similar assiduity seems to actuate every minister of education throughout the country. Many of them are in frequent communication with each other—corresponding, inquiring, negotiating; "everywhere there seems a canvassing, less for places than for the best men to fill them."

By way of contrast to such a state of things, it may not be amiss to bring to mind an incident in our own literary history of the last age. A few years before the time when Heyne, after his stern novitiate, was entering upon the comfortable and reputable office which his learning had obtained for him in Göttingen, Samuel Johnson was striving to snatch a livelihood in London, by translating and performing other literary hackwork for the booksellers. It may be remembered that on one occasion the stalwart Samuel subscribed himself in a letter to Sylvanus Urban—"Yours, *impransus*, Sam. Johnson;" that is to say, the man was dinnerless. Harassed and heart-

weary with his irksome and precarious way of life, and willing to turn himself to any thing, however humble, which promised him a *certain* income, Johnson sought to get appointed to the mastership of a country school, to which was attached a salary of sixty pounds a year. The trustees were willing to appoint him, being well satisfied with his attainments; but the statutes of the school required that the master should have taken the degree of Master of Arts at one of the universities. Johnson had been at Oxford, but had taken no degree, inasmuch as his circumstances prevented him from continuing a sufficient length of time; though there appears to be every reason for believing that he was far enough advanced in learning to have passed a creditable examination. His scholarship, perhaps, was never of the highest order; but unquestionably degrees were taken by many students whose acquisitions were much inferior. There never was a doubt entertained as to his being amply qualified for the appointment which he sought, and only a degree was needed to enable him to obtain it. Under the circumstances, application was made in his behalf to the university of Oxford, soliciting, by way of favour, that the desired degree might be granted him, with the understanding that he was "not afraid of the strictest examination." There can be no question that had he been examined, he would have proved himself worthy of the required honour; but the university was so hampered by forms and practices as to be obliged to refuse the application, or else the authorities were indisposed to help a deserving man in his extremity. Anyway, the favour asked was deemed too great a favour to be conferred. Johnson was constrained to continue working in his Egyptian task-field in London, and the heads of Oxford university lost the honour which they might have earned by befriending a praiseworthy scholar. They refused him, indeed, the serviceable credentials to which he was intrinsically entitled; and by their indolence and heedlessness they cast an unmerited slight upon the unexceptionable qualifications which he was seeking to turn honestly to account as the means of earning his daily bread.

Now, we are not prepared to say that it was not really better in the end, both for Johnson and the world, that the application here in question proved a failure, since, considering his particular temperament, his natural sluggishness, his frequent indisposition to exertion unless urged by the spur of necessity, some of his ablest writings might perhaps have never been produced; but with regard to the functions of our universities, it is not the less apparent that they offer no help to men of learning under any of the circumstances in which they most require help, but are positive hindrances to such scholars at least as, from insufficiency of means, have been irregularly educated, howsoever complete may be their scholarship; nor do they take the slightest recognition of that single-minded devotedness to intelligence which is to be found mainly among those hard-faring and struggling students who flinch not to strive and suffer out of earnest zeal for its acquisition and advancement. The universities of England superciliously ignore the existence of any scholarship that has not been derived from their own teaching. They claim to be the popes of learning, and assume a pope's infallibility, designating as heresy in letters whatsoever may not agree with their own antiquated and peculiar standards. They have the keys of the kingdom of knowledge, and into the select fellowship of the saints of their

communion they admit none who do not bow in reverence to their perfections and supremacy. Now it appears to us that in respect to real catholic utility, or to the promotion of the best interests of learning, these honoured and wealthy institutions stand in quite unfavourable contrast with the more liberally constituted universities of Germany. We repeat that in England a man like Heyne, under the same conditions of life, could not have gained a university professorship. Being hindered by his poverty from passing through the prescribed gradations of study, in conformity with collegiate systems, he could not have obtained that authoritative acknowledgment of his attainments which would be needed to qualify him to enter upon any university appointment. He would have been entirely excluded from any place or position of the kind. Yet in Germany Heyne, became the foremost classical scholar of his age. There is surely some grave defect in the institutions which, in this country, would have been unable to avail themselves of a capacity so eminent. England would have lost the benefit of such a man's activity. There would have been no place for him, just as there was no degree for Samuel Johnson, unless, perhaps, as in Johnson's case, the university might have condescendingly bestowed some honorary distinction on him at a time when he had made his own way in the world, and had no longer any special need of it. Oxford favoured Johnson with a diploma when he had executed the most useful, and, every thing considered, the greatest work of English scholarship that was produced in his own age—his famous English Dictionary; but it was then a greater honour to the university for Johnson to accept such a degree, than it was to Johnson to have it granted him. What he said of Chesterfield's patronage might have been as reasonably said of this university distinction—"Had it been earlier, it had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it—till I am *known*, and do not want it." All such distinctions are extremely paltry when compared with the services which a university might render to the struggling aspirants and devotees of learning, were it so constituted as to admit them to examinations, independently of residence or tests, and grant degrees or testimonials corresponding to their actual proficiency. Here, indeed, would be a noble vantage-ground wherefrom the poor and honest student might, if duly gifted and industrious, rise to honour in spite of poverty and its concomitant obstacles; it would set him in good measure square with his richer competitors; and give a freer and wider scope for the success of a manly and enterprising emulation.

In conclusion, we submit, with due respect, whether, in any contemplated enlargements of the usages and usefulness of our universities, it may not be well and possible to make some provision for the admission of our English Heynes, should any such arise, seeing that for the due and perfect prosecution of learning there should be men thoroughly and earnestly devoted to it, without respect to its conventional immunities; and while public encouragement is requisite for the furtherance of all difficult and abstruse studies, it is surely just that the same should be liberally and fairly accessible to all who may manifest any aptitude or diligence in regard to them. One thing, we think, may be affirmed with safety, which is—that so long as university dignities and emoluments are

obtainable almost exclusively by the mere mechanical *crammers*—which, we hear it said, is quite the general rule—and so long also as these positions are sought solely or mainly out of regard for their advantages as places of mere material estimation and respectability, the condition of learning in England cannot be satisfactorily progressive, nor the universities themselves continue to be held in that high respect which formerly they merited. That cause or interest is always the best advanced which can command the willing services of those who are devoted to it with pure and disinterested intents: not that we undervalue the advantages to be derived from a regular and systematic training, but that we claim for genius, for talent and industry, wherever found, or in whomsoever they may appear, that freedom of development, that respect and honour, those privileges and those rewards, to which, by their own intrinsic merits, they are so righteously entitled.

33

END OF VOL. VI.

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